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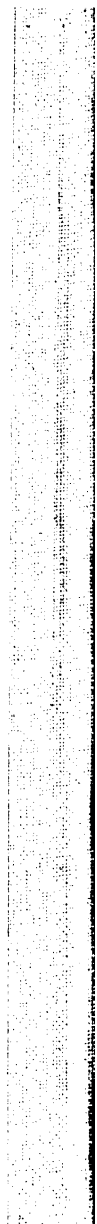
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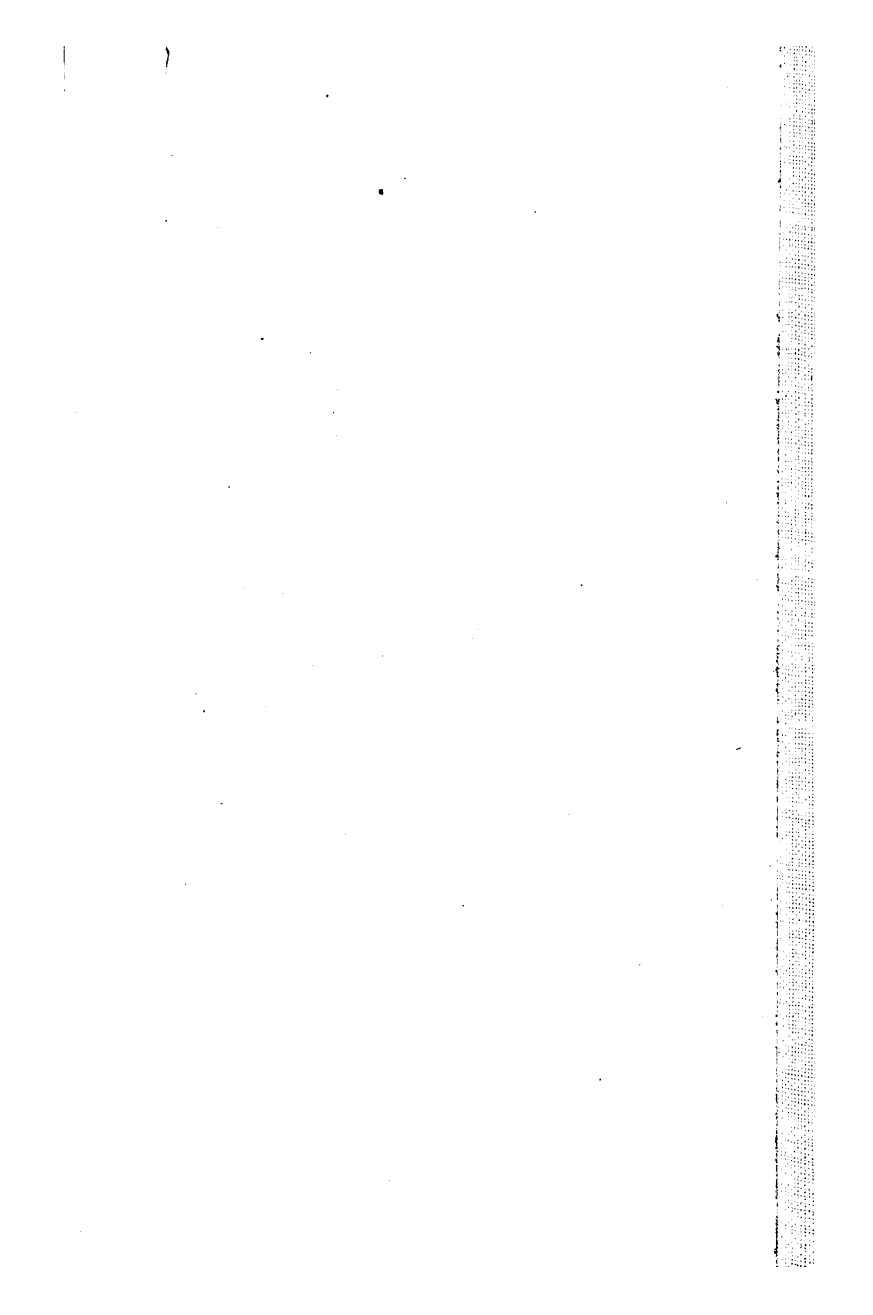
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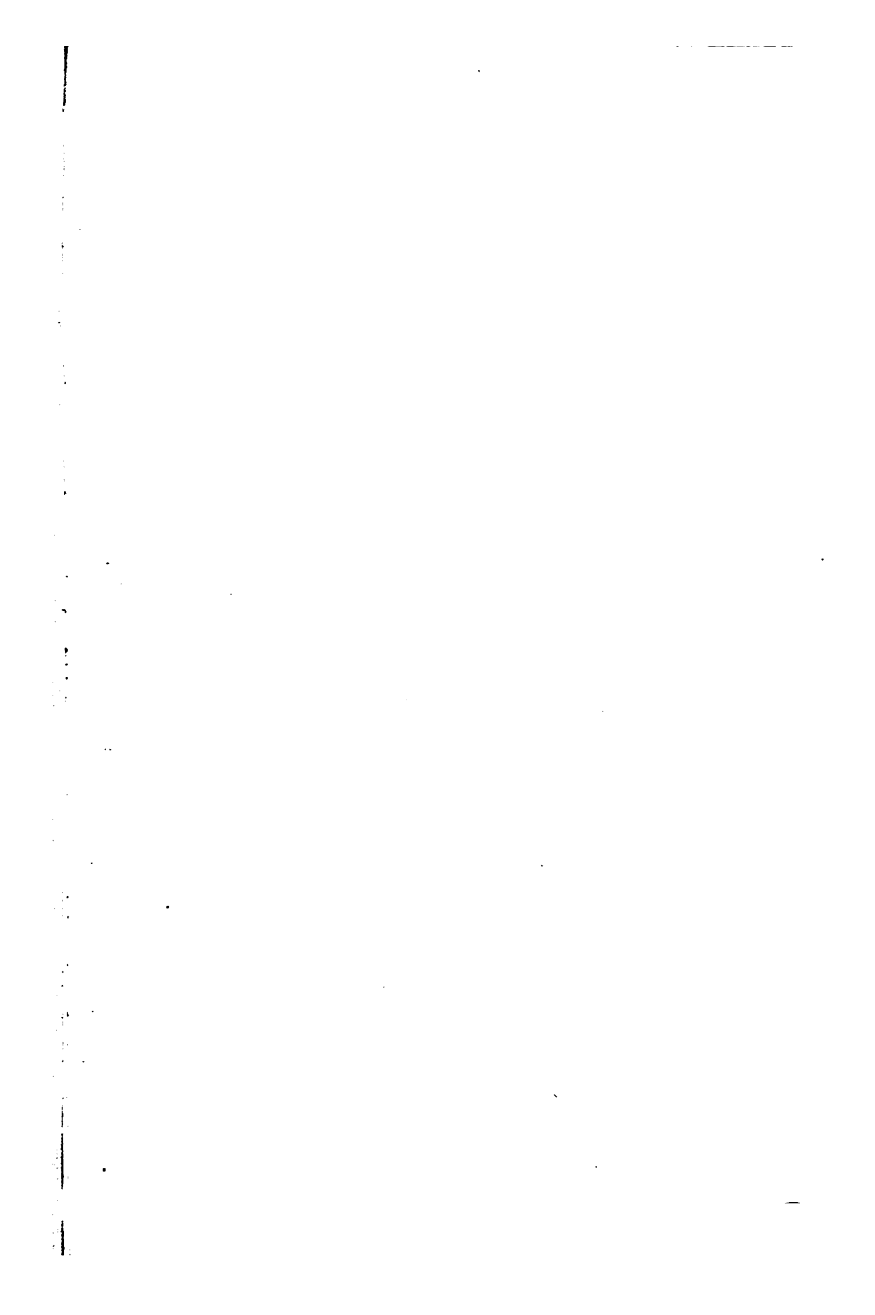
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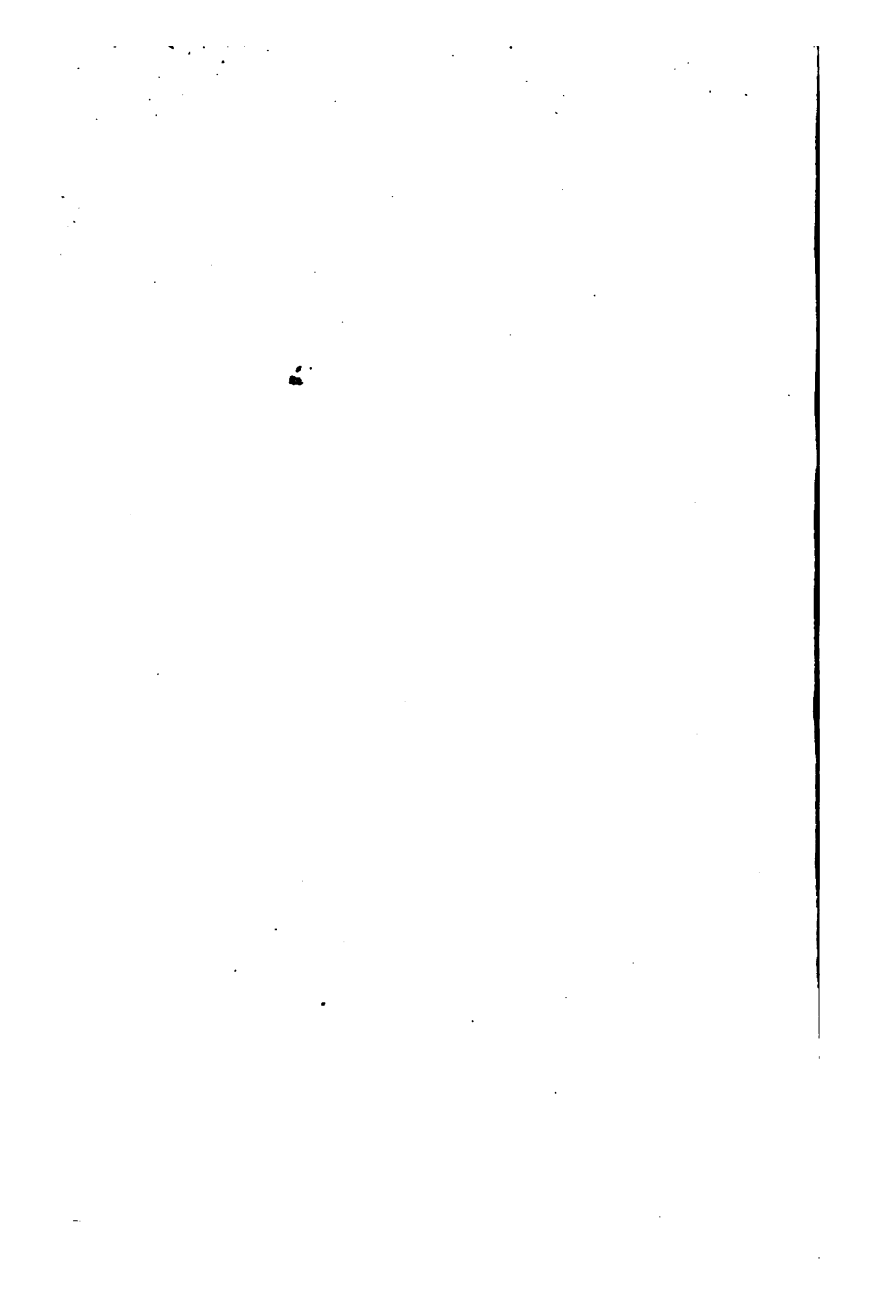


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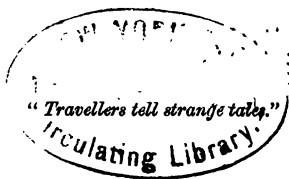


THE DEER'S LEAP.

THE BOY'S BOOK  
OF  
MODERN  
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

BY MERIDETH JOHNES,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE BOOK," ETC.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.



NEW YORK:  
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P R E F A C E .

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For their kindness and liberality I beg to offer to them my most cordial thanks.

M. J.

JUN 10 1883.  
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## ILLUSTRATIONS.

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	PAGE
A GROUP OF LAPLANDERS . . . . .	18
THE DEER'S LEAP . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i> 45
CHINESE SOLDIERS SUMMONED TO A REVIEW . . . . .	91
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WASHING CLOTHES . . . . .	140
GERARD THE LION HUNTER . . . . .	174
CHASE OF THE EIDER DUCK . . . . .	224
STRIKING THE WHALE . . . . .	269
CAPTURE OF THE WILD ELEPHANT . . . . .	310



# CONTENTS.

---

CHAP.	PAGE
I. GOING NORTH . . . . .	9
II. A SOU'-WESTER . . . . .	24
III. FOREST LIFE—PLAY . . . . .	39
IV. FOREST LIFE—PERIL . . . . .	53
V. THE PRAIRIE . . . . .	61
VI. JAPAN, AND HOW THE AMERICANS MADE THEIR WAY INTO IT . . . . .	69
VII. A CHINESE REVIEW . . . . .	89
VIII. PIRATES . . . . .	97
IX. WINGED BULLS AND LIONS . . . . .	106
X. UP THE NILE . . . . .	131
XI. EASTERN CUSTOMS—PERFORMING QUARANTINE . . . . .	146
XII. EASTERN CUSTOMS—THE FAST AND FESTIVAL . . . . .	153
XIII. EASTERN CUSTOMS—THE BATH . . . . .	160
XIV. SOMETHING ABOUT LIONS . . . . .	164
XV. A CHAPTER ON SAVAGES . . . . .	178
XVI. MEXICAN ROBBERS . . . . .	194

CHAP.	PAGE
XVII. AN ADVENTURE IN THE MEXICAN WAR . . .	204
XVIII. A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY . . . . .	214
XIX. UP-HILL WORK . . . . .	233
XX. "THINGS OF SPAIN"—THE BULL FIGHT . . .	249
XXI. HOW THE BRAZILIANS AMUSE THEMSELVES . .	255
XXII. A WHALE! A WHALE! . . . . .	264
XXIII. HOW IT FARED WITH THE DOCTOR . . .	274
XXIV. AVA—ITS KING AND PEOPLE . . . . .	287
XXV. FROZEN UP . . . . .	313

## INTRODUCTION.

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BOOKS OF TRAVEL are now-a-days multiplied to a wonderful extent. It would seem as though all the world were going abroad ; so numerous and diverse in their wanderings are our modern travellers. North, South, East, West,—no quarter of the earth has been left unvisited. Discomforts and dangers daunt them not ; nay, we are not sure whether people are not most attracted to those spots where they are likely to find the largest amount of difficulty. The North Pole is not too cold, nor the Equator too hot, for enterprising men, to go and see what is to be seen there. The sea tempts one, dry land another. Science, pleasure, religion, and humanity have alike been on their travels, and among them have made the circuit of the globe.

Fortunately, our wanderers in foreign lands have not been selfishly disposed to keep their good things to themselves; but have brought back records of their adventures to enlarge and correct our knowledge of the distant places of the earth. So we will just take a peep into some of their most striking pages, and enjoy quietly, at our own firesides, what they have provided for the entertainment of

“The [young] gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease!”

If we chance to meet with a little instruction also, we shall none of us be the worse for it.

And first and foremost, let us begin with my Lord Dufferin.

●

A BOY'S BOOK

OF

Modern Travel and Adventure.

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♦♦♦

CHAPTER I.

GOING NORTH.\*

HERE is one of the most spirited things of which we have heard for many a day: a voyage to Spitzbergen and back, by way of Iceland, in a yacht. Who would have thought of a mere pleasure trip to those grim regions; or of breasting Atlantic rollers, and crunching Polar ice, with the slender bows of such a cockleshell as the *Foam*, eighty tons burden?

The Atlantic was in one of his worst moods when the gallant little vessel beat her way from the Hebrides to that strange compound of lava, ice, volcanic ashes, and scanty habitable country, that goes by the name of Iceland; so that the harbour of Reykjavik, in

\* "Letters from High Latitudes."—LORD DUFFERIN.

which the voyagers cast anchor, after some days tossing, was indeed a haven of rest. Reykjavik is a small town, containing two streets of one-storied wooden houses. It stands in a perfectly barren, treeless, and bushless plain of lava; and if spoken of politely would be called the capital of Iceland; for that is what it really is. Only it sounds absurd to dignify the home of some six or seven hundred people with any such high-sounding title. Its only stone building is the cathedral, which, small as it is, is capable of containing nearly half the population; and within whose walls, on a Sunday, may be seen an odd mingling of Parisian and Icelandic fashions. Some of the ladies rejoice in real bonnets, with the rest of their dress to match; while the dark petticoat, supported by a silver belt, the silver-clasped waistcoat, and elaborately silver-buttoned jacket of the remainder, are surmounted by a close-fitting cap of black silk, ornamented by a long dangling tassel; or by a quaintly shaped white linen head-dress, looking more like a mitre than anything else.

No time, however, was to be lost here. And as there are no roads in the island for wheel carriages, a cavalcade of ponies was organized to carry the travelers, bag and baggage, into the desert interior of the country, to have a peep at the Geysers. These Gey-

sers are springs of boiling water, which periodically boil over. That is, at intervals the water is shot up into the air to a height of as much as two hundred feet: a scalding-hot natural fountain. At times stones are also ejected with it, as from a cannon's mouth, hurled violently on high, to fall back with a splash into the basin whence the jets have sprung.

It was a two days' journey to these extraordinary waters, camping at night, gipsy-fashion, on a little grass-plot, where the tents, carried with them, were pitched. The road lay across lava plains, or swelling mounds, rising high into peaky mountains; varied by an occasional green valley, ornamented by as near an approach to wood as this most sterile island can boast of—that is, a few stunted bushes. Occasionally, by way of change, there was a “taste” of bog; and thanks to the wondrous play of light and shade in a mountainous country on a fine day, and the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, the singular features of Icelandic scenery were brought out with picturesque effect during this little trip; while scenes of more tranquil beauty occasionally presented themselves amid the general dreary barrenness.

The immediate approach to the spring bore trace of the strange operations going on beneath its surface; and, scampering through little pools that chil-

dren call *puddles*, of boiling water, and patches of scalding mud, the sight-seers had at last the satisfaction of peeping into the mouth, nay, down the very throat of the largest Geyser, which was then in a state of tranquillity. All that was to be seen was a shallow rocky cavity, about seventy yards in circumference, full to the brim of very hot water, steaming high into the air. Lord Dufferin gives us what is called a section of this basin, and the channel opening into the bottom of it; that is, such a view of it as would be presented if we could really cut down through the middle of it, and then look at the severed half. The whole is very like the cup, with its handle, with which cup-and-ball is played; the cup being considerably flattened, while the handle is represented by the narrow funnel-like opening in the lower part of the basin, through which some agency, on which the learned are not agreed, forces the compressed steam of these boiling springs, and causes the violent explosion of water.

Tents were again pitched here, to await the pleasure of the Geyser in treating them to a sight of his performances. A little Geyser, conveniently at hand, doing nothing but spouting in a mild sort of way, was, perhaps for the first time in its life, set to work to do duty as a camp-kettle; the hot clay and



another fiery opening were similarly pressed into the service for kitchen work, and then the party could afford to be patient, especially as game abounded in the neighbourhood.

One of the smaller Geysers called *strokr*, or the churn, can at any time be thrown into a sufficient pet to produce a satisfactory explosion, by throwing earth or stones down his throat. In a few minutes after this has been done, he begins to heave, and toss, and groan, and spit, until all at once, with a tremendous roar, there shoots into the air a tall column of water, carrying with it the rubbish that has caused all the disturbance. After this violent outbreak it gradually sinks into rest again.

While waiting, day after day, for the eruption of the great Geyser, several false alarms were given. Occasionally it would send forth sounds like that of artillery, that shook the very earth; and then off ran the sight-seers, only to be disappointed.

On the fourth day, a cry from their guides drew them all hastily to the basin of the fountain; where, amid the thundering noise, a great agitation of the water was perceptible. Suddenly a portion of it heaved itself up, sank again, and then, amid a gush of wreathing vapour, there burst forth a cluster of jets, or rather columns, of clear water, that sprang

into the air, one above the other, to a height of sixty or seventy feet, before their sparkling crests curved for the descent. The effect was striking and beautiful in the extreme, and continued some minutes; when, the explosive force having worn itself out, the jets began to waver, then diminish, and finally sank down again within the limits of the basin.

An astounding uproar again, in the night, caused a rush of half-dressed sleepers once more to the basin. But this time the Geyser must have done it on purpose, just to see how soon every man of them could be on his legs; as, by the time they had gained his margin, he quietly turned in for the night, leaving them to do the same at their leisure.

Returning to Reykjavik, caravan-like trains of farmers were met, plodding, with their packhorses, along the bridle-paths that traverse the rocky interior. These were laden with their winter stores, purchased in the small capital; deals, ropes, bread, rye or wheat flour, salt, soap, sugar, and almost everything else needed for home use during the winter; all from Europe. The people live meagrely; dried fish and rye bread forming the staple of their food, and they suffer for their poor diet.

Time failed the travellers to visit the other well-known wonder of this wonderful island, Mount Hecla,

whose three snow-tipped peaks were seen in the distance, looking as innocent, against the clear blue sky, as though they were never in the habit of vomiting fire, pouring lava floods along the earth, or doing any other kind of mischief. Hecla, however, as a mischief-maker, must yield the palm to another volcano, the Skapta Jokul, whose desolating effects almost exceed belief.

It is situated amid a dreary district of four hundred square miles of snow fields, broken by ridges of ice never yet pressed by human foot. On the borders of this district, about three-fourths of a century ago, a light smoke was seen to spread itself, presently collecting into dense columns, which drove down towards the south, darkening that whole of that part of the country. They were succeeded by clouds of ashes and jets of fire leaping up in all directions through the icy crust of the mountain. Then one of the largest rivers in the island suddenly disappeared, after flooding the plain with sulphurous-smelling water, and sand; its dried-up bed being, two days afterwards, filled by a torrent of burning lava, which, overflowing its banks, deluged the low country, scathing all before it, and finally plunging its boiling stream into a large lake. A few days more, and the lake, whose waters had been displaced by the incursion of fluid rock,

brimmed over with its new element, which, divided into two streams, resumed its dreadful march. The one returned to the channel it had originally chosen, and thence poured down a lofty ridge of rock; the other, choosing a new one, carried devastation and destruction into the plain watered by the Hverfisflot. For forty and fifty miles did these fiery currents extend, covering a breadth of country varying from seven to fifteen miles. Their depth was about thirty yards, save, when choked between the high banks of the river Skapta, the mass was heaped up two hundred yards thick.

Thousands of acres of pasture land were buried beneath sand and ashes, whose finer particles hung suspended, cloud-like, over the island for an entire year, and were swept in abundance as far as Shetland and the Orkneys; some say they even reached the shores of England and Holland. And vast numbers of human beings and cattle perished by various deaths, brought about by this most fearful display of the powers of nature; or rather, of the power of Him, who, creating and supporting all things, at times gives us to see how terribly He can also destroy!

On board again, and, leaving Reykjavik behind, away flew the *Foam* northward; and now among ice, to the great discomfiture of the steward, who did not

love ice, nor indeed anything else that was disagreeable. At first this was seen in the distance: small, dancing specks on the water, glittering in the sun, gradually accumulating till the vessel had to make her way through a complete fleet of miniature icebergs, of every possible fantastic shape and colour. Very beautiful they were to look at, and innocent enough to begin with; but, as the vessel pushed on still north, they became larger, some rising thirty feet or more above the sea level, and more thickly crowded together, so as to cause both trouble and anxiety to the crew. Indeed, it was almost a marvel she was not crushed like an egg-shell, with such floating battering-rams crashing against her bows, or, haply turning aside, contenting themselves with rasping her sides.

In making Jan Mayen, between drift ice and the solid belt on the Greenland coast, the little spanking yacht, the first, we imagine, that ever picked her way through those icy seas, was sorely put to it. And a very delicate piece of manœuvring it was, to carry the fragile boat through "a sea as thickly crammed with ice as a lady's boudoir is with furniture." Each one to his post, with a keen eye and ready hand; and promptly obedient to her helm, (oh, the virtue of that *prompt* obedience, either in boy or boat!) the yacht wound and twisted her way in and out among the

floating ice; slipping out of danger here, contriving to incur the least possible bump there, and finally wriggling her way into rather less hazardous quarters.

A brisk run eastward for eight days, and, at Hammerfest in Norway, we find ourselves encountering a group of Laplanders. There they are, the women in a sort of surtout of white woollen, bordered with gay colours, green Turkish trousers, and reindeer skin boots, turning up at the toes after the manner of our fashionable gentlemen some centuries back. The head-dress is varied in colour, while its shape almost defies description. Probably one of our crested dragoon helmets, put on like a bonnet, that is, on the back instead of the top of the head, would give the best idea of it. The dress of the men is very similar, with the exception, of course, of the bonnet, if we must call it so, whose place is supplied by a red cap; both wear a knife in the girdle. This, we presume, was their holiday, as well as summer costume, put on for the grand occasion of coming to "town." To beauty of feature they have the slightest possible pretensions, at least according to our notions of beauty. Large mouths, little noses, with eyes (destitute of eye-lashes) set slanting towards them, like those of a cat, and high cheek-bones, make up faces that we should call excessively plain.



A GROUP OF LAPLANDERS.

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Their principal means of subsistence are hunting, fishing, and the produce of their flocks of rein-deer. The rein-deer is food, clothing, furniture, almost everything to the Laplander: it is his beast of burden, and his locomotive. Only when a Lapp wishes to travel "express," instead of harnessing the deer to his sledge, he fastens on his own feet an enormously long pair of skates, in which he glides over the frozen land, much quicker than his rein-deer either could or would take him; for that intelligent animal will not permit himself to be driven beyond his strength. The sledge is in shape not unlike a canoe, only square at the end where the traveller sits, instead of pointed; and it is considered to require no little dexterity to drive it without upsetting both sledge and cargo. A very slight leaning too much to one side or the other, and the traveller will most likely find himself, if it be winter, suddenly ploughing the snow with his nose, instead of with the prow of his sledge, or perhaps left behind with nothing but his legs sticking out of a drift. The deer is driven by a single rein. Its chief food is a kind of moss which abounds in the country.

The Laplander of the woods lives in tents in the summer, and in winter builds his hut in a tree, like a bird's nest; moving about, gipsy fashion, as his fishing or hunting may render needful. As the *Foam* sailed

about the fiords that so deeply indent the coasts, here and there a blue curl of smoke, rising from some sheltered and grassy spot among the rocks, would show where, for a while, some of these wandering people had pitched their tents.

Away again! and this time in good earnest for Spitzbergen, spite of fog, and cold, and ice all round. Within sixty miles of land, one brief and beautiful view was had of the spiky mountains, whence Spitzbergen derives its name; pale, thin, lilac peaks, soon lost, and as it was feared, for good, in mist and cloud.

The weather was bad; opening after opening in the ice was tried by the voyagers, only to find themselves in a trap out of which they had to sail back again as they best could; banging their poor little boat against the masses, till it shook from stem to stern.

At length, just when about to give it up in despair,—after beating about a whole night, skirting the ice with a gale in their teeth, which instead of clearing away the black fog that beset them, only seemed to blow it down upon them, almost extinguishing the faint midnight sun—open water was seen. Bringing the vessel round with a rattle, they dashed into it with all the sail they could carry; and very soon the pale lilac peaks were again visible, growing more

substantial in their appearance as land was neared, till, after eleven days' rough work of it, the schooner quietly dropped anchor in English Bay, Spitzbergen.

It was the 6th of August, one o'clock in the morning, and the midnight sun shed a misty light upon the ice, rock, and water, that in utter silence lay around the voyagers : a silence unrelieved even by the cry of a sea bird, or the beating of the surf upon the shore, and broken only at intervals by the deep thunder of a distant falling glacier. Beside themselves, no living thing was visible ; not even the tiniest green leaf was there to give token of life amid the barren solitude. Jagged rocks were on either hand ; the centre filled up by an enormous glacier or river of ice, as are most of the valleys in the island. Some of these glaciers are forty or fifty miles long, and nine or ten broad, while their frozen fall into the sea leaves a slippery precipice of many hundred feet in height. The slow, though imperceptible movement, given by various causes to these frozen rivers, leads from time to time to the fall of great masses of them. Dr. Scoresby saw one as large as a cathedral go crashing down four hundred feet into the sea : enough to sink a fleet !

Landing on a strip of black moss that lay between the rocks and the sea, nothing but dreariness and

desolation met the eye. Huge logs of drift-wood, deposited there by the gulf-stream in its sweep from the American coast, strewed the shore. These were mixed with sad indications of wreck: shattered timber, spars, an oar, a flagstaff. There also lay the unburied, though confined, remains of some poor seaman, who, a century before—for such was the date sculptured on the decaying cross that marked the spot—had been laid to his rest on the earth, whose frost-bound surface denied him a grave!

It was August, and bright sunshine; yet the thermometer remained below freezing point during the five days spent in seeing what was to be seen in Spitzbergen. This was not much: ice, glaciers, jagged rocks, and such vegetation as there goes by the name, and would scarcely deserve it elsewhere. In the middle of the afternoon a thin plate of ice formed even on the surface of the bay; and, oddly enough, instead of being brittle, as ice generally is, it was tough, so that the motion of the water did not break it up, but just caused it to bend up and down, as the swell passed beneath it.

An inscription, to commemorate the visit of the *Foam* to English Bay, was cut on a flag-stone; this was buried beneath a heap of stones, and, a small flag being erected close to it, the vessel weighed anchor,

and was soon homeward-bound before a fine breeze. Five days' sailing southwards made her quit of the ice, to the satisfaction of all on board, who were becoming not a little weary of the ceaseless sight of it, in all shapes and sizes, and of the frequent thumps which it bestowed upon their smart schooner. A Nor'-wester succeeded. A grand sight, if one can forget the danger. "Raising your eye above the companion, the first sight which meets it, is an upright wall of black water, towering you hardly know how many feet into the air, over the stern. Like a lion walking on its hind legs, it comes straight at you, roaring and shaking its white mane with fury; it overtakes the vessel, the upright shining face curves inward, the white mane seems to hang above your very head:" and then, there is an end of the poor little *Foam*? Not a bit of it; "ere it topples over, the nimble little ship has already slipped from underneath, and, raging and bubbling on either side of her, the unpausing wave sweeps on, and you see its round back far ahead, gradually swelling upwards as it gathers strength and volume for a new effort."

Christiansand and Bergen were afterwards visited; and then the anchor of the adventurous little yacht was once more dropped in English waters.

## CHAPTER II.

### A SOU'-WESTER.

TILL within the last twenty years, when speedy communication between distant places was desired, a wooden machine was used, which, jerked by cords, threw its arms about very like a mad windmill. The different positions of these arms indicated different words, so as to make up the required sentence.

Now, a flash of home-made lightning does the work for us. The machine that accomplishes this is called the electric telegraph. At first it was only used for short distances; then much longer ones were found practicable; till, in ten years after its being brought into use, there were about fourteen thousand miles of telegraphic wires, in England, Prussia, and the United States.

All this was to carry messages over land. The next step was to send them, not over, but through the sea. A bundle of these wires, coated with gutta percha to protect them from the water, and bound

together, so as to form a cable, was sunk between Dover and Calais, and found to act quite as well in water as out of it. And then people began to think that they might send telegraphic messages of this kind almost round the world. Quite recently one of these cables has been laid down in the bottom of the Atlantic, in order that we may have electric communication with America. It was a bold idea; and the attempt to carry it out was found to be very much more difficult than any of the wise people had imagined. Three attempts had to be made before success was attained; and the disasters that attended the second of them were so severe and discouraging, as to make many people think it was hopeless to try any more.

On the 10th of June, 1858, two ships, the *Agamemnon*, an English man-of-war, and the *Niagara*, belonging to the United States, sailed with their tenders, the *Gorgon* and *Valorous*, from Plymouth; each carrying nearly fifteen hundred miles of cable, which was to be gradually sunk in the sea, to form the submarine telegraph. The places to be connected by it were Valentia, in Ireland, and St. John's, Newfoundland; these being the nearest points of land between the two continents. From St. John's it would only have to be carried across the Gulf of St.

Lawrence to reach the mainland. This cable, prepared as we have described it, weighed a ton a mile; part of it was coiled on deck, and the remainder in the hold of each vessel.

It was charming summer weather as they steamed out of the harbour; and, though heavily laden, far too much so, with a very awkward cargo, the idea of danger to be encountered would have been laughed at. The only fear, if fear there were, was, lest they should not succeed in getting these three thousand miles of heavy cable comfortably settled at the very bottom, up hill, down dale, of the Atlantic.

"Uncertain as the weather" is a proverb; and our adventurers had full experience of its truth, as only three days elapsed before they were doomed to encounter one of the most violent and prolonged storms that ever vexed those vast waters.

Some of those who were on board the *Agamemnon* have given us a most thrilling account of the fearful peril in which that ship was placed, during nine days, and from it we shall construct our own narrative.\*

On the Saturday morning, when they had sailed about five hundred miles towards the spot where they were to meet the *Niagara* and commence oper-

\* "Times" and "Standard" newspapers.



ations, the weather changed somewhat; and, though cold and dull, the brisk breeze that sprang up made them thankful for the change, as it enabled them to rake their fires out, and save their rather scanty stock of coals. The ship went merrily before the wind, dashing the foam from her wet bows, and all went cheerily. Noon, however, brought rising wind and waves, a thickening horizon, and sinking barometer, that told too surely of coming storm—symptoms that only grew worse as the day advanced; though, despite of them and the appearance of some of those birds of ill weather, known to sailors as Mother Cary's chickens, no one on board dreamed that at that season there could be anything of serious storm. Sunday morning broke, a wretched compound of rain and mist, through which the other vessels of the squadron were dimly visible; the blue of the deep water was turned to a turbid foam, while the ponderous waves came rolling on "like hills of water, with their tops all jagged and broken by the fierce wind, and their white crests blown out into a stream of feathery spray, that almost hid the dark gulfs between them." Through these the ship laboured and strained, now sliding down into the dark deep, in which it seemed the white crested waves that towered above must overwhelm her; and

then rising again in a cloud of foam only to repeat her descent into the gulf. Amid this hurly-burly of wind and waters—the violence of the wind converting the tightened rigging into a sort of gigantic *Æolian* harp, while the flapping of the huge sails, as they shifted, was like thunder—divine service was celebrated, the storm getting worse every minute. The attendant vessels meanwhile dropped to windward, and, vanishing in the misty distance, were not sighted again for more than a week, when the tempest had spent itself. During Sunday night the storm seemed to be at its height: the ship straining as though she were going to pieces, and her upper deck-beams, under their enormous weight of two hundred and fifty tons of cable, gradually working themselves loose, so as to let in water at every roll of the vessel, and creaking and cracking like the report of ordnance. The waves, too, striking the bows, dashed in through the hawse-holes and ports, hissing and winding their wet way into the cabins on the main deck, which were flooded with water. Beds, bedding, everything in them was water-sopped.

On Monday morning the gale moderated a little, but it was for a very short time. By noon, when, strangely enough, the sun shone brilliantly for about half an hour, it blew, as though it never had blown

before; and, all hands being sent aloft to close-reef the topsails, the *Agamemnon* scudded under bare poles, the masts even then bending like "whipsticks;" while the violence of the wind seemed to force down the waves, whose foamy crests were blown off, and driven across the ship like snow-drifts. The shifting of the deck-coil of cable, and the consequent straining of the timbers, now became still more alarming; and an attempt was made to bolt it down to the deck more securely; for, had it worked itself loose, as it threatened to do, the *Agamemnon* must have gone to the bottom.

In this sort of way passed Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday: heavy seas, drenching rain, and blowing what the sailors call "great guns." Saturday, after they had had nearly a week of it, promised a little better, but turned out worse than anything that had gone before, though that seemed scarcely possible. Towards evening, a thin black scud made its appearance to windward; this gradually overspread the whole sky, and slowly, but steadily, the storm prepared to do its worst. Under the influence of the continual gale the sea had been getting higher and higher each day; but such waves as now rolled around them, none of the crew had ever seen before. Rising in steep, dark walls, to the

height of fifty feet one moment, and the next breaking over one another in a mass of foam, they rolled on towards the ship with a noise that drowned even the roaring of the wind. At one moment the *Agamemnon* would fall off into the trough of the sea, with the waves rising half-mast high all round her, as if they would close and swamp her altogether; and in the next she would be thrown high into the air, to be dropped down on the next wave with a shock that seemed to make every timber start. As she lay over to each wave, she seemed, for a moment, as though she would never right herself; and when she did rise it was with a sudden jerk that sent everything loose on board, buckets, ropes, ladders, together with bewildered sailors, pitching across deck, only to be hurled, in a mass of confusion, back again at the next lurch. Whether the masts would not go over the side, too, was doubtful; when, amid the murky darkness—crash! and away, in all directions, flew a hundred-and-fifty tons of coal that had been stowed on the main and lower decks. One man was buried under them; and, being jammed fast by a beam, that had been placed to keep the coal from shifting, having fallen upon and crushed his arm, could only be extricated by the slow process of sawing it through. Another, to save himself, laying

hold of one of the deck planks, which had been strained asunder as the vessel lurched, was held as if in a vice when she righted again, and had part of his fingers crushed off. The hot soup in the galley, or cooking place, was thrown out by the shock among the prostrate group, scalding some of them severely. Many were much hurt, and others had almost miraculous escapes from injury ; one man being flung head-first into the hold, without being the worse for it.

It was no easy matter, amid the perpetual rolling of the vessel, that rendered it difficult for any one to keep his feet for a moment, to clear away this wreck of lumps and sacks of coal, and stow them safely ; while increasing danger threatened those on board, from the coils of telegraph cable. The coil on deck had actually worked the sides of the ship more than an inch and a half from the deck ; and forty or fifty miles of that in the hold had gradually got so loose as not only to be in a state of almost hopeless entanglement, but to be thrown about from side to side of the vessel, when she lurched, in a way to capsize her. It was a dreadful night ; the creaking, straining timbers of the ship, the tottering masts, threatening to go overboard at each heel of the vessel, the howling wind, and awful waves, whose white tops were visible for a moment, as some gust blew aside

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the dark masses of cloud, and let in a watery gleam of moonlight upon the wild scene: all seemed to threaten inevitable destruction. There was very little sleep among that weary crew; all was wreck and confusion in the cabins, with the water streaming in faster than it streamed out; and those who tried their cots were pitched out of them again. The captain and most of the officers remained on deck, doing what could be done to save vessel and crew from utter wreck, and a dreary, drowning death.

Monday morning broke. It would seem impossible that it should be worse than all that had gone before; and yet so it appeared. Their consort, the *Niagara*, was occasionally visible through the scud; one moment on a monstrous hill of water, the next quite lost to view as the *Agamemnon* went down between the waves. Suddenly it came on darker and darker, and soon it was plain the good ship would not stand much more of this sort of thing. The masts were getting more and more shaky; the massive coil on deck shifted and writhed about worse than ever, with each movement of the vessel as it heaved up, creaking and groaning, and then plunged down again; and none could doubt that, if things did not mend, this wriggling and rending work must tear her timbers asunder. Much water had already found

its way in, and flooded the lower parts of the ship so completely as to render it difficult for the men to remain below, however urgently required. "Everything went smashing and rolling about. By-and-by she began to ship seas. Water came down the ventilators near the funnel into the engine-room; then a tremendous sea struck her forward, drenching those on deck, and leaving them up to their knees in water." They seemed driven at last, after making head against it so long, to put the ship round, and let her run before the wind; though even this course was full of danger, as she ran the risk of having her stern stove in by the tremendous force of the following waves, and so of sinking water-logged.

One more attempt, however, was first made to relieve her, by trying another "tack"—that is, sailing in another direction; though it was possible that in "tacking" she might go to the bottom in ten minutes. The word of command was roared out, almost inaudibly, amid the hubbub of wind and water, and the vessel swung half around, broadside on to the waves. That seemed the finishing stroke. All the rolling she had had the day before was as nothing to what now took place. Of the two hundred men on deck, down went at least two-thirds, who were flung in heaps from side to side with every roll; while others swung

to and fro, holding on by ropes. "Each time she fell over, her main chains went deep under water; the lower decks were flooded, and those above could hear by the fearful crashing, audible amid the hoarse roar of the storm, that the coals had got loose again below, and had broken into the engine-room, and were carrying all before them. During these rolls the main-deck coil shifted over to such a degree as quite to envelope four men who were trying to wedge it with beams of wood." One of them was seriously hurt, making the forty-fifth on the sick list during this brief but disastrous voyage. Once got, however, on this "starboard tack," and things were no better; a heavy sea sweeping over the forepart of the vessel, and carrying away with it the massive woodworks that had been placed to protect the machinery for delivering the cable. There was nothing for it now but to run before the wind.

Steam and sail were at once put on, the course of the vessel altered, and the *Agamemnon* dashed along so as to leave behind the point she had been making for, and, at a speed that saved her from the fate to which it had been feared this movement would expose her. Huge rolling waves still followed her, but fortunately did not so completely overtake her as they would have done had she been slower. Their spray



flew over her, and one great fellow came full bang against her poop, drenching the cabin and all the officers in it; but a ducking was a trifle. This alteration of the vessel's course was indeed a change for the poor storm-tost fellows aboard of her; for though the ship still rolled excessively, it was with a more regular motion than that which had knocked them about so bitterly for the preceding nine days.—Throughout the whole of that day the *Agamemnon* ran before the wind. Next morning, to the extreme surprise of those on board, not a trace was to be seen of the fearful storm with which they had been so long beset. The tranquil sea and clear sky looked as if they never could have done the mischief at which they had been so busy the very day before; the crew found themselves comfortably on their way back to the station, off Newfoundland, where they were to meet the *Niagara*, and begin laying out their cable; and all hands were set to work to repair the damage done, so as to get the vessel into a little decent trim. Clearing the cable in the hold was the most difficult business to be accomplished; the lumbering mass having become much more entangled than they had suspected it to be. But “where there’s a will there’s a way,” and even the cable was at last set to rights; the entangled portion, nearly a hundred

miles, being gradually drawn out, and coiled away in different parts of the ship.

Presently the other vessels, one after the other, came in sight, after having parted company nearly a fortnight. All had suffered from the storm; but the poor *Agamemnon* had certainly had the worst of it. The evening was beautifully calm, with a "rich solemn sunset; the horizon enveloped in those blue-black clouds of vapour, which, even in the finest weather, invariably are to be seen in an Atlantic sky, and which, as the sun went down, reflected back upon the water every imaginable tint of orange, red, and purple. Even after it had finally sunk, and night was closing in, the ships could still be distinguished in the darkness by the deep red tint reflected upon their sails by the clouds above. The vessels looked the very picture of repose, with sails thrown aback, hanging idly against the masts, and flapping gently to and fro with the motion of the swell." What a contrast with the scene presented to them during the preceding nine days!

Now was the time for doing what they had encountered so many perils to perform. To work they went with a will. Boats were sent out, one end of the *Niagara's* telegraphic cable was brought on board the *Agamemnon*, fastened—"spliced," the sailors call

it—to the end of her coil, and then being dropped, so connected, overboard, the vast weight sank in the still waters, while the two vessels gently steamed away in opposite directions, the cable being run out by machinery as they proceeded. All went well for a time; but when three miles of it had been “payed” out, a signal from the *Niagara* announced that the cable had broken. And so this three miles, that they had laid with so much trouble, was lost; for the *Agamemnon’s* people had to cut off their end of this portion; that much cable being of less value than the time that would have been required to draw it in again from the ocean.

Again the splice was made, thirty-eight miles of cable “payed,” and again it parted. But when it parted for the third time, the vessels steamed home again to Queenstown Harbour, leaving about five hundred miles of cable, lost, at the bottom of the Atlantic.

The expedition sailed again in a few days; and, after having again been somewhat knocked about by the proverbially unruly Atlantic, actually succeeded in their extraordinary undertaking. Steaming slowly from between the two points, each vessel arrived with an unbroken cable at its destination. And not many days elapsed before the message,

which eighteen hundred years ago was brought by angels to this world, flashed along those telegraphic wires from England to America: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards men."

## CHAPTER III.

### FOREST LIFE—PLAY.\*

BETWEEN the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain lies a broad tract of country, covered with dense forests abounding with deer, and pierced by lakes and streams, which, beautiful in themselves, are still more attractive to many from their store of trout. Hills, dales, wood, water, leafy trees, herbage, are enough for some people; others cannot be happy amid them, without their rod and gun.

It was to this latter class that the party belonged, who, one fine morning, found themselves in this lovely district, bent on having a holiday; guns, dogs, fishing-rods, tents, all were there for a month's scramble in the forest. Part of their equipment consisted of two boats, one for themselves, the other for their baggage, which was to be sent forward in advance, in order that tents might be pitched for the night, wherever the little company might choose to

\* "Wild Scenes in North America."—HAMMOND.

rest, or linger for a shot. The boats used for this purpose are small and very light; for "rapids"—that is, cataracts in miniature—interrupt many of the American rivers; and when the voyagers come to one of these, the boatman pops his craft on his back, and trots off with it to smooth water.

Sailing quietly up the river, the tents were pitched the first night on the shores of Round Lake, a fine sheet of water about twelve miles in circumference, and surrounded by hills; tall over-hanging trees shading their encampment, which looked westward over the lake. The accommodation within was primitive enough; their beds being made of green spruce and fir boughs, while a bundle of the same, bound into a faggot, served for a pillow.

While enjoying the evening breeze in front of their tents, a long wake in the water, evidently caused by some moving body, attracted their notice. Two of the party set off to make out what it was; and finding it was a deer swimming across, they turned it in the direction of the camp. It bounded ashore close to the tent, sprang right through the group assembled there, and dashed into the thicket behind. A shout greeted his advent among the hunters; given with such hearty good-will, that in his fright he leaped, bleating, a dozen feet into the air, and plunging wild-

ly on, crossed the little isle with great jumps, the last being into the water at the other side.

Next morning the boatmen were sent onward with the tents and baggage, while their masters made the tour of this lovely little lake. Near its upper part is a deep indentation, bordered by a luxuriant meadow, of Nature's own making; where the wild herbage, and water-lilies that skirt its margin, afford a plentiful pasture for the deer. They were enjoying it to their heart's content: browsing away at grass and flowers; (that must be something like bread and butter; the grass, plain bread, the flowers, ornamental and savoury butter;) in utter ignorance, poor animals, of the evil designs entertained against them by the two-legged visitors who were so placidly watching them round the corner. The light skiffs were noiselessly paddled to within a short distance of them, and then, coming full into sight, away bounded four-legs in a fright.

These boats may always be paddled very close to the deer, by a clever fellow who will take care to place himself so that the wind shall not blow *from* him to the animal; otherwise the keen scent of the deer would instantly make him aware of his dangerous neighbour; to whom he would forthwith say good bye, with more haste than ceremony.

Camping again on an island in the Upper Saranac, as the sun went down, the fish were jumping about so temptingly in the quiet lake, that the boat was rowed out to troll for the large dark trout. These lake trout are not nearly so handsome as their cousins of the stream and river; but what is wanting in beauty they make up in size, and in the sport which they consequently afford the angler, who needs but a skilful hand to land his fish after having hooked him.

One of these large gentlemen was soon struck; and then began an exciting struggle. Fish, finding he was caught, made off in a hurry to the middle of the lake, bending the rod like a bow in his hasty flight. But Angler was thoroughly up to him. Holding hard on by the butt, he gave him a hundred and fifty feet of line; and by the time he had used that up, Fish began to feel tired, though not so much so as to prevent him holding back with all the dogged determination of a mule, when an insinuating effort was made to draw him to the boat. The intimation that he was wanted, was, however, one that he found it impossible to resist. Then he tried a furious rush forwards; and, leaping fairly out of the water, seemed to try to shake his jaw free from the hook, dashing as fiercely down towards the bottom,



when he found it of no use. The reel sang again as it whirled round with his efforts to release himself; but it was of no use, the skilful hand at the other end of the line constantly and irresistibly urging him towards the boat. At last he rose gasping to the surface, and was drawn within twenty feet of his persecutors; when catching a sight of them, gave strength to his previously passive terrors, and away he darted through the water, a hundred and fifty feet out. But fish against man has small chance, spite of all his twistings and windings; and the end of it was, that he was handed by means of the landing net, into the boat, a splendid ten pound trout! Beautiful and tempting looked he in the clear water; but oh, ten times more beautiful and tempting looked he on the breakfast table next morning! A pleased and happy, nay conceited man was his captor.

Pursuing their course—hunting, fishing, story telling—up Bog River, the lower chain of ponds surrounded by well wooded hills was approached; the river here becoming broad and shallow, with meadows stretching away on either side. Here the oars were shipped, and the boatmen paddled along, sitting in the stern of the boats; in each of whose bows stood a marksman, rifle in hand: for deer, who fed quietly on the borders of the winding stream, were now their

game. Each one who failed to bring down his game was to give place for some one else to try his hand, and so on throughout their number, till they had secured a deer.

As they stole noiselessly along the ins and outs of the crooked river, a deer was suddenly seen to start from among the reeds, and go dashing and snorting across the shallow water almost close to the head of the boat. Bang went one gun after him, sending him at rather a brisker pace up hill among the brushwood. Crack went number two: the only effect being to make him take rather longer jumps as he bounded, snorting with terror, into the woods, leaving his pursuers gaping and staring after him: he had evidently had the best of it.

The first boat being discomfited, now gave way to the second; which speedily came in sight of another deer daintily cropping lilies on the river side. Paddling noiselessly to within a few rods of him, long and anxiously did the sportsman take aim; but before he could draw the trigger, the deer looked up nervously, lowered his long ears, and after one second's disgusted gaze at his enemy, made for the shore at the top of his speed. Ping went a rifle bullet after him, but at random; and the usual result of a random shot ensued; the deer was none the worse, only

stimulated by the report into a more railway pace up the bank, where he disappeared among the brushwood. All this was very bad. Two deer, three shots, and venison as far off as ever.

It was now the third sportsman's turn. Gliding quietly along till the boat was within fifteen rods of a deer tranquilly browsing his pasture, up went the rifle; one moment's pause, and then the sharp report rang out, and awakened the echoes of the shore and surrounding hills. This time mischief was done; the animal sprang into the air and bounded up the steep as though unhurt, instantly disappearing among the brushwood. There he was speedily found, a noble fellow with branching antlers, but stone dead, the ball having passed clean through him.

Enough for one day; and beside, not loving killing for mere killing's sake, they had determined to shoot no more deer than were needful to keep the spit turning during their forest life.

They were right glad to rest on their rustic beds that night, after the hot fatiguing day. Their vanguard, too, had not been without his share of fatigue; having, in addition to the same long journey, some parts of which he had had to traverse three times over, killed two deer, whose flesh he had cut into thin slips, and was drying it for future provender, in

the smoke of a wood fire, kindled in a bark hut for the purpose. This mode of preparing meat is called "jerking" it. In very hot countries it is dried in the sun, the long thin slips, from three to six yards long, being hung in festoons on the branches of some neighbouring tree.

On the river just above the traveller's camp was a dam, constructed of large logs, and slenderer ones laid cross-wise, on which brushwood and earth were placed so as to make all tight. Entangled in this, a fine young deer was found dead. The poor creature's foot had slipped between the logs; struggling to free himself the leg was broken, and then he must have perished of pain and hunger; a worse death than that from the hunter's rifle.

Going down stream in the morning, the trout were abundant but shy. Hooks and baits were dangled before them in the most tempting manner, but not a single mouthful would any trout among them take. Tired of this, a line, with a weight attached, was let down quietly among them, with a number of bare hooks tied to it. A sudden jerk, and one of the largest was hooked by the tail, and, together with some half dozen more, actually dragged out of the water in this way, tail foremost! A novel mode of catching fish, undoubtedly.

Hitherto the hunters had made no use of their dogs. Game was so abundant that they were not needed. One coursing match, however, was had with them that ended pleasantly enough for the deer. The dogs, doubtless, thought differently of it.

The deer was upon a small island in the lake by which the hunters were camped ; and having stationed their boats so as to prevent his reaching the shore, if he took to the water, the dogs were sent to the island. In less than five minutes the stillness was broken by the sudden and fierce cry of the dogs, who had just started their game. Away they went in full cry after him, making the hills and woods ring again as he swept along, doubling and winding, with them still at his heels. Presently he made his appearance close to the hunters ; who, caring more for the excitement of the chase than the capture of the deer, received him with such a volley of shouts and halloos, as fairly frightened him back again into the woods, whence he had broken cover. From that shelter, however, the dogs soon chased him into the water ; only to be driven back again to dry land. A second attempt to take water was again frustrated, and he retreated, baffled, to the thickets. Thrice was he coursed round the island, the hunters facing him wherever he attempted to escape. At last he plunged desperately into the lake, and swam

towards the shore three quarters of a mile off, his tormentors contriving again to disappoint his design, and compel him to land on a little shrub-covered island, not more than half an acre in size, and that stood at about the distance of half a mile down the lake. When he neared this he sprang on the shore, frantically looking on all sides for some hiding place, or means of escape. None was to be had ; whichever way he turned, there was one of the hunters a-head of him, shouting and driving him nearly mad. This way and that rushed the poor beast in vain, till in despair he took up his post among the bushes that covered a knoll in the middle of the island ; and there, after tossing his head up and down, as he looked from one to another of his enemies, he waited for what might come. He at length quietly lay down. Fortunately for him the hunters had had all they wanted, a coursing match ; and, satisfied with his performance, they rowed away, leaving him to recover at leisure from his exertions. Once rid of them, he swam to the main land, and speedily disappeared among his own forests.

Let us see the hunters going to dinner, before we leave them. There are pieces of moose, (a very clumsy kind of deer peculiar to northern countries, and in northern Europe called the elk,) and bear's meat, spitted on long sticks before a roasting fire. Further,

there are fresh trout from the lake, whether caught by the head or tail does not matter ; the jerked venison that we have heard of, and savoury salt pork ; all of which, when ready for dishing, are placed on slices of birch bark fresh peeled from the trees. While for drinkables, there are tea, and excellent spring water, into which people with whom cold water disagrees, (there are such queer folks in the world,) may pop the least possible dose of brandy. Those who, for once and away, cannot contrive to make a dinner on such materials, are recommended to keep out of the woods!

In this lake country, deer are sometimes hunted by candlelight. A box, open in front, and large enough to hold several candles, is placed on a post about four feet high in the bows of the boat. The marksman sits on a low seat close behind this ; and then, rowing noiselessly in the dark to where the deer are feeding by the edges of the stream, a full blaze is thrown upon the animal, while the hunter, who is quite in the shadow, takes aim quietly, and “does” for him.

But deer, and moose, and bears, are not the only “game” to be found in American forests. In some of them, that comical little pig, the peccary, may be met with ; and a fierce little beast he is too. His teeth are as sharp as knives ; and woe be to man or beast who comes within their reach ; for it is “no sur-

render" with the peccary. The creatures go about in droves of from ten to fifty; will attack anything, or anybody that comes in their way, no matter how well armed; and, as they make a point of fighting it out to the last, till there is not one piggy of their number left, people who are acquainted with their manner and habits generally prefer letting them alone.

Their mode of "camping" at night is particularly droll. Selecting a large hollow tree, overthrown by some storm of wind, the whole drove will get into it, one after the other, *backwards*, so that the last stands guard, with his snout to the entrance. And it is when they have betaken themselves to their lodgings for the night, that the settler (to whose crops they are terribly destructive) has his almost sole chance of destroying them.

When he finds one of these hollow trees, he soon ascertains whether or not the peccaries have chosen it for their sleeping place. If they have, he waits with as much patience as he can, for a regular dull, dark, drizzling day; for in such weather the peccaries, disliking either a wet jacket, or wet feet, or both, do not stir abroad, but remain in the retirement of their hollow tree trunk. On such a day, therefore, the settler, armed with his rifle, takes his stand at day-dawn, directly opposite to what we may call the peccary's



front door; concealing himself cautiously among the neighbouring bushes. Presently there is light enough to see the nose and sharp eyes of the sentinel peccary. Covering him with his rifle, the trigger is pulled; and with the ball in his brain, over head and heels tumbles poor piggy-wiggy, and there is an end of him. Wakened by the explosion, another pops himself into the opening to see what is the matter; but a second bullet finishes him in like manner. A third, a fourth, even more, it is said, may be shot in this way, if the man is only careful enough not to stir the bushes among which he is hidden. If he do, there is an end of the game; out jumps the beast in the door-way, with all the rest at his heels, and together they make a grand charge at the sportsman, who finds a tree, or a light pair of heels, his best defence against these fierce and fearless animals.

A bear hunt in Texas, which is one of the places where peccaries are found, was one day brought to a very amusing termination by these small pests. The bear, trying to climb a tree, as the hunters came up to him, was surrounded by the dogs, who held him on every side in such a manner as to render it difficult to get a shot at him, for fear of wounding them. Bruin was accordingly pitching them right and left, when all at once a drove of peccaries dashed, grunting,

upon the whole group. The dogs, cut and slashed by their villanous sharp teeth, slank off howling to their masters. The poor bear found himself in worse hands even than before ; and, roaring with pain, rolled about, striking out at random in all directions with his huge paws, at these new assailants : while from the hunters themselves, half angry, half laughing, rose a general cry of "Peccaries ! run, run !" And sticking spurs into their horses, they bounded off through the cane brake, only too glad to leave the peccaries and the bear to fight it out between themselves.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FOREST LIFE—PERIL.

THE huge forests of America and Canada are slowly yielding to the axe of the backwoodsman. From morning to night his broad keen blade glitters in its relentless descent, and the bright flashing chips fly, till down thunders one monarch of the woods after another, whose only revenge on his destroyer, is the leaving of a tormenting stump. Those stumps, dotted here and there among his cleared land, are dreadfully in the way of the ploughman, till time, or gunpowder, completes their destruction, and enables him to achieve that pride of his heart, a straight furrow.

But if the axe were the only means of turning the woodland into corn-fields and pastures, or into what may some day become so, the process would go on much more slowly than it does. Fire plays no unimportant part in the destruction of the woods; and its fierceness, and the extent of its ravages, are such as none can conceive, save those who have witnessed

them. Lightning strikes a dry tree, and kindles up a blaze; or, perhaps, the heaped-up cuttings and brushwood left by the "lumberer" or backwoodsman, are set on fire; either accidentally, (possibly by a spark from the odious tobacco-pipe, which we can scarcely forgive even in that comfortless place,) or purposely to get rid of the rubbish; and the conflagration runs on for miles; consuming not trees only, and the frightened wild inhabitants of the forest, but, in its unchecked fury, licking up the tender crops and the homestead itself of the struggling emigrant: who is too happy if he and his little ones can only escape with their lives.

Fire is the best remedy for fires of this kind. That sounds odd enough. Here, if we catch fire, we run post-haste for the "engine," and should think any one mad who prescribed fire instead of water. But the meaning of it is, that the most effectual way of checking the flames in these forest and bush fires is, to set fire to the grass and brushwood sufficiently in advance of the great fire that is to be extinguished, to allow them to be burnt out before the wave of flame comes up to the place. If this can be managed—it requires much care and adroitness,—the original fire, of-course, goes out for want of fuel, and there is an end of it. But too frequently the intensity of the conflagration

baffles all attempts to stop it. In the hot season, dead trees, broken branches, and decaying underwood, are 'dry as tinder ; the resin and pitch in such trees as the fir, give unconquerable fury to the flames, while the violent wind, which is the natural result of a vast body of intense heat, fans the whole into still stronger combustion. A fire of this kind that took place in one of our English possessions in North America in 1825, burnt on for the astounding distance of a hundred and forty miles, and on both sides of a large river. On one bank alone a breadth of more than sixty miles was ravaged by it.

It appears that for several days previously the woods had been on fire ; but, this being no infrequent a thing, did not produce any alarm. Suddenly, however, a storm of wind arose, accompanied by so extraordinary a sound, like distant thunder, proceeding from the depths of the forests, as made the inhabitants of the district fear that there was something worse than the mere ordinary burning of the woods. The sky also became obscured with the rolling smoke ; and speedily the surrounding woods flashed out into flames, whose long forked tongues licked and twined in all directions, around the tall boles of the forest trees, and even leaped high into air thirty or forty yards above their tops. Two towns were almost immediate-

ly involved in the fire, many of whose inhabitants were suffocated or burnt to death, and others dreadfully injured. Those who escaped death had no time to save any of their property; but, hurrying to the banks of the river, sought in canoes, on rafts, logs of timber, or indeed anything that would float, to make their escape from the horrid death that threatened them on shore. Nor, stripped of everything, were they safe even there; since the violence of the tempest whirled aloft burning logs, fragments of houses, and even trees, and dashed them, flaming, into the water. Of how many of the backwoodsmen perished in the forest where they had made their homes, no account could be taken; but it is supposed that altogether, at least five hundred human beings lost their lives in this dreadful fire.

One poor lumberer (a backwoodsman is so named from his occupation of felling timber or *lumber*, as it is called) had just built his "shanty" or log hut, and was beginning to cut timber when the fire broke out. He was told of it by some of his men who had passed through the wood to bring provisions to the little camp; but thought nothing of it, till one of them, leaving the shanty for a minute, came back hastily with news that the fire was a bad one, and within a mile of the hut. They instantly looked out; and as

far as they could see there was nothing but fire, waving high above the forest; and whose roar, like that of a gigantic furnace, was broken in upon from time to time by the crash of falling trees.

Not a moment was to be lost. Without staying to save an article, they ran to a small stream a little way off. Some of them thought this would be a sufficient check to the flames; and so contented themselves with crossing it, and going a short distance down its opposite bank, to a spot which they had formerly cleared. The lumberer, however, felt sure that such a fire as that now raging behind them, would soon leap the comparatively narrow thread of water; and, as safety was on neither bank, he adopted the bold plan of taking refuge in the stream itself. Wading into it, therefore, shoulder high, he took up his post underneath a hanging bank, and awaited his fate.

The flames advanced, consuming all before them, and filling the sky with a lurid glare. Their hot breath was almost stifling to the poor trembling wretch in the river. Another minute, and the trees overhead were a-light, and he forced, for safety, to plunge his head under the water; holding it there as long as he could for suffocation, and then taking breath for a moment. When he was able once more

to stand erect, the flame was still raging onward before him. Behind, where it had passed, blackened boles were still blazing; mere stumps with all their branches burnt off, and soon to die out for want of fresh fuel. The poor man dared not for some hours leave his watery fortress, but at last made good his escape from the ruined neighbourhood. His log hut and everything in it was of course destroyed, but, happily for him, some of the provisions lying in a cellar, escaped injury; otherwise, after escaping fire, he might have died of starvation, before he could get away. His companions were lost in the burning forest.

The lumberer himself told the story of his wonderful escape to Major Strickland, who relates it in the man's own words in his account of his own life as a settler in Canada.

Mr. Charles Murray, in his travels in North America, describes this setting fire to the woods as being done on purpose by Indians, in order to drive himself and his companions from their hunting grounds. In whatever direction they turned for sport, a light was certain to be applied to the dry grass, and then all was in a blaze. On more than one occasion, not only was his sport spoiled, but his life endangered by this practice. One day he had to take to the water,



to escape from the flames, which they had kindled in the wood for his particular accommodation. Another time, seeing him cross the prairie to a wood where it was supposed deer might be found, they fired the grass in several places, and in such a direction that the wind, which was rather high, might carry the flames his way. Mr. Murray soon perceived that he could not outrun the fire, and therefore adopted the plan of which we have spoken, curing fire by means of fire. He set the grass near him a-light, and then, when it was burnt out, took up his post in the centre of the bare space thus created. He had the satisfaction of seeing that the Indians' fire could not pass its circumference for want of fuel, but skirting it, seized grass, and brushwood, and timber, and so carried the conflagration onwards, leaving him safe, though half suffocated.

The very next day he went out in a different direction, where there had not been any fire. But his Indian friends were ready for him. As evening drew on, slight columns of smoke were seen spiring up out of the wood; and presently the flames burst forth, the old dry timber crashing down, and sending up a shower of sparks. The flames crept here, along the brushwood, and leaped up there, as they folded themselves round some resinous tree; while huge clouds of

smoke, black and lurid, as they shifted about, canopied the magnificent scene.

The Indians had the best of it, for they fairly burnt out Mr. Murray and his sporting friends.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PRAIRIE.

THE ponderous buffalo is the "game" of the North American plains or prairies; in some of which it still abounds, notwithstanding the incredible destruction which necessity, or mere wantonness, has wrought among these beasts. Some idea of the killing that goes on among herds of buffalo may be formed from a knowledge of the circumstance of a hundred thousand prepared skins—buffalo robes they are called—being every year brought into Canada and the United States, where they are much used as a defence from the extreme winter cold of those countries. This is in addition to any number that may be killed to provide the same covering for the Indians themselves, who are as fond of it as their white neighbours are. The buffalo is to them great gain; they eat him, wear him, and trade him away for the various articles of use and luxury which their uncivilized wandering life fails to provide for them, but the taste for which it by no means extinguishes.

A traveller camping out in the prairies, heard one

night a noise like distant thunder, but so prolonged that he was certain it could not be that. Puzzled to account for it, as it came nearer and nearer, he listened with his ear close to the ground, and at length became aware that it was the heavy tread of a herd of buffaloes on one of their usual migrations on the plains; and a momentary gleam of moonlight showed him the prairie, black over with thousands upon thousands of these huge beasts. How to escape their headlong rush became a subject of no little anxiety, as camp and all, placed in their immediate track, was in danger of being borne away by the torrent. Hastening to his comrades, he roused them up; and by dint of repeated volleys from their muskets, aided by the united screeches and yells of the whole party, they succeeded in frightening the monsters into a different path to that which led directly over their encampment, and thus escaped the chance of being crushed to death. The herd, under this double salute, divided into two; one half thundering off to the plains, while the other tramped through the adjacent river, where their splashing and dashing, as they crossed the water, was heard for hours. Such are the numbers in which these great creatures roam about their native prairies.

It is said that the buffalo is not naturally a fierce animal; but its looks are against it. Its huge head,

and rough beard and mane, are not unlike those of a lion, only much larger in proportion to the size of its body. When urged to its speed these are tossed about in what appears to be a most threatening manner ; but the poor beast does not mean mischief, unless his pursuers drive him to it ; and then, woe betide all that come in his way !

The Indians sometimes manage to slaughter even the largest herds of buffaloes, in what may be called a wholesale way. In order to make it intelligible, some description of the nature of these prairies is needful. They are, as has been said, vast undulating plains, studded here and there with clumps of park-like timber ; but these plains are occasionally broken up by great clefts or cañons, which go suddenly, and almost sheer down for many hundred feet. Mr. Kendall, in his account of the Santa Fè expedition, relates that he and his party were traversing one of these plains, in which no break of the surface could be perceived far as the eye could reach, when all at once they found themselves on the brink of one of these tremendous chasms. Its almost perpendicular depth beneath their feet was near three hundred yards, and it was from three to five hundred yards wide. A slender stream, now hidden by some huge rock, now bubbling again into view, coursed along the bot-

tom, wearing its channel into fantastic shapes. The depth, and dark abrupt character of this rent in the earth, made them almost sick as they looked down into it; the more so, perhaps, that there was no way of continuing their journey but by crossing it. Had they been made of india-rubber, they might have rolled themselves up into balls and bowled down to the bottom, with the utmost ease; but even that would have left them with the difficulty of getting up the other side, as apparently insuperable as ever. However, cross it they must; and as, the day previous, they had seen numerous footmarks of Indians, horses, and buffaloes leading in this direction, it was evident that they had managed to pass it, and if they could, so might others. It was dangerous, but that could not be helped; so the steadiest and best behaved horses and mules were first induced to begin the perilous descent, those who were less to be trusted bringing up the rear. There was one advantage attending their steep downward course, and that was, that, once in for it, and there was no turning back. Onward they were obliged to go; and amid clattering stones, loosened by their tread, and that leaped and bounded down before them, they at last reached in safety the very bottom of this dreary ravine.

Here they rested for a while, as was evident their

predecessors the Indians had done ; various traces of whose camp were scattered about. The track upwards and out of the cleft was presently discovered ; and winding along the ravine till it was reached, afforded ample opportunity for noticing the remarkable and fantastic effects of the rushing waters that coursed throughout it. Pillars, forts, battlements, turrets, by turns presented themselves, till the traveller might have imagined himself wandering among the ruins of some deserted city.-

Getting down was bad ; getting up again was worse. Guns, baggage, and horse furniture had to be carried in the hand, while the animals scrambled up as they could. One of them struck against a piece of rock that stuck out upon the path, and was hurled down by the shock a distance of near twenty feet, falling right upon his back. Of course he was given up for lost ; but, thank you, Dobbin had no idea of that. He just got up again, gave himself a shake, and then trying it a second time, marched up as steadily as any of them. The passage of this ravine took them five or six hours ; by the middle of the afternoon they had accomplished it, and were restored to the upper world. Continuing their route on the plain, they found that by the time they had left the

chasm a few hundred yards behind them, not the slightest trace of its existence was to be seen.

It is into chasms such as these that the mounted Indians, spurring their half-wild horses to their utmost speed, drive the immense herds of buffaloes, when they come upon them in a situation suitable for this purpose. Urged onward by the yells and rapid hoof-trampling behind them, headlong, and tumbling over each other go the huge terror-stricken brutes, a dark avalanche of beast-life, bounding from crag to crag in the rugged descent, till, at the very bottom of the cañon, lies a writhing, swelling heap of carcasses, a rich spoil for their savage pursuers to gloat over.

The bow and arrow is a formidable weapon for the destruction of buffalo, in the hands of an Indian. Some of the Pawnees will launch their arrows with such force as to drive them almost up to the feathered end in the animal's body. Nay, it is said that they are sometimes shot clean through him, and left quivering in the ground beyond.

The ordinary way of shooting the buffalo by civilized sportsmen, is either by hunting him or by stalking. The former is accomplished on horseback, bringing him down at a long shot. The latter is done on foot, creeping along from bush to bush, hiding here, and dodging there, keeping in such a direction that



the wind may not blow the scent of the hunter to his game, in stealing upon him unawares. But there is no object of the chase that takes so much killing as the poor buffalo. His enormous frame offers so wide a range of other than fatal marks for a bullet, that the chances are, save in skilful hands, that the wretched animal may be riddled before he falls. A well placed shot behind the shoulder will soon bring down even his vast bulk; and it should not be forgotten that though we may, and must kill these creatures, it is our duty to do so with as little suffering to them as possible. A bungling sportsman deserves to rank with a butcher; and not even with him, if he is expert at his business.

Hunting buffalo is not the only business of the Indians of the prairie. The wild horse that scours those boundless plains forms a still more exciting chase. No popping at him with rifles, or twanging bowstrings at him; he must be taken alive and uninjured. And my lord is not always so easily caught as his pursuers would wish. If a troop of horses is seen, the mode employed is that of forming a wide circle round them by mounted Indians, who gradually draw nearer and nearer to each other, driving the horses before them, till their prey is within reach of the lasso. The lasso is a long cord with a noose at

one end, which the Indians throw with wonderful precision. This is skilfully thrown round the necks of those who are thought best worth taking; and the Indians, riding off with their struggling, prancing captives, soon succeed in making them understand the value of obedience. They may kick, and plunge, and rear, and caper, as they think proper; but it is all of no use. Between a powerful bit, tremendous spurs, and a rider who sticks to his steed like wax, the noble animal is effectually subdued, and henceforth must follow the bidding of another, instead of his own.

If there be but a solitary horse, or the hunters are few, of course there is just a race for it, generally ending in favour of the hunter; who, it must be said, occasionally receives a handsome kick or two from his captive.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JAPAN, AND HOW THE AMERICANS MADE THEIR WAY INTO IT.\*

THOSE strange people, the Japanese, who have so long kept themselves to themselves, have at last been dragged out a little from their hiding-place. For a long period they abhorred all intercourse with other nations. It may be doubted whether they like it any better now; but circumstances have thrust it upon them. Thus it came about.

Some years ago three shipwrecked Japanese, landed on Queen Charlotte's Island, on the north-west coast of America, were rescued from the natives by an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sent to England. From England they were sent to Macao, in China, where, subsequently, four other Japanese, wrecked in the Chinese seas, were sent.

It was thought that the sending these men home to their own country might prove a favourable oppor-

\* Hildreth's "Japan as it Is and Was."

tunity for what had been so long desired: the opening of commercial intercourse with Japan, and communicating to its inhabitants some knowledge of the Christian religion, which they hate intensely. A vessel was accordingly fitted out for the purpose, by some merchants of the United States, resident at Macao and on the 27th July, 1837, the *Morrison* cast anchor in the Bay of Jedo, the capital of Nippon, which is the largest of the group of Japanese Islands.

A number of boats soon made off to the ship; but their crews seemed scarcely to comprehend the request that was made, in the Chinese language, for water, provisions, and some official to be sent on board, to whom the object of the American's visit might be stated. The language seemed almost unintelligible to them; and of course it was equally difficult to make out what they had to say. It was thought that they wished the Americans to land; but if this were correct, it must have been a treacherous invitation, as during the night cannon were brought to bear on the ship. The firing was too badly managed to do any mischief; still, it was thought better to get out of so unfriendly a neighbourhood. The *Morrison* accordingly set sail, followed by Japanese gun-boats, who fired upon her with swivels, (these are guns mounted so as to turn round in any direction,) but were prudent

enough to back, whenever the vessel lay to in order to bring them to close quarters. The Americans then threw out a piece of canvas, on which was written, in Chinese, that they had brought home some shipwrecked men, and wanted to be supplied with provisions and water. The canvas was picked up, but it produced no answer, much to the disappointment of the poor Japanese on board.

Another bay was entered ; and presently a Japanese official came on board, saying that the vessel had been taken for a pirate, and preparation made to give her a rough reception on that account. He was assured this was not the case ; and then he consented to receive a despatch for the Emperor, and endeavour to have it laid before him. He furnished the Americans with a pilot, and fresh water, and then took his leave. The despatches were, however, returned ; and spite of various civil messages brought to the vessel, it was evident that the people on shore were anything but friendly in their intentions. Long strips of blue and white canvas were seen hung up from one tree to another ; and, innocent as these might look, the Japanese on board knew the meaning of them : that an attack was to be made on the vessel, whose fire, in return, was to be received on these pieces of canvas. A most absurd means of defence at first sight ;

but it seems there were several rows of this canvas, one behind the other, and being loosely hung up, it would have at least some little effect in deadening the shock of a cannon-ball.

Troops presently came in sight, who opened fire upon the ship from both sides of the bay at once; and it was with considerable difficulty that the Americans made their escape from these inhospitable people. The poor Japanese, who were thus prevented from landing on their native shores, were both grieved and indignant at the conduct of their countrymen; and two of them, in utter disgust at it, shaved their heads, in token, as they gave their American friends to understand, of "cutting" Japan, and all belonging to it! And they all had to sail back again to Macao.

In allusion to this attempt to get into their extraordinary country, the Japanese, a few years after, put forth a proclamation to this effect: that any shipwrecked Japanese, who were brought back by vessels of any country, except those of Holland and China, would not be allowed to land. Adding, that as their own subjects were not permitted to examine the Japanese coast, it was much less fit that foreigners should be allowed to do it.

What was to be done with such obstinate people!

In a couple of years after this, a British surveying

frigate entered one of the harbours of the empire ; and though readily supplied with such provisions as were wanted, her officers were very unwillingly allowed to go on shore to take some astronomical observations.

The same year, 1845, an American vessel cruising in the neighbouring seas, rescued twenty-two shipwrecked Japanese sailors, half of them from their sinking boat, and the remainder from a rock on which they had clambered. The Japanese authorities condescended to allow these poor wretches to land ; but only in consideration of the presumed ignorance of the American captain of their laws on this point. In future, he was assured, no such leniency would be observed : those who brought them their wrecked countrymen, might just take them back again. And, having acquitted themselves of this amiable speech, the ship's arms, which had been taken out of her on her first arrival, were returned, and the vessel towed out of the bay by a long string of boats.

Not discouraged by this point-blank intimation of how little their company was desired, the Americans made another attempt, in 1848, to get into Japan. Tempting prospects of advantageous trading were held out, but met with a most chilling reception. The usual demand was made, that all arms on board should be lodged with the shore authorities during the ves-

sel's stay. But, with two or three men-of-war at their heels, the commodore respectfully declined acceding to that. The Japanese officers, however, consented to send a messenger to the Emperor, who should communicate to him the Americans' wish to have trading relations with his subjects. An answer arrived in the course of a few days. It was a flat refusal. No particular disrespect to the Americans: they only treated them as they treated everybody else; and they were desired to take themselves off, with all convenient speed.

And this was the sort of way in which, one after another, English as well as Americans were treated. Their wants, in the way of provisions and water, were supplied; and then they were told to sheer off.

In 1852, the persevering Americans again tried their fate with the stubborn Japanese. A small fleet was rigged out for the expedition, and the commander set sail in no very amiable mood. People were tired of being over civil to these supercilious islanders, who were content with their own, and cared for nobody else's wares. It was enough to make any one angry to have his cotton goods, or goods of any other kind, wet or dry, despised in this way. And Commodore Perry determined this time to carry matters with a high hand.



The squadron cast anchor on the Japanese shores in July, and were received with two or three cannon shot; whether by way of salute, or offence, does not appear. Several boats, rowed in rather savage style, by half-naked, shouting men, and having in the stern of each a small black and white flag, around which were grouped some well dressed officers, with two swords a-piece, immediately pulled off from shore, and, coming alongside, wished to board the vessel. The commodore, however, was on his high horse, and, insisting much on his own high rank, declined receiving any one inferior to himself. The principal authority of the town must present himself, or none. Finally, he condescended to receive the second in rank, though he would not himself see him. His lieutenant was quite good enough for that. The two, through an interpreter, had a long conversation, in which the Japanese was informed that the fleet had come purposely to present a letter from their sovereign, the President, to that of the Japanese; and that some very great person must be sent on board to receive it. It was further added that the fleet would not allow the Japanese guard-boats to swarm around it, as had been the custom. And when the inquisitive official proceeded, as usual, to ask all sorts of questions about the vessels, what ports they came

from, how many men they carried, and so on, he was cut short by being told that such inquiries were considered impertinent. Finally, the lieutenant refused to receive the customary notifications to all sorts of vessels, that nobody wanted them at Japan; so that the crest-fallen official was obliged to tuck them up again, and return on shore, feeling that he had at last "caught a Tartar,"—a feeling that was greatly increased, when, coming back to try to get rid of the letter which was to be fetched for the emperor, he was informed that if the high official agreed upon, did not come for it, the ships would sail further in, and deliver it themselves! Upon which he went away in a fright, promising everything that was required from him.

Great consultations now went on, on shore, as to what was to be done with their troublesome visitors; the visitors, meanwhile, beguiling their leisure by making surveys of the coast. They were told they must not do this, as it was contrary to the laws of the country; to which they coolly replied, that if prohibited by the law of Japan, it was commanded by that of America! It was noticed, during this survey, that the defences of the country were very insignificant. A few forts, mounting only fourteen guns among them, about four hundred soldiers armed with matchlocks,

(a clumsy sort of musket,) and spears, and a liberal allowance of canvas screens, formed all that were to be seen. .

At length, after various negotiations and further explorations of the coast, a meeting between the American and Japanese officials was agreed upon: it was to take place on shore.

At the time appointed, two of the American vessels steamed in shore, where long lines of canvas were seen hung up, as a sort of background to the military force drawn up to receive them, and whose gay banners fluttered in the sunshine. A good many soldiers, both horse and foot, were also stationed behind the canvas; these latter most likely for use, in case of need, while those in front were for show. A number of boats, each with a red flag in the stern, were ranged in a straight line close to the beach. The hill-side was thronged with spectators.

As soon as the steamers came to anchor, which was done broadside to the shore, in order to command it, they were received by two richly dressed officials, who put off in a boat to meet them. The Americans then went ashore in fifteen boats, carrying upwards of three hundred of them, who marched in procession to the house—a temporary building run up for the purpose—where the interview was to take place. The

building was guarded by a troop of military, armed with matchlocks, and old English Tower muskets; in front were stationed two old brass guns. The floor of the first room was covered with white cloth, across which was laid a strip of red carpet leading to an inner room, the floor of which was entirely covered with red cloth. This room was quite open in front, and was hung with fine violet-coloured cloth, on which were displayed the imperial symbols in white. On one side were chairs for the American officers, on the other sat two Japanese princes, who were appointed to receive the letter for the emperor. They were elderly men, magnificently robed in silk, all gleaming and sparkling with gold and silver embroidery. They rose and bowed as the commodore entered, and then, resuming their seats, proceeded to business. It was transacted in the usual manner; the letter was received, and its bearers were desired to depart. The American commander rejoined, that he would return again, and in all probability with more ships than he had then with him; and having, to the great disgust of the Japanese, proceeded with their surveys of the coast, they sailed away for awhile, on other business.

Determined, however, to force their way into Japan, whether it was liked or not, an American fleet of nine vessels, steamers and others, under the

same commander, Perry, deliberately cast anchor in the bay of Jedo on the 12th of February, 1854. A meeting with the shore authorities was with difficulty secured; and then, nine hundred well armed Americans, sailors and marines, being landed, were drawn up in regular battle array on the beach to receive their commodore. When he came on shore they presented arms, the band struck up, a salute was fired, and he walked, followed by his officers, between the lines, to the house that had been erected for the interview with the Japanese. The walls of this were covered with painted screens and violet cloth hangings, the floor with matting; tables and benches covered with red woollen were set out, and three braziers of charcoal were placed upon the floor. The Americans and dignified Japanese took their seats on these benches; the other Japanese officers followed their country's fashion, and crouched upon their heels, as if they were going to play at honey-pots! The dress of the commissioners consisted of the usual wide oriental drawers of rich silk, with a short upper garment, girt with a silk sash, into which two swords were thrust. Their straw sandals were left outside the house, according to the Japanese custom. Like the Chinese, each wore a pig-tail; but it was a little wee-wee one, lying oddly on the top of the head, instead of hanging down be-

hind. Very ceremoniously was the interview carried on; such bowings and scrapings, and so much time taken to do so little. After business, refreshments were brought in, of a very disappointing character to the hungry Americans. Tea, sweet cakes, fruit, and rice-spirit, called *saki*, were all that was offered; and what was left, was wrapped up and given to the visitors to take away with them: this, which would be bad manners in England, being good manners in Japan.

Several other meetings took place, at which the Americans did not find much more use for their knives and forks, (which, for fear of chop-sticks, they had taken ashore with them,) than they had done at the first interview. Fish-broth, shrimps, hard boiled eggs, and oysters were served up to them on these occasions; and they were certainly more satisfying than the cake and fruit, that had so dismayed them on a former occasion. In return for their hospitality, the Japanese officers were invited to dinner in the commodore's vessel, where they enjoyed themselves amazingly; finding the champagne so agreeable that they drank rather more than was good for them.

The conclusion of all these meetings, and eatings, and drinkings was, that the Americans succeeded in forcing the Japanese to trade with them, under certain

restrictions, which were duly specified. And thus Japan, which has so long been closed to the civilized world, was at last opened to it; and may perhaps (slowly, no doubt,) in time partake of its civilization and Christianity.

Within fifteen days of Commodore Perry's departure, an American trading vessel presented itself to take advantage of the new treaty, and was very well received. The owner was frankly told, that his was the first foreign vessel the Japanese had ever been glad to see; Perry having more great guns, and fighting men, than were at all agreeable to them. And they now allowed one of their shipwrecked countrymen, brought in the *Lady Pierce*, to land, instead of, as before, driving him away with threats of what they would do to him, if he ventured to put his foot on shore.

The country around the harbour of Simioda, which is one of those conceded to the Americans, is described as being in a state of high cultivation, and yielding rice, (which, with fish, is the chief food of the inhabitants,) millet, Egyptian corn, maize, sweet potatoes and the egg plant. The houses are constructed of wood or mud-plastered wattles: sometimes both materials are combined. The outside is coloured blue and white, chequerwise; as are also the tiled roofs of the superior buildings: the others are thatched.

They have no cellars ; but the floors are raised a foot or two above the ground, (which has been beaten hard and close,) and covered with straw mats or grass. Some of their temples, (they are idolaters,) and their principal houses, are built of stone. Each of these has its place of burial ; by many of the graves evergreens are planted, and cups and joints of bamboo, containing water, are placed by them. The houses have no fireplaces, a small dish of charcoal being placed in the centre of the room when warmth is required ; and round this the people squat upon their heels. Some of the houses have kitchen gardens, and a very few, ornamental ones, in which a fish pond, some dwarfed trees, or stone carvings may be seen. The windows are generally made of paper, and have rather a forlorn appearance, as they are not unfrequently dirty, and torn into loop holes; for the children to peep at what is going on outside. Officials have their coat of arms painted on a piece of cotton, stretched across the house porch ; and everybody hangs up a charm over his door, to protect the household from evil spirits.

And now for a glance at a Japanese wedding. They are a very ceremonious people, and on such an occasion they come out in their full glory.

The match being agreed upon, the bride's outfit is



prepared. A most miscellaneous jumble is this, consisting of a wedding dress, white, with gold or silver embroidery ; four other dresses of various colours, of a superior kind ; a number of ordinary ones, one with thick fur ; bed furniture, gloves, carpets, a silk cap, a cotton one trimmed with fur, a bag of cosmetics, another full of toothpicks ; hair-ties, a hand mirror, paper to wrap parcels in, musical instruments, a harp, a guitar, writing materials, tooth paste. The Japanese married ladies wear their teeth *black*. A variety of articles for the toilette ; razors ! a smoothing-iron, wash-tub and basket, and clothes pins, a dagger, fans, fire braziers and last—a small stand on which the lady may set her elbows when she has nothing to do ! These, and various other household utensils, being provided, are forwarded to the bridegroom's house, who, prudent man, gives a written receipt for them. His hospitality is also extended to the bearers of the chattels, who present him with a written list of them.

On the wedding day the bride proceeds in a sort of large sedan, in which a person may sit or lie down, to the house of the bridegroom. On one side the door stands an old man, on the other an old woman, pounding rice cakes in a mortar. These respectively wish the bride may live a thousand, and ten thousand years. After this their pounded cakes are mixed in

one mortar, and out of the compound, two cakes are made, which are placed one upon the other in the apartment where the ceremony is to take place.

The bridegroom, suitably dressed, receives the bride in the entrance hall ; afterwards, one of the attendants leads her into the principal room, and seats her between two of her women. The bridegroom and his friend—what we might call the groomsman—join her, and the marriage form consists in drinking *saki* (rice-spirit), after a peculiar fashion. The liquor is poured out by two girls, whose jugs are each of them ornamented with a butterfly made of paper. One of them, called the girl-butterfly, pours some of her *saki* into the jug of the other or boy-butterfly, who then pours it out into three bowls, from which the young couple each drink three times, moving the bowls about hither and thither in a certain manner. This done they are married ; and their friends and relations entering, are served with *saki* by the butterflies, in a way that is also pointed out. Presents are next exchanged ; the bridegroom gives the bride two embroidered robes, one embroidered on a black ground, the other on a red, which the lady immediately puts on. The wedding feast follows, and then the day's work is done.

In some families of high rank, the bride is furnished with twelve dresses, one for each month of the

year : each of a different colour, and embroidered with emblems of the particular month in which it is to be worn. First, blue, worked with fir-trees and bamboos ; second, sea-green, with cherry-blossom and butter-cups ; third, light red, with willow and cherry-trees ; the fourth, pearl colour, with cuckoos and little islands ; the fifth, a delicate yellow, with waves and sword-grass ; the sixth, bright orange, with melons and a gushing torrent ; these two being to be worn in the rainy season. For the seventh month, a white dress, with white and purple flowers ; for the eighth, red, with sloe-leaves ; violet, with chrysanthemums, for the ninth month ; for the tenth, olive, with harvest emblems ; the eleventh, black, with icicles ; and for the twelfth, purple, with emblems of snow. For the greater state, each of these dresses is sent by itself, on a horse. A few days after the ceremony, grand wedding-dinners are exchanged between the two families, and there is an end of the matter.

When a Japanese dies, he is dressed in his ordinary clothes, suitable to the weather it may chance to be. But his sash, instead of being tied as usual in a bow, is fastened in two knots, to show that it is never again to be loosed. An outer covering is placed over this ; and then he is laid on a mat in the hall, where food is presented to the cold lips, and his family

mourn over him. Afterwards the body is placed on its knees in its last receptacle, which is carried in procession, with flags and lanterns, into the temple. The priests perform certain ceremonies there; and then it is taken, by the relatives only, to the grave, where a priest awaits them, reciting hymns. The dead is then consigned to the grave; unless indeed he has signified a wish to be burnt, in which case he is carried to a furnace provided for this purpose, the priest repeating hymns during the process. Afterwards the ashes are collected, sealed up in an earthen vase, and then deposited in the grave.

The sons of the dead man, and all the women attending his funeral, are dressed in coarse, undyed dresses. The eldest son, as chief mourner, has also a broad-brimmed slouching hat, made of rushes, and it is contrary to etiquette for him to notice any one on the occasion. The other attendants wear their ordinary clothing; the men walk, the women are carried in the kind of sedan that has been mentioned. The days during which mourning is to be worn, are limited to fifty for the higher classes; the common people do not always put it on: when they do, it is only for a few days. During this mourning season, persons are expected to stay in their houses, and neither to eat animal food nor drink saki.

Their nails must remain uncut, and their heads unshaven.

Two wooden tablets, on which are inscribed the name and virtues of the deceased, are carried in the funeral procession. One of these is left at the grave, the other is brought back and set up during the period that mourning is worn, in the best room in the house. There, fruit, sweatmeats, and tea, are put before it; and three times in the day, food is presented to it, as it would be to a living person. Two candles constantly burn by it, and a lantern is hung up on each side. For seven weeks the family and servants pray before it morning and evening; and each week a priest attends for one hour to repeat hymns. Every day during this time, the eldest son, wearing his rush hat, and speaking to no one, goes to pray by the grave; where a little hut is built for a servant, who keeps an account of all who visit it. At the end of the seven weeks, the formal mourning ceases, but bright colours are not to be worn for a twelvemonth. The wooden tablet is removed to a closet, where those belonging to the family ancestors are kept. But each morning it is brought out, and incense burned before it.

On the fifteenth day of the seventh month, there is a general festival in honour of ancestors. The tab-

lets are brought out, refreshments served to them, and in the evening candles are lighted at the graves, where food is also placed. In the middle of the night these are removed, packed up in little straw boats, with paper or cloth sails ; a light is placed in each tiny bark, and then they are taken, with music and shouting, to the water's edge, where they are set adrift. These lights, dancing to and fro with the movement of the water, form a most striking scene amid the darkness. The ceremony is intended as a sort of leaving-taking of the spirits of their friends.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A CHINESE REVIEW.\*

THE Abbé Huc, a Romish missionary in China, had two servants or assistants. One was a sort of compound of schoolmaster and housekeeper ; a quiet little man, who had been a tailor. The other, who was near sixty years old, was gardener, chapel-keeper, and cook ; his trade had been that of a smith. These two presented themselves one day to their master with anxious faces, and, telling him that a military officer—what he should call an Inspector-General—had come down from Peking, the capital, to review the troops, asked whether he would advise them to go. The Abbé replied, that if they wished to go and see the review they were quite at liberty to do so ; and he would stay at home and take care of the house while they were away.

“ Well,” said the tailor, “ we have never been to a review before : we have always managed to get ex-

\* Huc’s “ Chinese Empire.”

cused in some way or other ; but it is said that this new General is so severe, that every one who does not go, will be soundly beaten, and fined into the bargain."

"Oh, if it be so," returned the Abbé, "I must lock up the house, and go too." "As you please about that," said the tailor; "it is only we soldiers who are obliged to go, or else get a beating." "Soldiers!" exclaimed the astonished priest, doubting whether he had heard them right. But it was quite true; the tailor and the smith,—gardener, house-keeper, cook, schoolmaster, chapel-keeper,—each of them added also soldier to the long list of his other avocations: though, as the tailor avowed, he had never handled firearms since he was born, and was frightened of touching either them or gunpowder, in any shape.

Military law, of course, must be obeyed. Besides, as these Chinese were converts, it was more important still to show their Pagan sovereign that Christianity, which is very unwillingly received in China, does not make bad subjects.

The day for the review arrived; and having demolished a hearty breakfast, and drunk a considerable quantity of hot wine\* to keep up their courage, our

\* Wine is drunk hot, not cold, in China.



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CHINESE SOLDIERS SUMMONED TO A REVIEW.

two heroes proceeded to dress for the grand occasion. Their uniforms consisted of a loose-fitting black dress, a kind of surtout bordered with red, on the back and front of which was a piece of white cloth, upon which the word *soldier*, was written in large characters, in order that there might be no mistake about the matter. This was surmounted by a sugar-loaf cap made of straw, on the top of which floated a tuft of red silk. Nothing more was wanting to complete their military character, save weapons. These consisted of a clumsy musket for one, with bow and arrows for the other; and snatching them up they hastened away to the field, their master following to see the fun.

Groups of such soldiers as our friends above, were to be seen in all directions, making their way to the spot where the review was to be held. Their arms were of all sorts and sizes; swords, bow and arrows, muskets, lances, pitchforks, even saws fastened to long poles, and small cannon, mounted, each one on the backs of a couple of men—rather a novel kind of gun-carriage. But, however *ununiform* were the military accoutrements of this mob of an army, there were two species of arms in which not one of them was wanting: the fan and pipe were at every man's side, and some few of them had likewise brought their umbrellas! As for the fan, so essential an article

is it to a true Chinaman, that it is actually said, officers will go into action fanning themselves.

On a rising ground at one end of the plain a platform was erected for the general officers and other mandarins. Flags and streamers fluttered here; there were also lanterns, though it was mid-day; and a huge red umbrella towered above all, to defend them from the very scorching rays of a Chinese sun. The great folks took their seats here comfortably in arm-chairs, the Inspector-General included, with tea-things and tobacco-boxes on small tables before them; while at one side stood a servant with a light for their worships' pipes! The different orders of these civil and military officers—mandarins we call them, though the Chinese themselves do not—are made known by the button on the top of their caps. The first rank wear a button of red coral; the second, an ornamentally cut button of the same kind; a clear dark blue button distinguishes the third; a light blue, the fourth; the fifth have a transparent white button; the sixth something like a white cornelian. The three remaining ranks have copper buttons, gilded, and with some kind of figure impressed upon them.

A cannon-shot announced the beginning of the sham fight; the general officers on the platform stopping their ears when the match was applied, lest they

should be deafened by the explosion. A flag was then displayed on one of several forts constructed of bamboo and paper, which had been erected in various parts of the field; drums sounded, and the troops dashed forward to the charge, yelling terribly. It was a scene of confusion; each troop tried to keep to its standard, but orderly evolutions seemed to be something beyond their skill. The soldiers leaped, and bounded, and wriggled about, now hiding themselves behind their shields, then darting forward sword in hand, shouting amain, and seeming decidedly most at home in the mixed hand-to-hand fight at the close of the performance. Some of these warriors did nothing but scamper confusedly, hither and thither, from one side of the field to another, and the Abbé strongly suspected that his two servants were among this number.

The movements of the troops were regulated by flags, which were waved this way or that, according as their advance, or retreat, or any other particular evolution was required. The flags being at rest was the signal to suspend hostilities, and then the whole army came to a halt; not, however, with the precision that would be seen at an English review, where, at the bugle note, each advancing regiment suddenly looks like a long straight wall, with a line of glitter-

ing steel above it. Our Chinese friends were content if they got not very far from their appointed post, and shouldered their miscellaneous, and rather rusty weapons with the utmost complaisance possible.

The firing of the small cannon was the best part of the entertainment. These, as has been said, are carried each by two soldiers; and when the piece is to be fired they stand at a little distance one before the other, so as to let it rest on their left shoulders, the other hand being employed in keeping it steady. Much accuracy of aim cannot be expected, with such rests; and fortunately the Chinese do not care about that. If the gun is fired that is enough for them. Where the ball goes to, is no concern of theirs. There is a general order, that when these guns are fired off, the men on whose shoulders they rest should have a good pad of cotton wool in their ears. A humane precaution, certainly, though a very droll one; and spite of it, it was evident from the faces they pulled on this occasion, that they did not at all enjoy the doing duty for a gun-stock. In such of their wars as are carried on in countries where the camel is used a beast of burden, these cannons are mounted on their backs—rather a more suitable place than those of human beings. The camels are, we suppose, left to take care of their own ears.

The spectacle came to a close by an attack being made, with loud outcries, and much apparent confusion, on the bamboo and paper forts. These, as the Abbé was informed, were all taken with unexampled bravery; and then, amid shouts of victory, the heroes retired to repose upon their laurels.

In what was more properly the review, following the sham fight, some of the regiments managed to go through their exercises very respectably; though as these were of a very ridiculous character—to European eyes—the sight was more laughable than anything else.

The tailor and the smith, on their return home, were not in a position to afford their master much information about the evolutions in which they had been engaged. They knew very little about them. All that they did know was, that, having kept an eye on some 'crack' corps, in a state of greater military efficiency than themselves, (and, as they declared, two-thirds of their neighbours,) they had just done as they did; charged, advanced, shouted, danced, stood on one leg, and so had got through with credit, if not comfort.

China has, of course, a navy as well as an army, and the sailors are quite a match for the soldiers. Their vessels, or war junks, are not usually at all fit

for long voyages, and are chiefly used for coasting and pirate hunting on the large rivers; the pirates not seeming to care much for them.

The outsides of these junks are painted in all sorts of fantastic ways. Sometimes the junk is made to look—so far as painting can do it—like a bird or fish, a snake or something of that kind; the most general ornament being two great, wide open eyes on the prow. And unlike ourselves, who seem to delight in giving all sorts of, not only ugly but unmeaning, names to our ships, the name of the junk is with them usually descriptive of it. Thus, one rowed by several tiers of men, is called the *Centipede*; the rows of oars, when extended one above the other, being not unlike the many feet whence that insect derives its name, *hundred feet*. The *Hawk's Bill* has both prow and stern shaped like the bird's beak, and so on with others. Inside, things are about as well ordered and regulated as were the military movements at the review: and occasionally, an actual house, very small of course, is built on deck with stones.

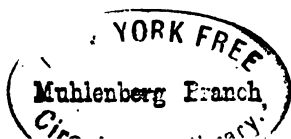


## CHAPTER VIII.

### PIRATES.

THE Indian seas have long been noted for the pirates by whom they are infested. Among the fiercest of them are those who swarm on the coast of the large and rich island of Borneo, and with whom our English cruisers have sometimes had desperate encounters.

Some of these pirates will muster a fleet of four hundred boats, called prahus, from ninety to a hundred feet long, and propelled by two sets of oars, one above the other, with a large sail for occasional use. These boats carry each a long gun, with others that can be made to turn in all directions, and are therefore called swivels. The fore part has a bullet-proof bulwark. The pirates themselves are armed with spears, large swords, and a peculiarly formidable weapon, much used by the Malays, and called a kris. This is a species of sword, whose crooked blade makes it capable of inflicting a most severe wound. Dashing along swiftly with their large and numerous oars,



these pirates not only attack and pillage trading vessels, but, darting ashore, carry off the poor inhabitants of the coast, whom they sell for slaves.

Such a complete business do they make of this slave hunting, that they have actually a sort of harpoon to catch slaves with, without seriously injuring them. It is a fork, the prongs of which are at such a distance as will just allow a man's neck to be held between them. This fork, if thrown at the person to be taken, catches him by the neck, and, being then pulled backwards, the barbs inside the prongs hold him fast.

When worsted in sea encounters, these pirates make their escape very cleverly. On the south side of the island of Mindanae, (which lies on the north-east of Borneo,) is a large lagoon—that is, a lake separated by a strip of swampy land from the sea—the entrance to which is concealed by thickets of the mangrove tree. These trees are bent down in such a way as to form a sort of path over the swampy bar, into the lake; and when defeated, the pirates, with the utmost impetus of their powerful oars, force their prahus up the slope of this path, so that the crew can finally drag it over the bar into the lake itself. Mounted guns defend these—tram roads, shall we call them?—into the lake; so that any one attempt-

ing to follow, would find himself exposed to a brisk cannonade.

When brought to close quarters, the pirates fight desperately: as Malays, they are a fierce people, but as Malay pirates, much worse.

Some few years ago a boat's crew from the *Dido*, Captain Keppel, cruising in those seas for the purpose of putting down piracy, had a rather sharp set-to with them.

The ship's boat had given chase to three of these prahus, but was distanced by them; and at nightfall, though the prahus were again in sight, finding they could not get near them, the sailors pulled on shore. They were all tired and hungry; so, kindling a fire, they cooked their supper, and then, making the boat fast with her anchor, they lay down to sleep for the night, with muskets ready loaded, and other arms at hand. Early the next morning, when there was just a gleam of the rising moon, one of the officers saw a Malay dancing about on the boat's deck, and swinging his kris about as though he were cutting off heads by anticipation; for these wretches have a horrible fancy for collecting human heads! The sight of a strange white face startled him, however, and jumping overboard, he hastily rejoined his companions; so hastily, that a volley from three or four guns, that cut

their rigging to bits, was the first notice that the rest of the crew had of foes being close at hand. Fortunately, owing to their all being laid down, this cannonading did the sailors themselves no harm. Jumping up at the alarm, they saw they were attacked by two large piratical prahus. A volley in return, and slipping the cable, so as to get out a little from the land, were the first things done : and then the marines kept up so smart a fire as to leave the pirates no time to reload. It was a deadly struggle ; for each side knew that no mercy was to be expected from the other. The shot-proof bulwarks of the prahu hindered the full effect of the small arms from the English boat, so that they had to be blown away by round shot, and then the slaughter was fearful. The prahus, one on each bow, made an attempt to board the English boat, but were driven off with dreadful loss. One of them was soon in a sinking state, from the grape and canister that had been poured into her ; the other managed to sneak off, another prahu making its appearance, to tow it out of harm's way.

On boarding the stranded boat, it was found that all the pirates who could do so, had thrown themselves into the water by way of making their escape. They had only left the dead and dying, who, atrocious as had been their lives, still moved the pity of

their captors, in the last agonies of their painful death.

Another English officer, who was commissioned to destroy these pestilent fellows, found them very difficult to deal with. He pursued and took three of their prahus—their crews running off when they saw they had no chance of resistance. To the great surprise, however, of the Englishman, these dreaded prahus were found to be laden, in the most innocent manner, with country produce; nor were arms, or any other trace of their occupation, to be found on board. Supposing he had been mistaken in their character, and had captured some harmless merchant boats, he drew off his men, and left the prahus on shore. No sooner had he done so than the pirates, for such indeed they were, returned to them, and were setting sail to be off, when another officer arrived with orders to bring one of the prahus to the English brig, that the captain might satisfy himself as to what it really was—a trading vessel, as its cargo would imply, or one of the dreaded plunderers of the coast.

One of the prahus was accordingly rowed by its own crew, under a guard, to the English vessel. But no sooner was it made fast there, than the crew sprang up, and drawing their knives, which had been cleverly concealed, attacked their guard so savagely, that one

was killed, and all the rest severely wounded. One of the pirates slew a seaman on deck, by thrusting his spear through a port-hole ; and another determined wretch was said to have seized the musket dropped by a marine whom they had killed, and fired it off among a group of officers. Then cutting the cable that fastened them to the brig, they rowed rapidly ashore, hoping to escape in the dusk. The ship's boats were however speedily manned, and in a few minutes had overtaken and boarded the prahu, whose crew fought desperately, thrusting their long spears through the bamboos that composed the deck of their vessel, till eventually every man of them was killed : the prahu itself was sunk by the boat's gun.

The officer who commanded on the occasion, was fortunate enough, before long, to almost destroy this wasp's nest of robbers, man-stealers and murderers. And with the help of Rajah Brooke we may hope that ere long they will be entirely suppressed.

The Chinese too have their pirates ; but of a very much more milk-and-water character than their Malay neighbours, if Mr. Fortune's account of his adventures with them, is to be taken as a specimen of their ordinary way of doing business. They *might* have been very mischievous, it is true, on this occasion, had they

only had their own cowardly countrymen to deal with; as it was, the affair was simply ludicrous.

Mr. Fortune, a collector of specimens for the Horticultural Society of London, was at the time on board a Chinese junk, one of a trading fleet, which, not being allowed by their own government to carry arms, can of course offer no resistance to the pirates who swarm on that coast. They had not been afloat many hours before the captain came below hastily, to tell his English passenger that pirates were in sight, evidently preparing to attack them. The man's head had for some days been so full of pirates, that he was only laughed at for his pains, when he now announced their appearance. Mr. Fortune, however, after looking to his gun and pistols, went on deck to have a peep himself at the suspicious craft. One glance was enough; pirates they certainly were, and the question was, what to do with them, he being the only armed man on board. Had there been only one boatful of them he might have hoped to beat them off; but as there were several, the old Chinese pilot thought the best thing they could do, would be to submit quietly. This did not at all suit Mr. Fortune's views; and in the midst of the bustle and confusion, of men hurrying hither and thither to hide their money and other things of value, and put on their worst clothes, that

the less ransom might be exacted if captured, a broadside from the nearest junk, sent every man of them except two at the helm, below for shelter. These two kept to their post, not because they were braver than their companions, but simply because the Englishman threatened to shoot them if they left it.

The pirates were yet too far off for their balls to reach the junk; so, those on board the latter, after piling up a quantity of rubbish, for fear of being brought down by some chance "long shot," spread all their canvas, and, the wind being favourable, hoped to out-sail their pursuers. But it was of no use, the pirates gained upon them; the next shot only just fell short of the junk, and the third went over the heads of the helpless crew. Yelling and howling in the most frightful manner, the pirates, who were now within a few yards, poured in broadside after broadside, without doing much damage beyond that of knocking about spars and sails, and frightening the poor cowardly sailors. For, as each time the piratical junks fired, they had to put up their helm to bring their broadside to bear on the Chinese, Mr. Fortune's quick eye saw the movement, and instantly gave the word of command to those on deck to lie down. Then, when the balls had whistled harmlessly over their heads, he, with somewhat more of effect and precision,



gave the pirates the contents of his double-barrelled gun. This manœuvre was repeated several times, killing and wounding so many of the pirates, as soon made them glad to sheer off.

It was an extraordinary combat, one musket against a number of ship's guns; and guns coming off "second best." Though it must be owned the defeat was altogether worthy of the people who, during the last Chinese war, were advised by one of their mandarins to arm themselves each with two swords; the noise of which, clattered together, would so frighten the barbarians, ("foreign devils" they call us!) as speedily to drive them beyond sea.

## CHAPTER IX.

### WINGED BULLS AND LIONS.

WINGED bulls, and winged lions ! Those are strange animals indeed. Yes, and they have not only wings, but human faces, calm and stately looking, with venerable beards hanging down, not to their waists, because bulls and lions you know have no waists, but in long curls on their broad chests. Venerable they may well appear, for they are more than two thousand years old !

But indeed they are not real bulls and lions, they are only sculptured ones that have been buried in the earth for many, many centuries, and have been brought from a far distant country by Mr. Layard. Vast toil and trouble had he to dig them up and transport them to England ; for their size and weight are very great, and in the country from which they came there are no smooth high roads, along which broad-wheeled waggons may move as safely, if not as swiftly, as a gentleman's carriage. Nor are there the crabs

and cranes and other such machines by which, in England, enormous weights are picked up as easily as pins, and moved about with almost as much facility as if they were small ones.

We read in the Bible, that the prophet Jonah was sent to the city of Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian Empire, to tell the inhabitants that within forty days their city should be destroyed, on account of their extreme wickedness. But the people repented of their misdeeds, and made prayers to God, who then forgave them, and did not suddenly, as He had threatened, destroy their city. In process of time, however, the city went to decay. Its vast size (it would have taken a man three days to walk round it,) its stupendous walls, which a heathen writer tells us were a hundred feet high, broad enough for three chariots to run abreast on them, and defended by fifteen hundred lofty towers, and all its riches, could not save it from being so utterly destroyed that for very long no one knew even where it had stood. All that was known was, that there had once been this great and populous city, and that it no longer existed. The manner of its destruction was utterly unknown.

Within the last fifteen years, however, the site of this ruined and long buried city has been discovered, and many of its treasures brought to light. Among

these are the winged creatures we have been describing. With Mr. Layard's help\* we relate how they were discovered, and launched on their voyage to England to find a resting-place in the British Museum.

Taking with him a few Arabs, Mr. Layard set them to dig among what he conceived to be the ruins of this ancient city: this was in the neighbourhood of Nimroud, a village on the Tigris, and about thirty miles from Mosul, taking the distance in a straight line. The winding of the river and the nature of its navigation in the winter season made it a five hours' journey for the traveller. They had not been long at work before some fragments of sculpture were discovered, which convinced him of the correctness of his anticipations, and led to more extended researches. Highly delighted, he returned to the miserable hovel in which he had taken up his abode in the village, and prepared for a longer stay there, by mending with mud its broken walls, and propping up the roof. Some little defence against weather was thus secured; and next day the work among the ruins was resumed with more labourers. The Arabs were sorely puzzled by any man thinking it worth his while to come and dig up stones and other rubbish, as they deemed it. And one of them, fancying himself wiser than the rest,

\* Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains."

carefully collected all the little bits of gilding, that had got rubbed off some articles of ivory; then beckoning Mr. Layard aside, where no one might observe them, he presented these to him, saying, that he knew well enough what was the object of the Englishman's search, and presently they should find plenty of gold. Only, he entreated him to say nothing about it to his Arab workmen, or the matter would certainly come to the Governor's ears!

It was not long before the excavations brought traces of a building to view; which, as the earth and rubbish were slowly removed, was discovered to be a palace of the ancient kings of Assyria, and ornamented with the richest sculptures. One morning Mr. Layard having ridden to an Arab encampment at a little distance, was met on his return by two of his Arabs, who were galloping on in a state of great excitement. As soon as they came up to him they stopped, and, uttering the usual Mahomedan exclamation: "There is no God but God," bade him hasten to the ruins, for Nimrod himself (the founder of the city) had been dug up. On arriving there, he found the workmen standing round something that they had covered up with their baskets, (in which they removed the earth,) and upper clothing. These were drawn aside as he approached, and to his delight exposed a gigantic

human head, well sculptured, and in excellent preservation. This was a portion of one of the winged lions now in England. All hands were set to work to clear out the remainder of the figure ; and while busily engaged, up rode a crowd of Arabs to whom their two comrades had carried the news. "There is no God but God, and Mahomed is his prophet," was their wondering cry when they saw what they could scarcely believe to be wrought by human hands. Another trench ere long brought to light a second lion. And then, leaving a guard to protect them, Mr. Layard treated his Arabs to a sheep for their supper, and a regular merry-making to celebrate the event. Tidings of it spread abroad in all directions, and brought throngs of men, women, and children to the mound, whence they might have a peep into the trenches where these marvels were being brought to sight.

Unfortunately, the first Arab who got a glimpse of the huge head, was so frightened, that, throwing down his basket, he scampered off as fast as he could to the town of Mosul, telling everybody that he came near, how they had dug up Nimrod himself! The Governor, who had previously done all he could to annoy and hinder Mr. Layard, was only too glad to make use of this as another pretext for doing so. He was not quite certain whether it was really Nimrod

himself who had been found, or only his sculptured figure, or indeed, who or what the original Nimrod was ; but however it might be, he thought it an excellent excuse for pretending to think that some one's grave was being disturbed. So he sent word to Mr. Layard that nothing more of that kind must take place, and he wished the works to be entirely stopped.

This fancy of the Cadi's occasioned some interruption, as the matter had to be referred to his master at Constantinople. A new Governor, however, was appointed in his place, and, with his permission, readily given, the work was resumed under the superintendence of a government official ; for the people could not be persuaded that Mr. Layard was simply seeking antiquities. They thought it was buried treasure that he was hunting for, and of course were not disposed to let him help himself freely to that.

It was now summer ; vegetation was parched up, and destroyed by locusts, and the intense heat made it impossible to live in a tent. A sort of cavern was accordingly scooped out in the face of a cliff overhanging the river ; and, shaded by branches of trees made a tolerable dwelling place ; save for the annoyance of reptiles and stinging insects, to which its peculiar nature and situation subjected its inmate ! But indeed comfort was not to be thought of in a place like that.

To other evils was also added that of violent storms of wind; which, laden with suffocating clouds of fine dust, swept over the heated plain, and compelled all to hide themselves as they best could, from their fury. Heavy timber, used in the excavations, was carried away by one of these whirlwinds, and deposited several hundred yards off; while the tents had vanished entirely, leaving their contents strewed around. Still, the works were carried on vigorously; though the limited amount of funds for their expense, which had been placed at Mr. Layard's disposal, prevented his employing many labourers on them. Walls, chambers, groups of figures representing battles, sieges, and other interesting subjects, were disclosed one after the other. Digging onwards for some distance in the direction of one of these walls, led them to the body of the great winged bull, whose head had been discovered the day before. The whole mass had fallen against another sculpture, and been broken to pieces by the accident.

Immediately after these discoveries, Mr. Layard received from the Turkish government the much desired permission, not only to continue his works at his pleasure, but to remove to England any sculpture that he thought fit. This was good news; and though very inadequately provided with funds for



these expensive researches, the removal of the annoying hindrances from ignorant and bigoted Turkish officials that had so long harassed, and made him at times doubtful as to the result of his labours, gave him fresh energy for the use of such means as were in his power. Another mound was accordingly opened, but proved to be a ruin of more recent date than that on which he had been so successfully engaged, and to whose further exploration he accordingly returned. His Arab workmen were exceedingly interested in the strange work to which the Englishman had set them. As one piece of sculpture after another came to light, they greeted it according to its subject. Curses, and spitting on the ground (an eastern mode of expressing abhorrence), saluted anything that they fancied was an idol; for the Mahomedans, with all their false and repulsive doctrines, retain an intense hatred of idolatry. A beardless figure would receive a kiss from these rough Eastern "navvies," who took for granted that it must be a lady; while at times, in the excitement of their work, they would throw off nearly all their clothing, and toil away with their baskets of earth, to a war-cry.

The next difficulty that Mr. Layard had to encounter, was the getting of his treasures to England. The way in which this was to be done, was that of

sending them down the river Tigris to Bagdad, or Busrah, whence they might be forwarded to Bombay, and thence to England. The transport of the lions and bulls and other large pieces of sculpture, was impossible at that time, for want of suitable materials; there was not even a rope strong enough to be had in the country. Some packages of the smaller slabs were therefore sent on bullock carts to the river, whence they were floated on rafts to Bagdad, were there placed on boats for Busrah, and ultimately reached this country.

The result of this first arrival of the fruit of his labours was, that more ample means were afforded Mr. Layard, by the English government, for the prosecution of his plans; and he soon had a little regiment of workmen employed on the ruins. These were, as before, Arabs, and what are called Nestorian Christians; for Christianity has long been known and practised in some parts of that far-off country. A number of tents were pitched for the former, and a house built for the latter. The labourers were divided into companies of two or four Nestorians, who were to make the excavations; and these were attended by eight or ten Arabs to carry away the earth and rubbish in baskets. Each company had its overlooker, to see that there was no loitering; as also

to give notice to Mr. Layard when any objects of interest were unearthed. These now came to light rapidly ; many of them bearing such traces of fire as to show that it had been one of the agents in the destruction of the city. Some were so completely calcined as to fall to pieces on exposure to the air. This success was almost as gratifying to Mr. Layard's Arabs, as it was to himself. For not only had they become interested in their task, but their gains were, for them, considerable, and had attracted numbers of their friends and relations, who pitched their tents among them : not as workers, but with the hope, not a vain one, of receiving some little share of the wealth which the wonder-working Englishman was scattering about him. And in addition, they made preparations for their simple agricultural labours ; constructing the usual machines of poles and buckets, worked by oxen, to raise water from the river, and digging channels to receive and convey it to their fields and gardens.

So many people, even had they been more civilized than they were, could not be crowded together without occasional disputes and quarrels. These were always referred to Mr. Layard, who settled them upon the spot, without troubling the Cadi ; and generally to the satisfaction of the Arabs themselves, who never, save in one single case, refused submission to his

judgment. An Arab is not a little despotic in his own tent; but even here Mr. Layard effected some improvement, by rendering wife-beating an amusement that could not, as formerly, be indulged in with impunity. The severe punishment that he inflicted for this misdemeanor, rendered the lives of the poor women far more comfortable than they had been, and earned for him their lasting gratitude, mingled with fear of what would become of them when he was gone, and there would be no one left to protect them from their husbands. The luxurious lives that they led under his administration,—eating wheat bread, and even meat, and butter,—together with their exemption from the stick, would make these poor creatures feel, all the more bitterly, their relapse into poverty and slavery, when the earth was filled in again on the buried city, and the adventurous explorer had bidden a last adieu to the scene of his labours.

About eleven in the morning, a halt was called among the workmen; and, seating themselves where they had been at work, each took the meal brought him from his tent by his children. This would consist of a coarse loaf, with water to drink, a sort of thick porridge made of millet, or a little wooden bowl of boiled herbs seasoned with salt. In the spring, for a treat, there might be sour milk and curds with

the loaf. And when all was over, the little ones would trip back again with the bowls and dishes. Occasionally their employer would capture a pedlar with fruit ; and, distributing his whole donkey-load of dates or raisins among his labourers, made them all as happy as kings. Occasionally they would, in return, invite him to eat bread with them ; and then, with the utmost gravity and decorum, they did the honours of the feast, consisting, perhaps, of a few dates and raisins, a bit of butter, and some cakes baked in the ashes. The women had their little entertainments given them by themselves ; as in that queer country, men and women do not eat together.

The Nestorians lived apart from the Arabs, and were strict in their observances as Christians. On the Sunday they would not travel ; and their festival days were kept in the same manner : one of their clergy saying prayers, or leading a psalm among them, in the trenches, while they devoutly knelt around him.

Various circumstances now led Mr. Layard to believe that it would be well to attempt the removal of some of his large sculptures. The two great winged lions that had guarded the entrance to one of the stately chambers of the king's palace, were of too vast size and weight to be removed at that time, owing to

his inadequate funds. They were, therefore, covered over with earth to protect them from injury, and left to a future time. A lion and a bull, of somewhat smaller mould and in better preservation than many that had been unearthed, were selected for immediate removal; and Mr. Layard had to set all his wits to work to contrive it.

The first thing to be done was to construct a large strong waggon, on which they might be conveyed to the river side. Wood for this had to be sent for to the mountains, there being none but poplar to be had in Mosul; and this was of too light a texture for the purpose required. A carpenter was accordingly despatched on this errand, with directions to bring large beams and thick planks of some kind of close-grained wood. When this was procured it was worked up. Each wheel was to be of solid wood, formed of three pieces nearly a foot thick, joined together, and bound with iron. A stout pair of iron axles, formerly used for the same purpose, by Botta, a French explorer, was purchased from the French Consul; and across these, beams, on which again were cross pieces, were placed. Poles, rings, and hooks were affixed to various parts of the waggon, in order that men as well as beasts might help to pull the ponderous burden along. Great was the admiration excited by this wonderful

vehicle, the like of which had not been seen in Mosul. Crowds came to see it ; and the Pasha's artillerymen, who looked on, gave themselves airs, and pretended to understand all about it, and to be willing to impart their superior knowledge to the gaping by-standers. But when by dint of two buffaloes drawing, and a host of Chaldeans and Arabs pushing, the stately machine rumbled over the crazy bridge of boats, on its way to the ruins for its freight, the admiration of the populace knew no bounds. High and low, civil dignitaries, soldiers, merchants, everybody in fact, hastened to watch its slow progress, leaving business of every kind in Mosul to take care of itself. If popular admiration had been all Mr. Layard cared for, he had it to his heart's content that day.

Well, the waggon got to the ruins. But how to get the huge blocks upon the waggon ? Their weight had been somewhat lessened by cutting away some of the stone from the under side ; but still it was excessive, and there was of course no road, such as we call a road, along which to drag either blocks or waggon. A cutting, two hundred feet long, fifteen feet wide and twenty deep, was in the first place made from the spot where the bull stood, to the edge of the mound in which the excavations had been made, and along which the bull was to be dragged to the waggon, which

stood at the foot of the mound. Before it could be drawn along it had to be lowered on its back; and the danger during this part of the process, was of the ropes giving way, and its being smashed by the fall. Some ropes, sent purposely from Aleppo, were found to be very slender: there was more trust in a palm hawser from Bagdad than in them. Blocks and screws had been obtained from some English steamers in the neighbourhood.

All was ready by the 18th of March: the sculptures being enveloped in mats and woollens, to protect them as much as possible from the chances of a fall, or the rasping of the cordage. The earth being dug from under the bull, (leaving it held up by props,) beams of wood, well greased, were laid down along the trench that had been made, and extending from the block to be removed, to the waggon. Across these beams large rollers were placed, on which the mass, after being lowered from its upright position, was to be laid, and then dragged along the greased way. Vast numbers were present, either to help or to watch the operation; and, each one being in his place, Mr. Layard, who stood on the highest part of the mound, so as to overlook all the proceedings, gave the signal to begin. The wedges, that had kept the bull in its upright position, were at once removed; and then it



was expected that it would swing forward, and be sustained by the complicated arrangement of ropes on one side, and gradually drawn forward by those on the other. It did not, however, stir. Upon this, a rope was fastened round it; and the united efforts of half-a-dozen men easily upset it on its back, as desired: the stout hawser which had been attached to it to prevent its too sudden descent, creaking and straining, and cutting its way part through the mass of burnt earth round which its other extremity had been passed. So far, so good. And the Arabs screamed and danced with delight, while Mr. Layard in vain tried to make himself heard above their din, heightened by the drums and other noisy musical instruments, with which the Kurds thought proper to do honour to the grand event. Pelting them even, with anything that came to hand, clods or bricks, and so on, was of no use; and things had to take their chance. All went well, till the immense mass, being almost down on the rollers, was supported alone by the ropes behind. They then began to give way; a stretch, a creak, a crack, in spite of the water thrown upon them, and down went the bull to the ground, a whole posse of Arabs doing the same, at the other end of the broken ropes. Fright made them all hold their tongues for a moment. It was a very anxious one;

but Mr. Layard, descending from his watch-tower into the trench, expecting to find the block smashed, had the satisfaction of finding it, not only uninjured, but nicely popped down in the very spot where he had wished it. The prostrate Arabs next picked themselves up out of the dust, sprang on their feet again, and laying hold of the women, who had gathered round to see the show, led them off in a sort of frantic dance, by way of expressing satisfaction with the way in which things had gone so far. Such a yelling, drumming, and piping, had not been heard for many a day. When they had had enough of this sort of rough play, the inexorable Mr. Layard set them to work again. But it was only to get things into order for the next day. Sun-down put an end to anything further for that night.

The Arabs retired to their tents, cutting all sorts of capers; their Sheikh, or chief man, lingering behind to try to make out what in the world the Englishman wanted with these stones. Could they be to teach the English anything? No; their most wonderful knowledge consisted in knowing how to make knives, scissors, and printed cloths; it was certain these sculptured images and slabs could not instruct them how to make better articles of this kind. Perhaps it was, as the Cadi had said, that as the Queen

of England (like other Christians) said prayers to images, they were to be set up in her palace for her to worship. However it might be,—“God was great”—and there was an end of the matter!

The night was spent in feasting and dancing. Roast mutton, and boiled mutton, the two varieties of an Arabian feast, were in profusion; and, still kicking about as though their limbs were hung on wires, the throng repaired at early morning to the mound. The bull, now laid upon the rollers, got along well enough, and very soon reached the waggon, upon which it was safely lowered. The buffaloes were then yoked to it, to drag the load to the river; but though aided by men, pushing and pulling with all their strength, they would not move a step. They therefore had to be removed, and replaced by willing men, who started off in grand procession, Mr. Layard riding first to direct. Then came the strenuous drummers and fifers; who, if noise had been a motive power, would have had the whole credit of the transit. They immediately preceded the waggon, which was drawn by about three hundred men harnessed to it, in rows of half-a-dozen or thereabout; all on full stretch, and yelling with all their might. The procession was wound up by the women of the encampment, also yelling. The horsemen of the party dashed

about, hither and thither, in front or behind, or anywhere else where they were not wanted; making warlike demonstrations with their spears.

It was not long, however, before the triumphant cavalcade "came to grief." It is the custom in that country to dig pits in the earth about the dwellings of the people, to store away the grain for winter use, covering them over lightly with branches of trees, and mud-plastered stakes; and into one of these pits, empty of course, two of the waggon wheels popped! Pulling and yelling were of no use, though both were liberally tried; and, as night fell, they were obliged to put off further efforts till next day, leaving a guard over waggon and sculpture, lest any of the wandering tribes should steal the ropes, and coverings of the blocks. This was not a vain precaution, as in the night the guard was attacked, but fortunately beat off their assailants, after sustaining no worse damage than one well aimed shot, which left its mark on the bull's side.

Next day they succeeded in dragging the wheels out of the pit; and then the whole affair went on smoothly till they got near the river. Here the yielding sand proved as bad as the empty corn-pit; the wheels sticking fast in it, and giving an immense amount of toil to extricate them. By night, however,

the bull was safe at the river side, and left there in charge of the Arabs, till the lion should be brought down in a similar fashion, that both might travel together to Bagdad. •

The removal of the lion was effected in a couple of days. Being cracked in several places it required rather more care than the bull had done.

Mr. Layard intended sending both of them on rafts to Busrah, where they might be embarked for Bombay. As the raftsmen, however, were not used to sailing further down than to Bagdad, they at once declared his scheme to be impossible. Their "can't" had no weight with the persevering antiquarian. He instantly set a man to work, to construct such a raft as he required. This was a framework of timber, supported on inflated skins, lashed to it by flexible twigs. It is the ordinary raft of the country; but, being required for a much longer journey than usual, it had to be put together in a peculiar manner; and it was to make the builder follow out *his* plans in the matter, instead of the established ones for raft building, that Mr. Layard found so troublesome. He knew that the air in these skins would gradually escape on the voyage, so as to cause them to require re-inflating before the raft reached Busrah. And as this would, with his heavy cargo, be a difficult operation,

with the ordinary construction of these means of transport, his raft had to be built after his own pattern.

He got it made at last. Then, when all was ready for embarkation, his amiable workmen "struck" for higher wages; and by way of showing their employer that they were really in earnest, they began packing up for their departure. It was very provoking. But, as usual, the "strike" ended in the workmen being sent about their business, and the master getting the help that he wanted, elsewhere.

The first raft (six hundred skins, of sheep or goats, were used to float it!) was brought to the river side, and the bull safely slid upon it. The lion was mounted in a similar way on its raft; and at nightfall both were ready for their sail down the Tigris. Next morning they got under way, and their discoverer was not long after them, in leaving Nimroud.

Before leaving Nimroud, Mr. Layard had the lions that were too large for removal at that time, covered over with earth, to protect them from injury, either of weather, or Arabs, who have not much respect for antiquities.

On his second visit to the buried city, he was able to carry off even these huge creatures. The digging a road through the ruins to get them to the waggons

was a most laborious work, and occupied three months. When it was completed, the earth being thrown up behind the sculptures, they were lowered down upon it by ropes, and then transferred, by means similar to those used in the first instance, to the waggons. Owing to the swampy state of the plain, occasioned by violent rains, it took three days to convey each block to the river side. Pushing behind, and hauling in front, the Arabs soon became discouraged by the unwieldy mass sticking fast in the yielding soil. The wheels sank in it, and as they could not be got out again, it was decided that a gentleman present was the cause of the accident; and till he was gone not one of them would put his hand to a rope. It was necessary to humour them, however absurd they chose to be: the gentleman was accordingly sent away, and then they managed to draw the vehicle a few yards further. Alas! it again stuck fast; and this time it was evident that it was not the "ill luck" attaching to Mr. Cooper (who had just been sent to the "right about") that had brought them to a stand-still. So they suggested, that if an English lady who was on the spot, would only be so good as to sit down upon the unmanageable load, all would be sure to go well. The lady amiably clambered up and took her seat as requested; but this remedy, like the other, only availed

them for a short distance. Then it must be somebody or other, in the throng around, that had cast what the Arabs called an "evil eye" on the undertaking: or, as we might express it, had bewitched it. And a suitable individual being pitched upon, as the owner of this same "evil eye," he was chased away with more energy than politeness. Again a few yards were gained, but that was all. It was stick-in-the-mud again. Next, all the Sheikhs (those are the chiefs among the Arabs) were reduced to the ranks; and a poor half-witted boy being dressed out in such finery as came to hand, was elected to fill the vacant office. Under his presidency they pulled away with such enthusiasm that the ropes broke; and upon this, down went the new young Sheikh, and up in his place went an old man of ninety, who in his turn was speedily disgraced; and the Arabs waxing angry, with their repeated failures, threw the poor old man down, threatening to drag the car over him. One cause of this slow progress (in addition to those arising from the nature of the soil, and the great weight to be dragged over it) may be that, at length, the different tribes of Arabs employed, got into such a rage that they pulled against each other;—a mode of haulage that certainly was not adapted to promote



Mr. Layard's views as to getting his treasure to the river side.

The waggon and its precious contents were at last got to the water; but as the river was not then high enough to float the rafts over the rapids and shallows that lay between Nimroud and Bagdad, they had to be left there awaiting its rise. When this did take place, however, they got more water than they wanted; so sudden a flood occurred as to overwhelm the lions, and leave them, when it subsided, buried in mud. Here was another misfortune. Fortunately they were no worse for their bath; but in placing them on the raft one lion got split in two, and during the night some mischievous person broke the nose of the other. Their disasters were not yet at an end. Between Bagdad and Busrah the embankments of the river had burst, and made swamps and lakes of the country through which it ran. In one of these one of the rafts settled down, and was left by the water, not "high and dry," but low and damp. Its recovery was despaired of at first; but finally a small English steamer was manœuvred into the lake, the two pieces of the broken sculpture raised from the raft, and, with infinite labour, got on board two boats, which happily succeeded in bringing them off.

Of the remainder of their journey Mr. Layard gives us no account. We ourselves met one of them taking some of the last steps of it, on rollers, in the hall of the British Museum. Once within the reach of civilization, and there is comparatively little difficulty in moving even the heaviest masses.

## CHAPTER X.

### UP THE NILE.

THE Nile-boat is a "slow coach" sort of conveyance, no doubt: especially to those who are never content without being whisked along at the rate of forty miles an hour, accidents included. But it is sometimes "more haste than speed." Our forty miles an hour occasionally blow us up on the road; a disaster against which we can guarantee the Nile-boat, seeing she is innocent of steam, and trusts only to her huge sails or oars.

The wanderer in Egypt may certainly, if he likes, put himself on board a steamer for a certain distance on the Nile. But as steamers here, and steamers there, are very much the same kind of thing, it would be very little to the purpose for us to say anything about the "fire-ship." The real, original, genuine Nile-boat is the *Dahabiyeh*; and as this is not quite such an every-day means of getting along—to us, at least—we will give some description of it.

Here are some travellers going up the Nile. Let us see how they set to work.\*

In the first place, a boat is to be bargained for; for the natives, duly impressed with an idea of the boundless wealth of us Europeans, are a little addicted to asking more than they should do for their wares. Fortunately a newly *cleaned and painted* one was found; for these Nile-boats lie under a sad reputation for being the very reverse of clean. It was seventy feet long by ten broad, with two stout masts; to the first, in the bows, a triangular sail as long as the boat itself is attached; the other, in the stern, supports a little one, a kind of baby triangle. The space around the foremast belongs to the crew, who cook their meals at a little brick furnace, and, when the wind is fair, sit on the gunwale, singing by the hour together; one of them giving out the air, as we should call it, and the rest joining in the chorus. These songs are simple enough; the solo performer apparently making words out of his own head, to every line of which follows, in good harmony, the chorus:—*Hay-haylee sah!* If there be no wind, half of the crew will be on shore towing the boat, still singing, however severe the toil may be. If the vessel strikes on a sand bank—no uncommon accident—

\* "Life and Landscapes from Egypt."—BAYARD TAYLOR.

they jump overboard and shove her off with their shoulders, to the chorus of *Hay-haylee sah!* Or perhaps the long oars have to be shipped; and they pull up stream, as before, to an interminable chant.

Where the mainmast should be, stands a stout pole supporting a high wooden box, which does duty as kitchen, and whence issue the most marvellous messes from the skilful hands of Salame the cook. The cabin is built on deck, with a portico in front. It is divided into two; the main cabin, about ten feet long, having a broad cushioned divan on each side, which is sofa by day, and bed by night. A table and camp-stools occupy the centre; while the walls are decorated with fire-arms and articles of loose overdress. The provision chests flank the approach to the cabin, and are under the special protection of the cook, who sleeps close to his treasure. Against the back of the kitchen stands one of the huge earthen jars of the country, filled with the sweet, though brown, water of the Nile; which, filtering through its porous sides, drops cold and bright into a basin placed under it. Butter, vegetables, and bread, have a place in this cool corner, the bread and vegetables in a palm basket of open work; poultry and pigeons lodge on the cabin roof, and, on rare and grand occasions, a leg of mutton decorates the pole over which the deck

awning is spread. The captain and pilot sleep on the roof of the cabin; where the latter perches all day long, "holding the long arm of the rudder, which projects over the cabin from the high end of the stern:" the new-fangled mode of steering by means of a wheel being, we suppose, *too* new-fangled for these oriental and barbarous boatmen.

But much was to be done in the furnishing and victualling departments, before the travellers were ready to "take the water." "The furnishing of a Nile-boat," we are told, "requires much knowledge of housekeeping." There are frying-pans to be had, and stew-pans; coffee-pots and tea-pots; knives, forks, spoons, towels, cups, ladles, and boxes; tables, chairs, quilts and pillows, mats and carpets; gunpowder, charcoal, bread, butter, lard, flour, rice, macaroni, oil, vinegar, pepper, and no end to the groceries. And when you have got through this long list of necessaries, in their proper quantities, about which a new hand may make the most direful mistakes, you may afford to take breath, and think seriously about "putting to sea."

But before launching our travellers upon the broad Nile, we must have one glance at them transacting business in Cairo, whence they sailed, and where all these preparations had to be made.

The correct way of going about there is on donkey-back; and so persevering are the drivers in offering the services of their steeds, that the only way of getting rid of them is to hire one. Mr. Taylor declares that such was the throng before his hotel gate, of braying asses, and shouting boys and men, that a path through them had to be "whipped" for him by a couple of servants. So he was obliged, like others, to be in the fashion; and fortunately met with some one, who, on reasonable terms, engaged to have "strong and ambitious donkeys" ready for him, at all hours of the day. "The donkeys," he says, "are so small that my feet nearly touched the ground; but they are strong, and their gait, whether a pace or a gallop, is light and easy. The drivers take great pride in having high-cushioned, red saddles, and in hanging bits of jingling brass to the bridles. They keep their donkeys close shorn, and frequently beautify them by painting them various colours. The first animal I rode had legs barred like a zebra's, and my friend's rejoiced in purple flanks, while the under part of its body was painted yellow.

"The passage of the bazaars seems at first quite as hazardous on donkey-back as on foot; but it is the difference between knocking somebody down, and being knocked down one's self. There is no use in

attempting to guide the donkey, for he won't be guided. The driver shouts behind, and you are dashed at full speed into a confusion of other donkeys, camels, horses, carts, water-carriers, and footmen." It is in vain that you attempt to check your desperate driver; on you go, "dodging your head under a camel load of planks; your leg brushes the wheel of a dust-cart; you strike a fat Turk plump in the back; you miraculously escape upsetting a fruit-stand; you scatter a company of women," looking like spectres in the white mask and long black robe that form their costume; "and at last reach some more quiet street, with the sensation of a man who has stormed a battery. The cries of my driver amused me not a little: 'The Howadji (merchant) comes! Take care on the right hand! take care on the left hand! O man, take care! O boy, get out of the way! The Howadji comes!'" Varied perhaps by "Mind your eye, O girl!"

This peculiar form of address, O this, that, and the other, is customary in the Arabic language; and to Europeans, is at times very ludicrous, from the contrast between the solemnity of the phrase, and the trifling nature of its subject; as thus: the traveller calls out to a fisherman on the bank of the river, "O fisherman, have you any fish?" To which, holding



up a string of them, he replies: "O Howadji, I have!"

As a sort of world's wonder, the boat, with all its miscellaneous load, was actually ready to sail on the day fixed. Vessels leaving our own shores, are understood often to "hang-fire" for some time, before "going off." But at Cairo, a vessel's sailing at the time appointed, was never before known. By sunset, the craft had squeezed through the crowd of shipping, and began slowly working its way between the palm groves, cane-fields, or sandy wastes, varied by mud villages, or the white tomb of a moslem saint, that border the ancient river.

A quiet, luxurious life may be led in this same Nile-boat. The travellers, whose route we are following, took a stroll on shore first thing in the morning, sketching and pigeon-shooting, as each liked best. Then followed breakfast on board, lessons in Arabic, and household cares, till dinner; after which came coffee, and a lounge on deck till the glories of sunset had passed into the brilliancy of an Egyptian night: for in that part of the world, stars and planets shine with such brightness as to cast shadows upon the water.

Some thirty or forty miles beyond Thebes the character of the river changes considerably. It is "no

longer a broad lazy current, watering endless fields of wheat, and groves, bounded in the distance by level lines of yellow mountain walls. It is narrower, clearer, and more rapid; and its valley, after the first scanty wheat field, strikes the foot of broken and rocky ranges. The mountains rise on either hand from the water's edge, piles of dark sandstone, or porphyry rock, sometimes a thousand feet in height, where a blade of grass never grew; every notch and jag in their crests, every fissure in their sides," sharply defined in an atmosphere clear as crystal. "Their hue near at hand is a glowing brown, in the distance an intense violet. On the western bank they are lower, and the sand of the desert has heaped itself over their shoulders, and poured down their sides even to the water. In colour it is a tawny gold, and at sunrise its glow equals that of the snow-fields of the Alps."

The Ethiopian Nile is still more beautiful—its broad, clear current flowing between banks of the most brilliant green vegetation, backed by palm groves and majestic sycamores. These again give way to graceful mountain ranges. Here, when the sun had gone down and the wind fallen, leaving a gentle breeze laden with the perfume of the bean-blossom, the traveller would moor his boat to the luxuriant western shore, and, choosing a pleasant spot beneath

a lofty cluster of palms, spread his carpet and cushions on the fine soft warm sand of the shelving river bank. His boatmen would sit quietly smoking and chatting, round a fire of withered palm leaves and branches of mimosa, their white turbans and slender dark faces gleaming picturesquely in the red fire light; while into the willing ear of the traveller, his servant Achmet would, night after night, pour long strings of interminable Arabian-nights'-entertainment stories; varying them by more solemn converse on religion, in which both Christian and Mahomedan could agree that there was but one God, and that He was a merciful Father to all His children.

On this part of the river, the hippopotamus was seen for the first time; or rather the head of one, which was quite enough, seeing it was a frightful brute: the head some three feet broad from ear to ear, with a mouth to match. It rose from the water with a snort, as they neared it; the sailors, with a sort of "stirring it up with a long pole" intention, hallooing to it: "How's your wife, old boy?" "Is your son married yet?" and other inquiries of a similar nature. This shapeless mountain of a beast has a great reputation among the Arabs for sagacity. In illustration of this, they told the traveller that a woman being engaged one day in washing clothes, in

the fashion of the country, that is, laying them on smooth stones and then beating them with her feet, saw a huge hippopotamus watching her from the river. Presently he made for the shore ; upon which she fled in a fright, leaving the clothes behind her. The brute quietly walked up to them, and imitating what he had seen her doing, "pounded" them so heartily with his own ponderous feet, that in a very short time they were all stamped to bits.

Crocodiles were also seen at times, basking on the sand-banks. Ugly creatures were these, and very big also, some of them being upwards of twenty feet long. On one occasion, they just dragged themselves lazily into the water as the boat approached ; and then, after it had passed, as lazily dragged themselves back again. Another group, being startled out of sleep by the shouts and menaces of the sailors, jumped into the river in a fright ; the biggest of them, in his haste, giving himself such a knock on the head as must have made it ring.

The crossing of the Nubian desert from Korusko to Abou-Hamed, between which two places the Nile forms a long loop, is performed on dromedaries. Of this desert-journey travellers speak very differently ; some find it delightful, in spite of being almost fried ; others think it detestable. Much depends not only



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS WASHING CLOTHES.

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upon the mood in which a man may be, but on the season that he chooses for his journey. The late Sir William Peel, who crossed the desert intending to reach Soudan in the interior, for the admirable purpose of rescuing the black inhabitants of the country from slavery, and telling them of a God who has made us all, a Christ who has died for us all, found it a miserable undertaking. But it was during the fierce heats of the summer, and he had almost no provision with him ;—a strange blunder of his servants, which left him after his first dinner of onions and water, to rice and coffee for breakfast, and rice and tea for supper, during the eight days that he was crossing its rocky wastes and sandy plains. In the winter, or after the violent rains that sometimes occur, the whole aspect of this dreary tract is changed.

At Khartoum, which is still further “up the Nile,” the river divides into two great branches, called the Blue and White Nile.

The Nile is the great fertilizer of Egypt. At a certain season in the year, its waters overflow the river banks and spread themselves over the adjacent country, not only filling the canals which are dug to receive them, but leaving behind them, when they retire, a deposit of mud, which enriches the soil. This rising of the waters to the required height, is a subject

of much interest in Egypt. If they rise too high the country is inundated, villages washed away, and embankments, and the marks of separation between the land of one man and that of another, destroyed. All is confusion and ruin. If they do not rise high enough, the produce of the land is burned up. The rising of the river is measured upon a very ancient column of red stone, called the Nilometer, that is, Nile-measurer. When it ascends to a certain mark on this column, an embankment, which separates the river from a canal, dug to receive its overflow, and distribute it throughout Cairo and its vicinity, is cut through with great ceremony, and amid abundant rejoicings.

Mr. Curzon, in his "Visit to Monasteries in the Levant," describes this ceremony, which took place during his stay in Egypt. At that time, August 1883, the waters, which begin to rise about the middle of June, and subside after the middle of September, were so low as to awaken the most vivid apprehensions of famine. The Nilometer was anxiously watched from day to day, and at length, to the unbounded joy of the whole population, the requisite depth was found to have been attained. A day was appointed for cutting the embankment, and early that morning, all Cairo turned out, everybody eager to find the best place for witnessing the ceremony.



The traveller and his friends being persons of importance, were mounted on the Pasha's horses, whose trappings were of crimson and gold ; and they made their way, now through the crowd, now through lines of Turkish soldiers, to a tent which had been pitched close to the embankment, for the accommodation of the Effendi, (who did duty for the Pasha on this occasion,) and those whom he delighted to honour. A divan, covered with velvet, was placed for the great man himself ; carpets being spread on each side of it for his guests, and the other officials present. Mr. Curzon's place was by one whose green robes showed that he was a descendant of the prophet Mahomet, and who, eyeing his neighbour all over, superciliously drew aside the hem of his long hanging sleeve, for fear of its coming in contact with the "dog of a Christian" by his side. Coffee and sherbet were handed to the company previous to the arrival of the Effendi, whose approach was presently announced by a military salute, and the striking up of the regimental bands. First marched a long troop of horsemen, military officers of all ranks, in red and gold uniform, and whose breasts glittered with diamonds. Dismounting at the tent, these personages formed in two lines, between which the Effendi rode on a fat grey horse; whose housings were almost covered with ornaments of solid gold.

The most profound homage was paid him as he passed through their ranks. Leaving his horse, an officer held him by each arm, and helped him to his seat; where he sank down on the cushions, turning his back to the scene of operations, and smoking his long pipe as though his life depended upon it. The uproar meantime was tremendous; fireworks of all sorts being let off, notwithstanding it was day-light, volleys of musketry and great guns fired, and the crowds screeching and shouting with might and main.

A number of half naked Arabs, who were digging away at the bank, now redoubled their exertions; stimulated no doubt by handfuls of small coin thrown among them by an official. Of these, one of them managed to catch more than his share, by spreading out his trowsers on a couple of sticks, so as to receive the descending shower. Soon water began to ooze through the embankment, lumps of mud tumbled down, a slender stream next trickled through, and the Arabs splashed about, tugging and tearing at the bank, up to their knees in water. All at once down came the whole barricade, washing along before it such of the workmen as had not scrambled out of the ditch. The arches and parapets of Saladin's aqueduct were crowded with women, who waved their kerchiefs, and set up a strange wild cry of rejoicing, as the

current swept rapidly on, speedily filling the canal to the level of the river.

The performance being at an end, the old Effendi, who had sat with his back to it the whole time, not turning his head either to the right or left, prepared to depart. His officers dragged him on the horse-block, heaved him into the saddle, and then, amid the thunder of artillery, and clang of music, the brilliant cavalcade, of which he was the head, rode off.

## CHAPTER XI.

### EASTERN CUSTOMS\*—PERFORMING QUARANTINE.

THE Plague is a frightful and most deadly disease, now chiefly confined to very hot, and very dirty countries. Strangely enough, hot countries often are very dirty. One would have thought that in them, people would be always dashing and splashing water about, and sweeping dust out of doors. But this is very far from being the case; and so, in addition to other evils arising from want of cleanliness, must be reckoned that of having so fearful a malady as the plague among them. It must be remembered that we in England used to be liable to it, but have now long ago washed, and swept, and improved it out of the country.

Well, in those countries where Plague is apt to show itself they are obliged to use many precautions against having it brought among them; either by persons who are actually suffering from it, or by infec-

\* "Land of the Saracen."—BAYARD TAYLOR.

tion lurking in the clothing of those who may have come from some place where it exists. One of these precautions is to shut up, for a certain number of days, persons coming from a suspected neighbourhood. If the plague does not break out among them during this period, they are supposed to be free from infection, and are then let out to go where they please. This shutting up is called *quarantine*; because, originally, it was always for forty days. It is not so long now.

These quarantine regulations are often terribly annoying to travellers in the East. Egypt is one of the countries which, being very hot and dirty, is liable to plague; and travellers going from it to other places in the East are subjected to them. This is the sort of way in which the process is conducted.

A vessel from Alexandria casts anchor in the roads of Beyrout. That sounds rather ridiculous; as though a ship in some manner had got into the highway, and anchored herself on dry land. But the word "roads" here means the shallow water in shore, in which vessels can lie at anchor, safe from the sweep of the open sea. Presently boats put off from land, and coming alongside, the passengers are bidden to embark themselves and their baggage in them to go into quarantine. Five days is the time prescribed for

those coming from Egypt; and these include the days on which they enter and leave the building appropriated for the purpose. Packages of all sorts and sizes are now handed into the boats, into which the passengers then descend, and are towed along by smaller boats: for the sailors who row them along, would not on any account remain in the same boat with the suspected cargo of human beings, boxes, bags, and bales; not only for fear of catching the plague, but for the certainty that if they did come into contact with them, they must be content to share their imprisonment. Agents from the hotels on shore lurk around them, just near enough to pitch on board the quarantine boat, recommendations of their houses, and lists of such household furniture as is absolutely needful for the few days' detention, and which they are anxious to procure for the travellers. For quarantine accommodation is four bare walls, and nothing more.

It is a long and hard row; at last the boatmen throw themselves into the water, and bring their cargo close to the landing stairs, up which the suspected passengers have the privilege of carrying their own suspected goods and chattels. The fare for this uncomfortable little voyage is dropped into a cup of water; for, being paid in suspected money, no one on

shore will touch it, till it has first passed through this purifying medium. Presently the people in charge of the building, hearing that a boat-load of their peculiar patients has arrived, make their appearance, and take them to select their apartments—which also must be paid for. Some of these are one-story houses, or two rooms each; one house rejoices in the magnificence of two stories, and into this the small party of Christians pack themselves. But there is neither furniture nor food in this inhospitable prison, for prison it really is; and we may as well call the unfortunate people, who are performing quarantine, prisoners. Prisoners of war, indeed, or something like it, seeing that, should any one attempt to break out, the soldiers on guard would shoot him down without the least ceremony! The tired, vexed, hungry prisoners make some inquiries about these interesting matters, and are told that people from the hotels in the city are waiting at the gate to supply their wants. So, in charge of one of the keepers, who screws himself up into as small compass as possible as they pass him, and further barricades himself with his stick as an additional precaution against even their clothes touching him, they descend to the gate; every one whom they meet in crossing the inclosure, giving them a wide berth.

At the gate are two screens, placed at a little dis-

tance from each other, so as to prevent any one inside touching the people outside. Through these they must call out what they want. Some one is soon found, who engages to find bedding, chairs, tables, and what is almost more important, something to eat for the hungry, and very angry people, who are consigned to this dismal receptacle, for the good of the plague-fearing inhabitants of Beyrout. Long are they kept waiting; but wait they must, unless they can make a meal off a wheat-patch, within their proscribed territory, and wash it down with the pure contents of a well in the rock. This patch of wheat, and some old geese, that walked in and out as they liked, could not, the captives are gravely informed, convey the plague to any one. At last dinner comes! But oh, dear, dear, even yet it has to be cooked. More waiting, more patience; sustained by a piece of bread, and an onion, which has been purloined from the newly arrived stores. When the meal is prepared, however, either because the prisoners are desperately hungry, or that Syrian cooks understand their art, it is found inexpressibly good. Such soup, such lamb-steaks, and oh, *such* a dish of larks! as send them off to their camp-beds, almost disposed to tolerate even quarantine regulations.

This amiable feeling does not last long. Just



when stepping into bed, a horrible suffocating smoke, and still viler smell, comes floating up stairs, and speedily diffuses itself so completely throughout their rooms, as to set them coughing, like steam-engines that had taken cold, and compel them to throw open their windows to prevent being stifled. The authorities are fumigating the suspected company with brimstone; to which, in some places, burnt feathers are added, by way of increasing the pungency of the remedy. The pure air, by which the prisoners are surrounded, is supposed to blow away any seeds of the plague that may have escaped destruction by the brimstone. Articles of clothing, papers and letters, are hung up so as to be freely exposed to it; or are perhaps subjected, like their unfortunate owners, to fumigation: and even books are opened, for fear of infection lurking between their pages.

A physician attends to examine the condition of the captives; but they are all apparently healthy, and so he just looks at them and takes his departure. His second visit announces their release next morning. He then looks intently at them, to be quite sure there are no symptoms of the dreaded disease; but still does not touch them. The fifth morning, ends the abominable imprisonment. Wide open fly the gates of the quarantine station, and between files of soldiers

the rejoicing captives march forth triumphantly, to go whither they will. The building is speedily consigned to its former condition of bare walls; and they in due time, receive another company of angry travellers, who are possibly first starved for want of food, and then certainly choked with brimstone, as were their angry predecessors.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EASTERN CUSTOMS—THE FAST AND FESTIVAL.

THE Ramadhan is a severe and long fast, lasting for a month, observed by all Mahomedans, once a year. During this period, no one who wishes to be considered a good Mussulman eats during the day; at sunset he is permitted to do so to any extent that he thinks proper. An hour or two of festivity follow the abstinence of the day; then comes bed, from which about two in the morning the people are aroused by a public officer, in order that they may eat, and cram themselves if they think proper, in preparation for the coming fast, which must rigorously extend from day-dawn to sunset.

The twenty-fifth day of this fast is observed with great ceremony. In the evening, the Sultan goes in state to one of the principal mosques (a mosque is a Mahomedan place of worship) in Constantinople; and grand illuminations take place, not only throughout the city, but on board the vessels in the harbour,

called the Golden Horn : a name given to it, both on account of its shape, and of the abundant riches that flowed through it in the days when the Turks were a great people.

Mr. Bayard Taylor describes the celebration of this day.

Taking a boat, he rowed out into the harbour, where were many others, bent, like himself, on seeing the illuminations from this, which is considered the best, point for doing so. The scene was impressive. Before him lay several large Turkish ships, their hulls and spars traced in flame, in the dark background of hills and sky. In another direction, the shores of the harbour were all alight with lamps ; while city-wards, domes, minarets, and pillars, glowed brightly from out the surrounding darkness. Even the guns on the battery were illuminated ; and a crane on the wharf was hung all over with lamps. The mosque to which the Sultan was about to proceed was a perfect blaze of light ; and between its lofty pinnacles shone out the Turkish version of our " God save the king,"—"Long life to you, O Sovereign."

A royal salute of cannon, rockets, and other fireworks innumerable, announces that the Sultan has taken boat, and is slowly advancing on the Bosphorus. A barge with sixteen oars shoots darkly along, and

suddenly glides into the vivid radiance of the blazing mosque. Some figures are discerned under a canopy in the stern, and all are eagerly wondering which is the Sultan ; when another, and statelier barge, with twenty-five oars pulled by vigorous arms, that make it almost fly over the water, makes its appearance. The royal emblems at the prow, and the splendour of the canopy, underneath which are two solitary figures, leave no room for mistake about the occupants of this boat ; and in another instant the Sultan and his grand vizier have landed and entered the mosque.

The roar of the cannon now ceased ; while blue lights and red lights, yellow and green, glowed with impaired lustre, giving the lamp-lighted ships and buildings a chance of being seen. The Sultan's prayers occupied him about an hour ; and then, re-entering his boat, his stalwart rowers shot him swiftly to the palace again, amid a renewed thunder of artillery, and blaze of fireworks. The crowd was of course immense, and somewhat tumultuous, like crowds in general ; partly because they could not help being tumultuous, partly because the confusion afforded an excellent opportunity for picking pockets. Soldiers and policemen were struggling with the unruly throng, and not particularly displeased when the rush and crush brought them into contact with an infidel, (that

is the polite term they apply to us Christians,) because then they felt at liberty to relieve their pent-up irritation by *thumping* him!—blows being quite good enough treatment for any unfortunate Christian, who, on such an occasion, presumed to mix himself up with the Faithful; that being the term that good Mahomedans reserve for themselves.

At the conclusion of the fast comes a festival, called that of Bairam. This lasts three days, and during it the Turks indemnify themselves for the discomforts of the preceding season. They make complete holiday of it, the shops are closed, and the people, dressed in their best clothes, go about to see their friends, or make excursions in the neighbourhood. Much feasting goes on, as may be supposed. The Sultan opens this festival season by a state visit to one of the mosques; leaving the palace at sunrise, and proceeding thither attended by his guards, and all the great officers, civil and military, of the kingdom. These present a perfect blaze of gold-lace, embroidery, and jewels; not only on their own uniforms, but on the trappings of their horses.

The lowest in rank come first in the procession, then those who are one degree higher; and so on, till at length three riderless horses splendidly caparisoned, and led by grooms, announce the approach of the

sovereign. His body-guard follow, in crimson uniforms, and having tall peacock's feathers in their caps; some of them bear bunches of green feathers, fastened to long poles. Surrounded by these feathers, appears the Sultan himself, on horseback, solemn and stately, and receiving the greetings and obeisances of his subjects with the most profound indifference; royal etiquette in that country requiring that he should take no notice of them. A few members of his household close the long procession.

In about half an hour, the Sultan, this time riding first, returns from the mosque to his palace. There his household begin the ceremony of kissing his feet. After they have performed this homage, leaving the palace, the Sultan takes his seat on the throne which has been placed on a rich carpet spread upon the marble pavement before the building. Round this the Pashas take their stand. The chief of the Emirs, in his green robe, then comes forward, and on bended knees kisses his sovereign's foot; backing out of the royal presence, as is customary in all courts. The other officers follow in the same way, kneeling and kissing, amid loyal shouts from the guard, who hyperbolically wish their sovereign may live a thousand years.

When the grandees have gone through this pre-

scribed form, the officers of inferior rank take their turn. The Sultan's foot—or boot rather—is much too good for them, who are obliged to be content with an hour's kissing (among them) of his scarf, presented to their faithful lips by a Pasha, who stands near the throne.

The civil and military dignitaries being disposed of, an imposing array of Mahomedan clergy, headed by their high priest, advance to do their part of the kissing. A difference again is made with them, and they kiss away at the hem of the Sultan's mantle. These priests are dressed in robes of all the colours of the rainbow, which, with the addition of their jewels and embroidery, cause them to rival the military in brilliance. The chief priest wears a green robe, green being a sacred colour among Mahomedans. The pageant terminates with the presentation of the governor of Mecca, supposed to be of the family of their prophet, and the nearest of kin to him. But a servant's homage is not to be received from so distinguished a personage. Like the rest he bends to the foot of the sovereign, who, raising him ere he is down, greets him as an equal.

Under a heavy salute of artillery, that grandest of all earthly noises, the much kissed Sultan then retires to his palace on the beautiful Bosphorus, leaving his



subjects of high and low degree, to carry on the merry-making after their own fashion.

In former days it used to be almost as much as a Christian's life was worth, to get inside one of these Mahomedan mosques. Such profanation of all that a follower of Mahomet holds sacred, was supposed to lie in the touch of one who follows Christ. The Turks are less particular now, and all that it costs a Christian to visit their temples, is a large sum of money. The principal mosque of Constantinople, that of Saint Sophia, (the name means Holy or Divine Wisdom,) was once, it will be remembered, a Christian church. But for four centuries it has been desecrated to a false worship; those symbols that formerly indicated its Christian character being now carefully obliterated. Yet there is one mark of its new proprietors, which, even if it were ever restored to its original designation, need not be erased by the most devout worshipper of that Divine Son of God, whom the followers of Mahomet (acknowledging the eternal Father) place below their own prophet. Round its marvellous dome, which rises a hundred and eighty feet above the marble pavement, runs this inscription from the Koran, or sacred book of the Mahomedans:

“GOD IS THE LIGHT OF THE HEAVENS AND  
OF THE EARTH.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

### EASTERN CUSTOMS—THE BATH.

A TURKISH bath—that is being bathed with a vengeance! Only listen to an account of the process.

Entering beneath a heavy stone arch, the bather finds himself in a lofty apartment lighted from above, round the sides of which are ranged a number of couches, raised about five feet from the ground. In the centre of this hall a fountain keeps up its ceaseless play. The raised stone-work that supports the couches placed across it, is covered with matting; overhead hang towels, not your plain vulgar “Russia” or “Baden,” such as tasteless English people rub themselves with, but towels resplendent with gay-coloured borders. The bathing-man takes his patient to one of these couches, and then the performance begins.

Being prepared for the bath, a pair of wooden clogs are put on, and thus equipped, the bather totters into the first bathing-room. It is dimly lighted, like

the first, from the top, and other bathers are seen lying amid the steam, on low stone benches. The new comer takes his place on one of these, feeling half suffocated by the damp warmth around him. To add to the stifling atmosphere, a long Turkish pipe is brought, and the bather begins his bath by smoking. Next comes the bathing-man, to knead him all over as if he were dough, and were going to be made into a large loaf. When he is sufficiently kneaded, he mounts his clogs again, and shuffles into an inner apartment, still hotter and steamier than the one he has left. Here the bathing-man souses him twice into a stone basin of almost boiling water; after which, with hair gloves, he rubs him—no, that is scarcely the word: he skins him all over—for with such energy is this part of the operation carried on, that flakes of the outer skin come off under the strenuous application of those formidable gloves. How very enjoyable this must be! The half-flayed bather has his tingling frame soothed by a bowl of nearly scalding water, which is dexterously thrown over him: this is followed by one a little cooler, and this again by another cooler still, until, by degrees, perfectly cold water is poured over him.

The next step in the process makes one shudder. The bath-man exchanges his bowls of innocent water

for one filled with a fierce lather of soap; not very alarming in itself, certainly, but the use that he makes of it is detestable. Dipping what the sailors call a *swab* into these "suds" (which would do credit to any washerwoman), what in the world do you imagine he does with it? Why, dashes it right in the unfortunate bather's face! "Poor eyes and nose, and mouth and chin," all in for it—breathing, smelling, sputtering soap-suds; and we all remember, from our earliest days, of having our faces washed by other people, what it is to get the soap in our eyes. The "swab" having done duty on the face, to the utter dismay of the bather, if it be his first experience of the delights of a Turkish bath, is afterwards more appropriately applied to his body and limbs; the "lather" being finally cleared away with abundant dashes of warm water, and a plunge into the scalding tank.

Stepping again into his wooden shoes the bather now returns to the outer apartment to undergo the last part of the process of bathing. This consists in having his arms, and legs, and fingers, indeed every joint in his body, pulled till they snap; the whole being wound up with a grand crack of his back-bone. This delightful operation at an end, a cup of coffee and the everlasting pipe console him, in some degree,

for what he has undergone at the hands of that wretch of a bathing-man : a nap on one of the couches follows ; and finally, rubbing his eyes, he resumes his out-door garments, and walks forth a bathed man. Such are the delights of a Turkish bath !

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SOMETHING ABOUT LIONS.

A CAT and her kittens rolling about upon the hearth are not very likely to remind any of us of a lioness and her cubs. And yet, meek, modest, milk-lapping pussy, and fierce, growling, man-eating lion, are really members of the same family; both belonging to what naturalists learnedly call "the Felidæ," that is, the cat-tribe. Strip Mrs. Puss of her skin and muscles, and when she is in her bones only, you see the lion's skeleton in miniature. Watch her catch and ill-treat a mouse, and you have a lively idea of the attentions bestowed by the "monarch of the forest" upon his victims, before devouring them.

Lions, however, like men, differ in their manners and habits. Dr. Livingstone, one of our most recent and adventurous travellers in South Africa, and whose acquaintance with the lion extends to that division of the continent alone, does not speak of him with half the respect with which we have been accustomed to

mention the lordly beast. We have always deemed him a most imposing personage. But meet him, says our traveller—and others agree with him—by daylight, when he rarely ventures on the liberty of attacking a man, and you will only see an animal somewhat larger than a great St. Bernard dog, and very like a dog in the face; the snub-noses with which our draughtsmen are ordinarily pleased to endow lions, being not particularly true to nature. Cat though the lion be, his face is not the specific part of him that reveals the fact; his nose being really long, like that of a dog. When thus encountered he will stare at you for a second or two, then walk slowly off, looking askance at you occasionally, to see what you are doing with yourself; and then, as soon as he thinks you have lost sight of him, he “puts on his steam,” and disappears in a twinkling. Of course, if you attack him, the most amiable lion will feel himself at liberty to return the compliment in his own peculiar fashion; but short of this, we are told that there is much less danger of being devoured by lions in South Africa than there is of being run over in the streets of London. As for his roaring, of which so many alarming things have been said, that is a very inferior sort of production; the ostrich making quite as much noise, and of a kind which at a distance it is

impossible to distinguish from the voice of the lion. It is certainly true that the lion will eat men, but it is at a pinch, when he can get nothing better. Game he prefers, if it is to be had. But even here, as in his encounters with human beings, he often comes off "second best." "One toss from a bull buffalo would kill the strongest lion that ever breathed;" and he not unfrequently falls a victim to the horns even of the lady-buffalo, in righteous revenge for stealing her children. The elephant, except it be a calf, he does not attack; for fear, we suppose, of being pounded to death by those pillar-like legs. He takes to his heels at the very sight of the huge rhinoceros, and has been known to be kept at bay by a herd of oxen. Another traveller adds a story of a lion being dragged by the tail and ears out of a church, into which he had walked in Damara-land; but the poor beast was so nearly starved to death as to be incapable of making much resistance.

Dr. Livingstone, however, had one rather brisk encounter with a lion, which ought to have led him to speak rather more respectfully of the whole race; and which we shall narrate, partly in illustration of the *cattishness* of the beast. The people of the village of Mabotsa were terribly harassed by lions, which, leaping into the cattle pens by night, destroyed their



cows, and even attacked the herds by day; a circumstance so unusual, that the villagers pronounced themselves to be "bewitched." Having attacked the enemy fruitlessly, their white friend headed the next party against the marauders, knowing that if but one of the beasts were killed, the whole troop would have the wit to leave the neighbourhood. The lions were discovered on a little woody eminence, and this was surrounded by the hunting party, who began to work their way up, drawing nearer to each other as they did so, in order to discourage any attempt to dash between them. A native who remained below with Dr. Livingstone, seeing one of these lions presenting, as he thought, a fair mark, levelled his gun at him, and "the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him, then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and escaped unhurt;" the natives being afraid to attack him. Their ranks being closed up again as before, two other lions were seen in the space inclosed; but a shot could not be got at them, for fear of wounding some of the party; and in their terror of the beasts, the natives allowed these also to make their escape. Giving up the whole affair as now hopeless, the Doctor and his companions set off to the village again.

As they proceeded, however, one of the lions was again seen, crouching on a bit of rock behind a bush, not far from them; and the Doctor, taking aim, bestowed the contents of both barrels upon him—the bush, through which the charge passed, preventing their seeing the precise effect of it. Some symptoms of rage, however, on his part, made them conclude he was not unhurt; and the Doctor was just preparing to give him another shot, when he was startled by a cry from his companions, and turned his head just in time to see the lion springing upon him. Down came the ferocious beast, and, seizing him by the shoulder, both came tumbling to the lower ground together. With a hideous growl in his very ear, the lion gave his victim a shake, just as the cat does to her mouse when she has caught it. Strange to say, though the bone of the shoulder was crushed to pieces, and many flesh wounds inflicted by the teeth, the Doctor felt no pain, nor even fear; and this he attributes to the effect of the shake, which was that of producing a sort of dreamy feeling, rendering him indifferent to everything. The weight of the beast, who had planted one huge paw on the back of his head, was, however, intolerable; and, trying to writhe himself from under it, he saw one of the natives taking aim at the lion. The gun missed fire, but it caused the lion to loose

his hold of the Doctor and fly at his new assailant. Another man attempting to spear the brute, the lion caught hold of him, but suddenly fell dead from the effect of the bullets he had received.

But if the South African lion be not quite the sort of thunderbolt we have been in the habit of considering all the individuals of this species, his brother of the North makes ample amends for any of his deficiencies as an object of terror. There lions *are* lions; as they have been from the days when they ravaged the flocks of Numidian shepherds; and gobble up men and cattle with ferocious indifference. The lion's mode of attack is various; sometimes a bound at the head of his victim, and one *crunch* does the business. At other times he will, we suppose, amuse himself by tantalizing his wretched prey with the hope of escape, lying down before him or walking quietly at his side, treating him to a sight of his teeth! Or, cat-like, pretending to leave him, only to spring out upon him at some unexpected point, and pat, and tumble him over, just as if he were a mouse: a horrid preface to the inevitable death at hand. The ravages of the lion among cattle in Algeria are estimated by Jules Gerard, the French "Lion Killer," to amount to ten times the value of the tribute paid to government by the Arabs living in districts where the king of beasts

is accustomed to wander. His life lasts from thirty to forty years; and during this time the cost of his mouth to these poor people is supposed to be as much as £8000! No wonder that he is fervently hated, and profoundly feared.

Jules Gerard, whose narrative we must refer to, is a French soldier, who, being with his regiment in Algeria, turned his skill as a hunter to good account, in ridding the poor frightened Arabs of many of these frightful destroyers of human and animal life.

On the evening of his arrival at the camp of Guelma, he found the native troops, or Spahis, and their friends, making sad complaints of the depredations committed among their flocks and herds by a lion, whom they dared not attack. After listening to their recital of all that this dreadful beast had done, and was doing, the brave little Frenchman perfectly astounded them by saying, very quietly, that he would go and kill him, if they would find him a guide to his haunts. A burst of ridicule greeted this proposal; among other gibes thrown at him, one being that *he* might safely go, as he was so very little that the lion would not tear him in pieces for fear of not finding the bits again! The presumptuous stranger, however, persisted in his design; and, finding he was bent upon it, the Arabs set to work to help him, in their

fashion. A large hole was dug in the ground, roofed with trees, on which large stones were placed, and the whole covered with damp earth. In this Gerard was placed, the aperture by which he entered being closed by a great stone; and then he was left to watch for the lion, who, his friends assured him would most likely drag him out of it after all. Post of honour it might be, but it was not a particularly pleasant one, as night after night was spent in his citadel, undisturbed save by jackals, or such insignificant game. At length he had the satisfaction of finding that his enemy was actually in the vicinity. A couple of hours' roaring—a roar compared to which the bellowing of a mad bull was as the report of a pistol to that of a cannon—established that fact; while following the lion's tracks by daylight equally proved that to get a shot at him, the vile hole, with its poisonous bait of a dead animal, must be exchanged for a night's watch on the open plain.

Thither he accordingly repaired, accompanied by a dozen Arabs, in full hunting, or perhaps it should be rather said, *marauding* costume. The shoes, cumbrous burnous, and haik, with its fastening of camel's hair rope, are removed, the cap alone and shirt being retained. This latter is tucked up above the knee into a leathern girdle; and then sword, gun, pistols and

their appendages complete the equipment. On arriving at one of the lion's resorts, they found a magnificent cluster of trees, standing so thick together as though all were from one root. Underneath this tangled foliage Gerard made his way, somewhat reluctantly followed by such of his Arabs as had not run away for fright, and saw traces enough of my lord the lion, though himself was still invisible.

On returning to the camp, fresh complaints of the lion's misdeeds awaited them. As to doing mischief, he appeared to be everywhere; as to finding him, he was nowhere—at least not yet; but what he had already done in seeking him, procured for Gerard some little more respectful treatment from his Arab acquaintance than he had previously received from them.

A fresh search for the beast, who had hitherto eluded his hunters, now took place, but with no better success than before. At length his tremendous roar again saluted their ears; and this time, man proved more than a match for lion. When it died away, Gerard (from whose entangled narrative we extricate the story), with his two companions, took post in a little opening in the wood; their dog anxiously sniffing the scent of this strange game, and then running back frightened to his master. Next was heard the

crackling of fallen leaves as the beast strode along, and approached his hidden enemies, who prepared to receive him, not exactly with "fixed bayonets," but certainly with "shouldered arms."

Nearer and nearer came the fierce brute, till at last a bush almost close to the hunters was stirred by the lion's movements. There was just light enough from the western sky and clear stars for Gerard to take aim, and that was all. Prefacing it by a few growls, out burst the tremendous roar that had before made the hunter's heart quake, and that now in that night scene, almost overpowered him with its awful sound. Raising his huge head above the bushes about him, the lion fixed his eye upon the hunter, who seized that moment to shoot him in the side of the head, and then waited, dagger in hand, till the smoke should disperse and show what he had achieved. But the tremendous roar that issued from it was the beast's last: when it cleared away, there he lay dead. It was well for Gerard that a single shot ended the business!

So huge was this creature, that the united efforts of the three could not turn him over; and one man alone could scarcely raise the massive head from the ground.

And now the rejoicing Arabs bestowed upon the

"dog of a Christian," as they had before civilly styled him, the high-sounding title of "Master of Lions," or "the Lion Killer."

Such is the danger of these encounters, according to Gerard's experience of them, that his pious belief is, that if the lion be slain, it is not the *man* who kills, but the "invisible Hand that protects and guides him."

The Frenchman is right : there is but one source of strength and success in all our enterprises ; be they lion-killing, *fault-killing*, or any other equally formidable undertaking.

It must be borne in mind that Gerard slew lions (we do not remember how many of them) neither for sport nor gain, but to rid the country of a terrible scourge.

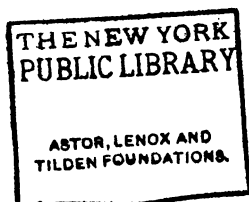
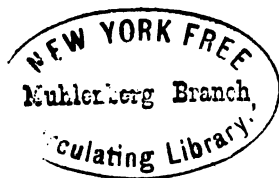
The Arabs themselves, as well as the Africans, kill their enemy—when they can—in a much less dignified manner than did the lieutenant of Spahis. They dig a pit for him, into which he is occasionally obliging enough to tumble, and then we may be sure they do not help him to get out again.

The way in which the Maidan Arabs of Mesopotamia, in Asia, attack their lion is noticeable for its boldness. There, we are told, a man will protect his right arm by binding strips of tamarisk wood round





**GERARD, THE LION HUNTER.**



it; and then, grasping by the middle a short stick pointed at both ends, he will go straight into the lair of the beast. It springs upon him, open-mouthed, when the stick, being adroitly thrust between his jaws, so as to fix them open and render him harmless, he is quietly shot with the other hand. They must be clever fellows to gag a lion in this way. It certainly sounds something like catching sparrows by putting salt upon their tails. But several persons assured Mr. Layard, who gives the account, that they had seen it done.

But if the lion of North Africa be larger and fiercer than that of the South, it is impossible for him to be more intelligent than this latter. More than one hunter's story is told, in which, face to face with his prey, the lion has remained perfectly peaceable till the man has attempted to load, or lay hands on his gun. A threatening growl and an advance, that evidently meant mischief towards the offender, was the result of every attempt of the kind, until at length the beast had growled and threatened himself out of sight of his enemy. Such instances bear out Dr. Livingstone's statements of the unwillingness of the South African variety of this quadruped to attack men, if they will only let him alone.

Gordon Cumming, the "Lion King" we believe

he called himself, gives us another story of this kind. He says that, one day when hunting in South Africa, he saw a lioness feeding on a carcase along with a number of jackals,—giving a dinner party, it is to be presumed. He pointed her out to his Hottentots, who were for instantly spurring out of harm's way, but that my lady lion, seeing this suspicious-looking company, took to her heels instead, the jackals scouring off in another direction. But if the lion was not disposed to fight, Mr. Cumming was. Galloping after her, she presently pulled short up and sat down, with cool contempt turning her back to her pursuer, just as a cat, on a high wall, will occasionally treat a yelping cur. Presently she turned herself round, making as if she would attack him ; but, not seeing any warlike demonstrations on the part of the hunter, she quietly stretched herself upon the grass.

Her confidence in his peaceableness—if such indeed it was—was doomed to be but ill repaid.

Mr. Cumming and his men dismounted and prepared their rifles, the lioness looking on as though she did not like it, and would much prefer getting out of their way. Seeing that to be impossible, however, she appeared inclined to charge the party ; and as she was advancing, preparatory to the spring, a rifle bullet from one of the hunters struck her in the shoulder.

That was quite enough to put her up. With a tremendous roar she dashed in upon the group, and, seizing one of the Hottentots by the side, tore him frightfully with her teeth and claws. When he saw the spring, Mr. Cumming stood ready to give her a second ball, as soon as she afforded him the chance. This she soon did; for, leaving her victim, she stalked away sullenly, within a few feet of him. Up to his shoulder went the rifle—crack—and there was an end of the noble beast, who lay on the ground wallowing in her own blood.

This gentleman is a capital shot, and a bold hunter. But he appears to have had rather too strong a propensity for shooting, right and left, at everything that came in his way. What is called the "taste for sport" has been implanted in human beings for a wise purpose—to prevent brute life getting the upper hand of intelligent human life. But with the mere appetite for killing, such as his pages, we fear, indicate, we have no sympathy. Mercantile motives we presume, to a great extent, led to his wholesale slaughter of wild beasts. Still we think him in some degree open to censure.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A CHAPTER ON SAVAGES.

THE map of Africa is beginning to present a very different appearance from what it did some few years ago, when we were young folks at our lessons. Then, with the exception of its northern portion, you saw a great blank, with a sort of border of inhabited country round it. Congo, Guinea, Caffraria, Abyssinia, Nubia, and some other old-fashioned and familiar names were there; but central Africa was equally unknown, and unnamed. Now, however, the zeal and intelligence of modern travellers are beginning to trace upon this blank the names of places, rivers, mountains, and lakes, and to bring home to us accounts of the inhabitants of these hitherto unknown regions, with sketches of the country, widely differing from what we had formerly imagined, of the "burning plains of central Africa." It is perfectly true that the country is hot enough: a little hotter than we have occasionally had it in England in this summer of 1858! But our

notion of its sandy, desert-like character is fast giving way before the authentic, if scanty, descriptions of this portion of the continent, given by those who have actually penetrated it, and found there lakes, streams, wood, and cultivable ground, together with a climate, apparently less deadly to Europeans than are some of the coast districts.

But travelling in these regions is no joke. Uncomfortable ox-back—for the ox, there used instead of a horse, does not appear a particularly agreeable beast to bestride—or the ponderous waggon, dragged by a “span”—twelve or twenty of these beasts—over light, yielding soil, now sinking axle-deep, then nearly tilting over pieces of rock, are the modes of conveyance; while among the difficulties that beset the traveller on foot, may be enumerated, the having to force his way through districts where vegetation abounds with specimens of what is called the “wait-a-bit” thorn—a bush, each of whose thorns, shaped like a fish-hook, will sustain a weight of several pounds. The traveller, caught by these hooks, has no choice but to “wait a-bit,” till he has disentangled himself from their formidable claws.

Of the native inhabitants of these central countries we have some interesting and entertaining accounts. They are, most of them, excessively ugly; at least,

according to our notions of ugliness: their broad, flat, black, or coffee-coloured faces, not being improved, as to beauty, by the tattooing, slits, and slashes of various kinds that are bestowed upon them; while their custom of filing the teeth to a point, makes their smile resemble the "grin of an alligator." Their woolly hair, in some cases, is found growing in distinct tufts upon the head. Dr. Livingstone says that his straight, silky hair was a standing wonder to these people; they would not believe it was hair; they said he had made himself a wig out of a lion's mane. At length, convinced that it really grew where it was, they came to the conclusion, that as "white men live in the sea," his hair had been made straight by the sea-water! Most of them had never seen a white man before in their lives; and they were as frightened at the sight of him, as any little child in England is, by its first glance at a black one. Indeed, it is an old story that our "black brothers" represent the devil as white, in unconscious retaliation of our making that evil spirit black: as though colour could possibly have anything to do with wickedness! The little children nearly screamed themselves into fits at sight of the traveller; and when they were naughty, their mothers threatened them with the "white man," to bite them; just as in this country,



some outrageously ridiculous nurses threaten their small delinquents with the black man.

Vast swarms of locusts at times ravage the country, and are used as food by these people. They light large fires in the tracks of the insects, which, scorched as they fly over them, fall down, and are swept up for use; or they are collected at night when at rest. They are either eaten at once, slightly broiled, or stowed away, dry, for future use, when the mode of preparing them for food is to pound them small, and then make them into a kind of gruel with boiling water.

The first sight of a looking-glass is generally a puzzle, as well as a delight, to a savage; though its effect, in some instances, is to convince even these poor, uncouth objects, of their extreme plainness. "Is that me?" one of the women, who saw her own features for the first time, would exclaim—"What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves!" "I have no chin at all!" or, "I should have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones!"\* This last remark seems to indicate that the lady had some European idea of beauty. One man, after contemplating his face for some time, and twisting his mouth about in all sorts of ways, was

\* Livingstone.

overheard saying to himself: "People say I am ugly; and how very ugly I am indeed!" While others, after staring into the glass with all their might, would give it a sudden turn round, supposing the face they had seen was that of some one behind it.

Their general condition is one of great wretchedness. And yet, poor, dirty, undressed, ugly, uncivilized, and unchristianized as they are, they have some good qualities, even some notion of what we call politeness, and are not nearly so stupid as we have been in the habit of imagining them. Some of them are able to defend their poor heathenish wrong-thinking, in a way that shows a considerable amount of right-thinking, and that might somewhat perplex us better instructed Christians to answer in a satisfactory manner.

It is a belief among them, that the practice of certain ceremonies will procure rain when it is wanted; and one of their rain-makers, when told that he claimed a power belonging to God alone, that of sending rain upon the earth, acutely replied, that he used his charms and ceremonies precisely in the same way that his white instructor, who was a physician, used medicines. In both instances—that of procuring rain, and curing a patient—it was God who effected what was done; but, just as the white doctor was in the habit of say-

ing he had cured the patient, so he, the rain-doctor, said he had caused it to rain.\*

Since Mr. Gordon Cumming's exploits in that part of Africa, many sportsmen have been attracted thither, in pursuit of what they deem rather nobler game than is to be had on this side the world; and, having no notion themselves of hunting for hunting's sake, exceedingly amused these African savages are at the idea of adventurous Englishmen, who have enough to eat at home, taking the trouble to go so far, just to hurry and worry themselves after their wild beasts. Their views of these matters are after the fashion of the Chinese, who, watching a party of ladies and gentlemen dancing, inquired: "Why do you not let your servants do this for you?"

The Kaffirs, of whom we have heard so much, and who have fought us so stoutly at the Cape, appear to be superior to all the other known tribes of Southern Africa. The Bushmen are the most miserable: but, bad as they are, they are not so bad as the poor wretches whose antics were, not long ago, to be seen in England for a shilling, and of whom, it is said, they must have been "chosen, like costermongers' dogs, on account of their ugliness."†

The Bushmen are sometimes rather troublesome

\* See Livingstone.

† Livingstone, p. 49.

neighbours to settlers, as they are extremely adroit at stealing cattle ; and being light nimble fellows, slink off so 'quickly that pursuit is not of much use. Beside, they have an awkward habit of shooting poisoned arrows, with such precision and rapidity, as very soon to make a complete pincushion of any one within bow-shot ; and as each single arrow causes death, the prospect of a whole sheaf of them being lodged in your body, is one that does not particularly invite to close quarters with these savages.

The Namaquas have a notion that the Bushwomen have the power of changing themselves into any wild animal they please ; and in proof of this, they relate that one of their own tribe was once travelling with a Bushwoman and her little child, when a troop of zebras came in sight. The man, being hungry, bade the woman turn herself into a lion, and catch one of these zebras that they might have something to eat. The woman told him he would be frightened if she did ; but he answered that the only thing he feared was being starved to death : *she* could not frighten him.

But even as he spoke, something like a mane began to show itself on the woman's neck ; her nails turned to claws, and other alterations in her appearance took place, that frightened him so terribly, that he hastily

climbed a neighbouring tree to get out of her way. Glaring at him like a wild beast, she dropped her scanty clothing, and bounded into the plain, a perfect lion rampant! sprang in among the zebras, and tearing one of them to the ground, crunched it and lapped its blood. Then returning to where the child (which she had put down before her transformation) lay crying, the man, from his tree, called out to her not to hurt him, but to get back to her own shape as speedily as possible. A regular lion-growl was the answer to his appeal; but a little further entreaty brought her by degrees to her own shape again, and, taking up her child, she and her companion fed heartily on the zebra she had hunted for him.

The Kaffirs are stout, stalwart fellows, who have cost us a million of money in fighting, and might perhaps have cost us a million more, but for their incredible superstition, in having, at the command of one of their wise men, destroyed all their own means of living; so that, famished and flying, they can now do us no more mischief, and must submit, to save their lives. Their principal weapon is a light but strong lance, which they hurl with wonderful force. They generally carry a bundle of these, and launch them one after the other with great rapidity.

Among their superstitions is that of believing that

the souls of their dead friends enter into the black snakes of the country—reptiles that they, in consequence, refuse to kill. An English lady, living at Natal, was in her bath one evening, when she heard a cry raised by her servants, of “a snake.” Knowing their superstitious fear of the creature, she hastily threw on her dressing-gown and ran out to them, when she saw one of these black snakes slowly gliding towards the open door of her house. She bade the Kaffirs kill it directly, with some sticks that lay about; but, after handing about the stick from one to another, as though it burned their fingers, out came the truth: the black snake would do them no harm, because it was their brother, and kill it they would not; besides, if they did, they would be bewitched. “And do you think,” said she, snatching up the stick, “I am going to let your brother come into my house, and bite me and my children? *That* for your brother, and *that*, and *that* :” smashing at its head with all her strength, as she spoke, and jumping out of its way, as it whirled and whisked about. She succeeded, at last, in destroying the fearful reptile; and then she insisted on the Kaffirs carrying away, on a couple of sticks, “the remains of their departed relative !”

Such a one must have been born for a settler! No wonder that, with such a spirit, and a fine, hand-


some person, a Kaffir was overheard expressing his admiration of her, after the fashion of his people, by saying that he would give, we do not remember how many cows, for such a woman ! for in that ungallant country, when a native wants a wife, he forthwith *buys* her, and cows are the price.

The name Kaffir is from the Arabic, and signifies unbeliever. It was first given to these people by Arabians and other Mahomedans, who settled for trading purposes on the eastern coast of South Africa ; and the natives, we are told, do not like it.

From Africa to Australia is something of a jump ; but on paper we can skip over seas and mountains and continents, and so travel even faster than Jack the Giant Killer in his seven-league boots.

The Australian savage is, perhaps, even more wretched than his wretched brother of South Africa ; though certainly between him and the Bushman there is not much to choose. He is a species of negro, with not quite such negro features as the African ; nor has he anything of the muscular strength of this latter. With household cares he does not much trouble himself, seeing he rarely has any house at all. A large piece of the bark of some neighbouring tree, propped up so as to give him a little protection from the weather, satisfies the simple desires of his wandering life

for shelter. His food is, to our ideas, vile. Tadpoles, roasted moths, grubs (esteemed a delicacy), with shark and whale, in a state that caricatures the taste of some of us Europeans who like our game "high," he fattens upon, or rather starves upon. Nor is he, miserable creature that he is, free from the horrible charge of cannibalism: that is, of eating human beings. Of his dress no account can be given, simply because he has none to describe; though it may be said that at times he wears streaks of white paint, the most fashionable mode of disposing which is, down the back-bone and along each rib, so as to look as if a skeleton were chalked out on him. Stripes down the leg complete his costume.

The Australian uses one weapon of a most peculiar character, the boomerang. This is of wood, shaped thus ; and it possesses the very extraordinary property of coming back again to its owner, after the straightforward journey of two hundred feet or more that it has taken when thrown by his sinewy arm. There is no providing against a missile of this sort. It is almost as dangerous a weapon as the crooked musket that would shoot round a corner! Whizz it goes far past you; but don't flatter yourself that you are safe on that account. No such thing: it means to take you on its return; and as the force



that it acquires is such that, even after the backward flight, it has been known to bury itself half a foot in the earth, it may be imagined what a blow would be received by man or kangaroo who came in its way; while among a covey of birds it deals out destruction right and left. In hand-to-hand conflicts the sharp edge of the boomerang makes it no bad substitute for a sword.

Mr. Jukes, who was surgeon to a surveying expedition on the shores of Australia, describes the Australians' spear as being a most formidable weapon; and the *womera*, or throwing-stick, enables them to dart it much further and more forcibly than if only thrown with the hand. The spear might look rather innocent, for there was no iron in its composition. It was composed of a long, light bamboo, into one end of which a piece of hard wood, wrought to a fine point, was thrust, and securely fastened with line made of grass and gum. On the point of this was firmly tied a nail, beaten very sharp, and turned up so as to form a barb; below it were two other barbs, made of the spine of the stinging ray. When this horrible weapon was launched into a man—it would sometimes go right through him—the barbs held so fast, that the attempt to draw out the spear, left them sticking in his flesh. Of this they had sad proof. In a sud-

den quarrel with the natives, one of the sailors had a spear thrown at him ; and the barbs remaining behind, when the surgeon tried to extract it, speedily occasioned the poor fellow's death. The barbs in this instance were only of bone.

These Australian savages are said to make very good policemen ! In one or two districts of our colonies they have been enrolled under Europeans, and prove smart, active, intelligent fellows, with a sufficient appetite for fighting to make the rougher part of their duties not overpoweringly disagreeable to them.

Those among savage tribes to whom iron, as a manufactured article, is unknown, have a very ingenious mode of procuring fire. Two pieces of wood are taken, one of a hard kind, the other of a soft texture. A small hole is made in the centre of the soft piece, the sharpened end of the hard one, pressed firmly in it, and then revolved between the hands, as if it were a chocolate mill, till, very speedily, sparks are seen. A little dried grass acts as tinder to catch these ; a swing round in the air to fan them, and, at once, there is a blaze.

We know not whether an Englishman would man age this ; for in some things these savages are really cleverer than we ; but some cold day next Christ-

mas it would be worth any idle boy's while to get two bits of wood, and try his hand at it. If he did not get a fire, which is, we fear, very likely, he would certainly warm himself by the exertion.

Some of the drollest things that travellers tell us of these various savages, are about their notions of European dress. Most of them eagerly desire this, for they see how vastly superior to themselves the white men are, and doubtless fancy that when they have got our clothes, some portion of this superiority goes with them.

A pair of stockings being given to a chief in one of the Sandwich Islands, he and a friend made their appearance, the next Sunday, at divine service, each wearing one stocking on his hand and arm. And there they sat, serene and dignified; each one elegantly supporting his head with the hand that had the stocking on, so as to let the whole congregation have a full view of it: just as a fine gentleman will sometimes do, to show his diamond ring. On another occasion a pair of trousers were instantaneously converted into a jacket, by the simple process of thrusting the arms into the legs, and fastening the rest of the garment over the chest. That a jacket should be put on wrong side before, and buttoned down a man's back, is of course a very trifling mistake for one who

had never seen a jacket before. Nor are the mistakes confined to the gentlemen of the party. We have heard of a missionary's wife making bonnets for some of the great ladies under her charge, which were exceedingly admired by their happy wearers, and equally coveted by those who were not fortunate enough to possess them. One of these native ladies looked and longed till she could bear it no longer; and off she rushed to the mission station to entreat that she might have a bonnet herself. What was to be done—it was Saturday evening—there was no time to make the much desired article; all that the missionary lady had was the fore-part of a bonnet, wanting the crown, which could not possibly be supplied for the next morning's use. It was all right! The applicant warmly assured her that would do quite as well; and accordingly, next day, she made her appearance at church, pleased and happy, wearing the *peak* of a bonnet, with nothing behind.

It is really too bad to laugh at these poor creatures, seeing that our ancestors, who were content with a *coat* of paint, would have been quite as much puzzled how to get into our modern coats, and trousers, and bonnets. But we cannot help it, for all that. Who could help laughing at the negro in his full dress,

which consisted solely of a cocked hat and pair of shoes ?

There is one thing worth notice in the various accounts of savage life that reach us ; and that is, that where white men treat savages kindly, and as reasonable beings, they will almost always meet with friendly treatment in return. We say *almost*, for even among civilized Christians, good deeds are sometimes returned by bad ones : and we cannot expect uncivilized heathens to be *better* than ourselves.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MEXICAN ROBBERS.\*

LEAVING the huge, cold, comfortless inn, at Mochitilte at sunrise, the traveller's road wound up the hill to the table-land above. A few hours' riding here, brought him to the picturesque little town of Magdalena, where he and his horse were by no means indisposed for breakfast, and a couple of hours' rest. When mounting again, he was asked whether he would not have a guard, the road to Tequila, where he was going, having so bad a reputation for robbers, that travellers thither always took an escort; for which, it was added, each man was paid one dollar.

Whether our traveller was more courageous than travellers in general, or whether he thought it was only a pretence, in order to screw a few dollars out of him, does not appear. But, however it might be, he decidedly declined taking the offered guard, and then rode off; the innkeeper complimenting him on his

\* Bayard Taylor's "El Dorado."

bravery, but adding, that he would most certainly be attacked by robbers.

He had not gone far before he met a treasure convoy, a company of soldiers, guarding some mules who were laden with coin. The officers of this convoy rode fine horses, the men being on foot. They greeted the traveller civilly, as they meant; but, taking him for an Englishman, some of them, whose knowledge of the English language was very imperfect, swore at him, under the impression that they were politely addressing him with our customary English "How do you do?"

The road now became narrow and winding, the best place in the world, apparently, for robbers to attack a lonely traveller. After leaving the treasure convoy, he did not meet with a single creature; but his time was not yet come, and spite of the suspicious looks of the pass, he got safely through it, and down the hill-side to Tequila. This was very satisfactory; and a very clever fellow he no doubt thought himself, for not having suffered his host at Magdalena to frighten him into wasting his few dollars on a useless guard, against imaginary robbers. Walking into the city's only inn, he found but poor accommodation, a company of soldiers having arrived before him, and nearly filled it up with themselves and their horses. It was

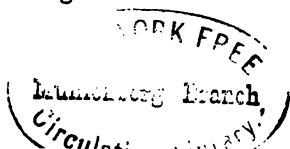
hard work to get anything to eat ; but at length he was supplied with some slight refreshment, and, having seen his beast fed, he tucked himself up for the night, in the very uncomfortable quarters which were all that he could obtain.

There was not much temptation to sleep long ; so at sunrise he was up and off, without staying for breakfast, either for himself or his horse, deferring this till he reached Amatitlan. Here, at a wretched little mud building, which did duty for hotel, he ordered such "entertainment" as was to be had for "man and horse." When paying for what he had, he offered a Mexican dollar, which was presently returned to him, the woman to whom he had paid it, saying that at a shop over the way it was pronounced a bad one. Of course this might be, and he gave her another. But when she returned a second time with the same story, the traveller began to think that all was not right ; and, giving her a third dollar, he told her that *must* do, as he would not give her any more. At the shop to which the woman had been to change the money, a number of dirty fellows sat drinking *mescal*, a strong coarse spirit, peculiar to the country. They asked the traveller to have some with them, and when he declined, one of them said something about its being "the last time,"—a remark which, of course,



conveyed no meaning to him to whom it was addressed.

Leaving Amatitlan about ten o'clock in the morning, the road was exceedingly lonely; not a creature was to be seen, as the traveller looked around him. Passing a deep gorge in the hills, he could not help thinking to himself, that it would be a capital lurking-place for robbers, and that it would not be a bad idea to load his pistol. Before he could possibly do this, however, there was a slight movement in the brush-wood near him, and which covered the whole plain. Turning to see what caused this, in an instant a double-barrelled musket was pointed at him, so close, and so well aimed, that he could almost look down the barrels, and see the little wicked bits of lead lying there ready for him. A fierce-looking Mexican, in a pink shirt and white trousers, was the proprietor of this weapon; a similar one, equally well directed, glittered on the opposite side, while a third robber "presented arms" in the rear. The unlucky horseman was surrounded, and so startled by the suddenness of the attack, that he could scarcely obey the imperative command to throw down his arms. It was repeated, with the addition of a second one to get off his horse, and in such a manner as left him no choice, especially considering that his arms consisted of one



unloaded pistol. He had no difficulty in throwing down this useless tool, which the robbers picked up, and then bade the dismounted cavalier lead his horse down the ravine, among some brushwood, which screened them from the road. One of them then went back to keep guard ; the others, pointing their muskets at their victim, bade him lie down with his face to the ground. They then bade him take off his coat and • waistcoat, and the leader of the robbers examined them very closely, turning all the pockets inside out. He pulled rather a long face when he foraged out the traveller's purse, and found it very slenderly supplied with money, asking angrily how it was that there was so little. The truth was, that the prudent traveller had only kept cash enough just to carry him to Mexico, where his banker, on whom he had a cheque, would replenish his stores. He pleaded with the robbers for his papers, among which was the cheque in question, and they willingly left him these, saying they were of no use to them.

The examination of his clothing being at an end, one of the robbers bade him place his hands behind him; and as the command was enforced by menaces of his own hunting knife, which they had taken, it was readily, if not cheerfully obeyed. His hands were tied tight behind his back, with the horse's halter,

and then, having got him safe, the robbers finished their work leisurely. Spreading out the blanket which he carried, the contents of his bags were all emptied together into it, that they might select such articles as they cared to carry off. Among those, were drawing pencils, soap, thermometer, and his compass; letters, books, and papers were tossed aside. Shot-pouch and powder-flask of course went bodily; and they further picked his pockets of some oranges and cigars, humanely leaving him one of these last that he might smoke, and *suffocate*, if not drown care. They then proceeded to unfasten his spurs, pulled off his boots, where they *would* have found a couple of pieces of money which he had placed there for security, had he not already spent them; felt at his trousers for anything that might have been sewed between the lining and the cloth; and finally, taking the saddle off the horse's back, opened the blankets to see what there might be there. Having collected what they wanted, they tied it all up in one of the blankets, and then jeeringly asked whether they should take the horse also. The patience of the poor plundered traveller gave way at this; and he answered pretty smartly that they should *not* do that: he must, and would have the horse to continue his journey. Besides, he would be of no use to them. No notice was taken

of this reply, only they did not take the horse. Pink-Shirt then resumed his double barrel and walked off, beckoning the other robber after him. Suddenly he returned, and saying, "Perhaps you may get hungry before night, here is something to eat," placed on the grass, by the traveller, one of his own oranges and a few little bread cakes such as are used in the country. His unexpected generosity was of course received with a profusion of thanks; though the recipient did not exactly see how, with his hands tied behind his back, he was to manage to feed himself with the provision so liberally supplied. The robbers, however, considered that this was his affair, not theirs, and therefore bade him farewell, cheerfully intimating that *they* were all the better for having had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. This was adding insult to injury: but a man in the defenceless condition of our unfortunate traveller must accept any impertinences that his malicious neighbours may think proper to offer him.

It was not particularly pleasant to be left thus alone and bound, in a cut-throat sort of neighbourhood. But, as the traveller had no one to help him but himself, he began to twist, and turn, and wriggle about, in the hope of loosening the knots of the cord with which he was fastened. This was no easy mat-

ter, as, being well used to perform the operation, the robbers had done their work well. However, it is said, "Nothing is denied to well-directed labour," and ere long the truth of the proverb was apparent. Mr. Taylor did not exactly "jump down his own throat,"—that would have been no use under the circumstances—but he did something almost as difficult; he managed to wrench his body through his arms. And then, nibbling away at the knots with his teeth, in half an hour he was a free man. It was fortunate his horse had not left him in the lurch. He caught him, mounted, and rode off, seeing, as he did so, his three friends disappearing in the distance. Had they seen him, they might perhaps have returned, and prevented his looking after them another time.

They had been so long in robbing him, that he had had time to scrutinize the men's features; and in their leader, the one in the pink shirt, he recognized one of the men who were hanging lazily about the shop at Amatitlan, from which dollar after dollar was returned to him as bad. The meaning of the trick was evident now: it had been done to see how much money the traveller had, in order to judge whether it would be worth while to lie in wait for him.

As may be imagined, he let no grass grow under his horse's feet; peering round at every root and

clump large enough to hide a robber, as he galloped along. A few miles from the scene of his own adventures, he saw by the roadside some black crosses and a gibbet, which marked the spot where, less than two years previously, a gang of robbers had set upon and murdered eleven soldiers and merchants. He had escaped better than they.

At the first military station that he reached, he made the guard acquainted with what had happened to him, and gave them the means of identifying the thieves if taken. But alas! such things were of far too common occurrence to excite much notice; and in no very amiable mood, he spurred his jaded steed along to Guadalajara, considered the most beautiful city in Mexico, where he might get his cheque cashed. Being a perfect stranger there, he was indebted to a good-natured old priest, who saw him wandering about, for a direction to some honest inn, where he might feel himself in safety. He told the people, on alighting, that he had been robbed of all his money, and could not get any more for several days. But they kindly bade him not mind that; he was welcome to stay as long as he liked with them. And they further told him he might be thankful that the robbers had not taken his life as well as his money and goods.

At Guadalajara he got money for his cheque, and speedily made good those deficiencies in his apparel which had been created by the dexterous hands of the robbers. After enjoying himself for a few days, he took leave of his kind old hostess ; and, popping himself into the diligence, in due time arrived at his journey's end in the city of Mexico.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AN ADVENTURE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.\*

DURING the war between the United States and the Mexicans, a small company of Americans was once surrounded by the cavalry of the latter. One of these Americans was a man well known to the Mexicans, and much feared and disliked by them, for the part which he had taken in the contest between the two countries. He soon saw that he was recognized by his captors; and from the whispers that went round among them, and the glances cast upon him, he felt sure that faith would not be kept with him as a prisoner, but that, the moment the principal Mexican officers had turned their backs, the guard would shoot him down like a dog. One of the American officers rode a remarkably fine horse, and as Henrie (that was the name of the man of whom we have been speaking) whispered his fears to him, the colonel at once proposed that he should take his horse and try to make his escape.

\* Webber's "Hunter-Naturalist."



The offer was eagerly accepted, and Henrie leaped into the saddle, from whose holsters the pistols had, fortunately, not been removed. He soon gave his spirited charger the spur, which caused him to kick and fling out in such a manner as to induce the guards, between whom the prisoners rode, to draw off a little on either side. This was precisely what Henrie wanted; and having kept his steed prancing and curvetting for awhile, in order to disarm suspicion, he suddenly clapt spurs into him, and shot, like an arrow out of a bow, from between the green-coated files on either hand. A volley from their carbines followed him; but, hanging off his horse on one side, holding by hand and foot, after the manner of the Indians, so as to be completely hidden from his enemies, it flew harmlessly over him. He had to pass several squadrons of cavalry before he reached a gap, or narrow valley, towards which he made; but though vigorously pursued by some hundreds of them, his gallant steed soon outflew them, as with clanging hoofs he galloped down the ravine. Two miles of such a pace was quite enough for Henrie; and as he shot a-head they drew bridle and gave up the chase.

He had no idea whither the road which he had taken at random, might lead; and very speedily it brought him out upon the open plain, close to some

buildings, where, as he raced along, he saw the green-coats hastily mounting to follow him. Looking behind him as he dashed forward, he saw that this fresh party of pursuers consisted of about ten lancers ; and, knowing that he could depend upon his horse, he drew up so as to let them get within pistol shot of him. Thinking themselves sure of their prize, they advanced with a shout ; but just as their commander called out to him to surrender, Henrie, drawing a pistol from his holster, shot the man dead. The soldier who was close to his officer's heels seeing this, attempted to rein up ; but he was coming on at so furious a pace as to render it impossible, and the moment he came within range he, too, fell. The remainder, appalled by the fate of their comrades, stopped short, leaving Henrie to ride off at his leisure.

All that day he kept at full speed on his hazardous flight ; for the country was overspread with Mexican troops, into the very midst of which he was several times in danger of falling. The noise that these soldiers made while on march was often the only warning that he had of their vicinity ; and then he would draw off on one side and manage to conceal himself while they passed him. He had no mind for a second encounter with them, if it could be avoided, seeing he had fired off both his pistols, and had no means of

loading them again. Next day, while in a wild part of the mountainous country, his horse fell down dead under him, leaving him to pick his way on foot during the night,—the only time at which he could then dare to travel. During the day, he hid himself as well as he could among the woods; his only food being the fruit of the cactus, of which he contrived to gather just enough to keep life in him, till some of the scouts from his own camp falling in with him, took him to headquarters. He was in a wretched plight; his clothes torn to shreds, his limbs wounded and bleeding with forcing his way through the forest: he reeled with exhaustion, and was almost speechless with thirst and hunger. He was safe, however, and recovered to take part again in the war.

On another occasion Henrie was sent out with three others to act as scouts. They proceeded some distance on this expedition, without meeting any trace of the Indians, who, emboldened by the attacks of the Mexicans, had been making themselves rather troublesome. So they camped comfortably for the night, determining next morning to ride each one in a different direction, see all that was to be seen, and return at night to the camp to compare notes. If it should then turn out that none of them had seen any trace of the enemy, they thought they might indulge

themselves for a few days with a buffalo-hunt ; buffaloes appearing to abound in that district.

Next morning each set out his own way. Henrie jogged quietly on till noon ; when, rough soldier as he was, and not knowing much about the picturesque, he stopped to admire the beauty of the scene around. Right before him stood out a rugged mountain, somewhat in advance of the range by whose base he had been travelling all the morning. Ever-green vegetation sprang up in the clefts of its sides, whose rocky masses were shaped in all sorts of fantastic forms. One of these appeared to be a gateway leading into some huge cavern ; but on approaching, it was found to be only a slant of the rock, beneath which a spring bubbled up, ran its clear course over the white sand, and then toward the hills, winding its way along their feet. Far off to the left, and beyond this mountain range, the undulating prairie stretched as far as eye could reach, studded with clumps of the cactus tree ; among which wandered deer, mustangs, (the native horse,) and herds of the huge buffalo.

Henrie dismounted, and leaning on his horse stood enjoying the sight ; when, turning his head he perceived one of the droves of wild horses approaching him slowly. They were at a great distance, and looked like any other drove of wild horses ; yet he could not help

watching them more closely than that which they seemed to be, appeared to warrant. He remembered having noticed the foot-marks of wild horses going at a gallop; this made him think some one must have been chasing them, so that the Indians, whom he had failed to see, might not be so far off after all. So he kept watching the horses as they moved slowly on, till at length he lost sight of them behind one of the undulations of the prairie. They were out of sight so long, that he had forgotten all about them, when suddenly they were seen again, galloping rapidly towards him. He sprang into his saddle in a moment, thinking that possibly some Indians were hunting these wild horses, and having hidden themselves in the deep grass, had suddenly come upon the herd whom they were now chasing with their lassoes. The lasso is a long cord, with a running noose at one end, and is used by the Indians to catch wild horses. He concealed himself behind a clump of trees, that he might the better watch them; and as they came nearer, standing out in full relief against the sky, he clearly saw that every one of these wild horses, as he had supposed them to be, carried an Indian, hanging (as they sometimes will do when approaching an enemy on the prairie), by one hand and foot to the saddle. In this way the body of the Indian is completely hidden

by that of his horse, which bears the appearance of the wild animal advancing at its "own sweet will," instead of being urged along by a relentless and cunning rider.

Wheeling round in a trice at this sight, Henrie spurred away with might and main; and the moment the Indians caught sight of him, they vaulted into their saddles, raised their war-whoop, and dashed after him; spreading out their ranks on the plain, so as to hem him in. His only chance of escape lay in his reaching and rounding the mountain, before their outermost files gained it, so as to pin him there. The Indians knew this as well as he; and pursuers and pursued strained every nerve in the life and death race. Henrie, however, outraced his Indian friends, and dashed into the wood, knowing they would not follow him there, for fear of a surprise from his companions. Still, not liking his neighbourhood, he rode on as rapidly as he could for a few miles through the woods. When he emerged from them into the open country, he was a little puzzled as to where he was; for in his flight he had lost the bearings of the camp, where he and the other troopers were to meet. He rode hither and thither, trying to find the right track, till, as night fell, he found his horse giving way after the hard day's work. He therefore determined to

rest till day-break by a little stream, whose course, if followed, would, he knew, bring him back to the camp, which he had now left far behind. So, unsaddling his horse and turning him loose to get his supper on the bit of meadow, sheltered on three sides by clumps of trees, which he had chosen for his night's lodging, he drank his fill of the clear cool water, and then wrapped himself up in his blanket for a doze. A "long drink" of cold water was not exactly the thing he would have chosen for his own supper, if he might have been permitted to please himself in the matter; but he had lost his provision-pouch in the chase, and he dared not shoot any game for fear of betraying his hiding-place. So he was fain to make the best of it, and sleep as soundly as possible, that he might forget how very hungry he was.

He was up and off to the camp early next morning, at a pace by no means so brisk as it was the day before; for both horse and rider were a little the worse for their short commons. But this did not matter, as he was now out of reach of the Indians. He soon came in sight of the camping ground, and then, spurring forward, pleased himself with thinking he should in a few minutes be among his comrades.

No comrades were there to greet him. Across the extinguished fire lay the dead body of an Indian war-

rior; all around were marks of a deadly struggle; here lay the stock of a soldier rifle, there the Indian's arrows, with a shield and broken lance. But no living thing was to be seen! Following the horse tracks—they were those of both his friends and of the Indians, the latter distinguishable by their being of unshod horses—they brought him at length to a rising ground; whence cautiously peering down below, he saw about a mile off, a numerous company of Indians, who had camped upon the plain. They saw him too! Now again it was a ride for life; and, to make matters worse, he saw among his pursuers, (for they were after him directly,) some who were mounted on his companions' horses, which he well knew were as good as his own. The half wild steeds of the Indians, he might have hoped to distance. He turned at once towards the wood for shelter, the savages yelling behind him. He distanced them for awhile, and then took his desperate resolve. The rising, rolling cloud of smoke, now near at hand, showed him that the forest was on fire; and if he could dash through the flaming woods he was safe. No Indian would follow him there. At once he spurred on to meet the fire; and, half suffocated with its advancing smoke, dismounted, tore up his blanket, bound one piece over his horse's eyes, and with the other loosely covered



his own face. This would keep out the thickest smoke, while its coarse texture let through just air enough to sustain life for a short time. Thus muffled he mounted again; and as the war-whoop of his enemies rang in his ears, spurred and lashed his poor, terrified, blinded beast into the fire. Scorching, crackling, blazing through it—a few short moments of agony, and then he bounds into the clear sweet air beyond. The blazing wood has been past; and, tearing away those suffocating, yet life-protecting bandages, horse and rider are both saved. A yell of triumph rises from the Indians, as they come up to the spot where Henrie disappeared in the flames; for those amiable savages take for granted he has perished in them, and they rejoice accordingly.

Nearly dead with thirst after that horrible passage of the forest, Henrie led his poor trembling horse across the blackened, smouldering ground, even now almost too hot to be borne. At length he could proceed no further; however bad the condition of his horse might be, his own was still worse; and, throwing himself on the back of the jaded animal, he urged him onward. He was just at the point of fainting, when the horse made a sudden rush down a bank: there was a great splash, and both fairly rolled in the cool delicious waters of the flowing stream!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.\*

A NORWAY farm has always its mountain pasture, to which the cattle are driven in the spring, and where the butter and cheese are made, while the meadows about the farm itself are given up to growing hay. These mountain pastures, called "søeters," have generally huts, built of whole pine trees, squared with the axe, and abounding with the needful dairy utensils, though but scantily furnished for the wants of their human occupants. They usually consist of only one room, to answer all purposes, with a chimneyless fire-place, and a dirty mud floor.

The one, however, into which we are going to peep, is a rather more respectable specimen of this kind of rural architecture. It has actually two stories; to the upper one the dairy folks clamber, by means of a ladder; beneath, cows and pigs repose in harmony together. This upper story projects two or

\* "Forest Life in Norway and Sweden."—REV. H. NEWLAND.

three feet beyond the lower one, in the manner of a Swiss cottage; and the low-pitched shingle roof stands out about the same distance beyond it, so that the whole building has much the appearance of a huge mushroom on its stalk. The barge-boards are ornamented with carving; and texts of Scripture are painted both upon them and the window-sills. The mountain farm, too, is one of much greater size than is ordinarily found, forty acres having been reclaimed from the surrounding forest of pine, fir, and birch, and inclosed by the rude wooden fence of the country.

To this farm, and others in the neighbourhood, a company of men, women, and cattle were making their way one spring evening from the lower country; the men dressed in short round jackets, with rows of silver buttons, short brown trousers ornamented with red tape, and bright blue stockings with crimson clocks. The women wore red kerchiefs on their heads, the ends hanging down their backs; red or yellow boddices with large silver brooches, and blue petticoats, gay with red or yellow trimmings. The dairy utensils were carried amongst them; the women took the pails, while the men were laden with all kinds of things, finishing up with the great iron kettles, in which they simmer the milk to make the cream rise

more speedily. Baskets, set upon a pair of wheels, and drawn by stout, but small ponies, were their light carts, carrying rye meal for their gröd, or gruel, which is a staple dish in Norway; quantities of dry hard bread, and some very dirty sheep-skins.

Goats, sheep, and wee-wee cream-coloured cows followed, now and then stopping to take a sly nibble as they passed, at a particularly tempting looking bit of grass. The party halted for the night at Torgenson's pasture, the extensive one we have been describing; and soon all were at work. Some tethered and hobbled cattle and sheep, to prevent their straying into the forest, where it would have been no easy matter to find them again; others, so abundant is wood in Norway, chopped up whole trees to mend fences, and such like work; while blue smoke crept among the foliage from huge fires, on which the kettles were boiled, gipsy fashion, to make the everlasting rye-gruel for their supper. And a merry supper it was; for the first setting out to the upland pasture is always considered a sort of holiday time, notwithstanding that hard work is plentiful.

By sunrise, all were astir again, from their dirty sheep-skins, or wherever else they had slept; the white smoke again curled in slender columns among the trees; then came breakfast on rye-gruel with new

milk—they would have liked it better had it been actually going bad! afterwards, those who were at home went to their farm work, and the rest, each to his own mountain pasture. The songs, the laughter, and the tinkling of cow-bells grew faint and fainter as the different companies took their way through the deep shade of the forest; amid which at last the sounds died away.

There had been others than farm folks at the sœter that night; some ramblers after sport in the shape of fishing, and shooting, having also made their lodging at Torgenson's upland farm station. They also, as the shadows began to shorten, shouldered their knapsacks, and trudged along on their way. On the banks of a mountain lake, however, the little party came to a stand; for the quick eye of one of them had caught sight of a species of duck called the Northern Diver, (which he greatly longed to possess,) floating quietly on the water. Down they all went on the ground at once, fearing that, as they had seen the duck, ducky might also have seen them; in which case there was small chance of "bagging" it, as the bird is so quick, both in sight and motion, as to be able to save itself by diving, *after* having seen the flash of the sportsman's shot at it.

Creeping cautiously back a little, a council was

held as to how they should get possession of so valuable a prize ; and, having an old hand among them, he stationed one of the party, with gun ready cocked, lying flat on a little ledge of rock whence he could get a shot at the bird, if it would only come near enough. The rest were sent to different posts on the edge of the lake, which was a small one ; there, by a series of slight noises, such as snapping twigs, and the like, to induce the bird to edge away within shot of their companion.

For half an hour after this latter had gently wriggled himself to his post, the bird still sat as if asleep, on the water. But it was wide awake for all that ; as the quick movement of its neck and eye evidenced, when one of the party came between it and the wind. And though imperceptibly, (for it was only the lessening distance between it and a lily leaf on the water that made them aware of it,) they perceived that it was gradually floating within gun-shot. Presently it stopped again, and it was needful to renew the small disturbances that had set it afloat before.

“ A slight snapping of dry wood just broke the stillness ; again the sharp, anxious glance and the imperceptible motion were renewed ; another and another snap, and now the water seemed to rise against the bird's breast, and a slight wake to be left behind him.

At last a cap was raised, and responded to by two or three others in different places; suddenly the bird had disappeared, the calm quiet water showing no trace of anything having broken its surface. Half a dozen eyes were anxiously on the look-out, but it was long before the smallest sign rewarded them. At last, many hundred yards from where they had lost sight of it, a black spot was seen quietly floating on the water, as though nothing had ever been the matter. Presently, again came the quick glance, the move, the dive—then an anxious moment of watchfulness—then a white puff of smoke, then a stream of hopping shot, playing ducks and drakes across the water—then the sharp ringing report caught up, and repeated by echo after echo—and there lay the poor bird," fairly hit at last.

Four or five ducks of a common kind, who had been lurking somewhere or other, unseen, jumped up in a fright on hearing all this pother. And they had much better have sat still; unless, indeed, they preferred getting into the game bags of the sporting party, which was the result of their unlucky movement.

The Diver was stowed away with much care; this bird being rare as well as beautiful.

The eider-duck, however, against which they next

turned out, has the merit of being abundant as well as valuable. It is a native of Norway and other very cold countries; its beautifully soft down, of which we are so fond, for pillows and coverlets, and, if very luxurious, for beds also, being given it as a protection from the icy cold of its northern haunts.

A great quantity of this down is collected on the coast of Norway; those who collect it waiting upon the birds in their own nests, and transacting business with them in a fashion which, it is to be feared, leaves poor dilly-duck as little voice in the matter, as does that of the sportsman, who shoulders his gun, and, without leave, asked or given, coolly knocks her over in the water.

Let us see how this same sport of duck-hunting is carried on.

In the gray misty dawn of a summer's morning, three boats containing our sportsmen, their rifles, and plenty of cod-lines stowed away in safe corners, pushed off noiselessly from the dockyard point of the harbour of Christiansand. The water was like glass; and at that early hour the silence was unbroken, save by the steady roll of the oars in the rowlocks, whose echo was heard among the cliffs that skirted the "fiord"—as those arms of the sea that run deep into the sharply indented coast of Norway are called. Here and there



a seal popped up its black shiny head, took a long look at the boats, and then dipped down again, so quietly as not even to ripple the surface of the water ;— an act of curiosity, however, that cost one of them his life. A sharp crack of a rifle, and down went Seal deeper than ever he did in his life, and not to come up again. It was a good shot, that gained for the marksman a rebuke from his companion, who very properly told him it was a shame to fire at what he could not secure after he had killed it.

Before getting among the ducks, they stopped at a shoal to get cod-bait, in the shape of large limpets, that were knocked off the rocks with boat-hooks, and stowed away for use when they reached the fishing-ground : for catching cod was to be the end of the day's work.

After rowing awhile, the open sea was approached, heaving and swelling with the ever restless roll of the Atlantic ; and the three boats forming " line abreast, at five or six hundred yards distance, pulled leisurely along, keeping a bright look-out on every side. Calm as it was, the swells were quite heavy enough to conceal the boats entirely from each other, as from time to time the huge mountains rolled between them." They kept on in this way for about half an hour, occasionally deceived by gulls and cormorants, which,

rising and falling with the swell on which they were floating, were taken for their more fashionable neighbours, the ducks. Suddenly, to westward, a dozen or so of black spots were seen on the water, visible at intervals, as they and the boats bobbed up and down at the same time. Crescent-wise the boats rowed on towards these black spots, which, as they were neared, showed themselves unmistakeably to be ducks; still sitting quietly, and bobbing up and down with the swell of the water as before. A gun was already levelled at them from the centre boat, (which, however, was not so near them as the sportsmen thought,) when "with one accord the dozen tails began to wriggle, and at once the whole flock were under water, disappearing as if by signal." The men now stretched out with all their might; and as they shot across the spot where the ducks had gone down, marking the chain of air-bubbles which their sudden disappearance had made, they determined to wait thereabout for their coming up again. Impatiently enough they waited; thinking what long-winded creatures eider-ducks must be, as minute after minute slipped away and brought no signs of their re-appearance. When lo, far to the rear of one of the boats, there were the same dozen of black spots, dancing up and down on the heaving water as before, as though nothing had occurred to

disturb their tranquillity; for in truth "the ducks had headed back under water, and the boats had pulled over them." Again they were cautiously approached by the boats, crescent-wise; again aimed at from the centre boat; "when the twelve tails again wriggled simultaneously, and the twelve bodies went under at once. This time, however, they rose within shot of one of the boats; but before a gun could be got to bear upon them, they were under again."

So far, so good; for these birds dive so rapidly that the only chance of getting a shot at them in the summer season, is to make them keep diving till they are too much out of breath to dive any more. They were rapidly getting into this condition now. "The dive this time was a short one, though it carried them out of shot, and one of the sportsmen, marking the line of air-bubbles left on the surface, pulled on their track and headed them back to his friends. They now rose among the boats, and one or two attempted a heavy lumbering flight, which was speedily stopped by the fowling-pieces. The rest dispersed diving, each his own way, and pursued by the boats independently.

"The object of approaching them in a crescent is to prevent the birds dispersing before they are too much exhausted to dive far. A separated flock can

seldom be marked, because it is more difficult to catch sight of one black spot than a dozen; and if a flock disperses early in the chase, the chances are, that not more than one or two ducks will be secured.

"The chase was now an ordinary affair, very like rat-hunting; the birds, confused and desperate, kept poking their heads up in all sorts of unexpected directions, and as their dives were now short, one or other of the quick and experienced eyes were sure to detect them. As for missing when they were once within shot, it was impossible to miss a bird nearly as big as a goose, and almost as heavy on the wing. Ten out of the twelve were bagged, and two only were unaccounted for, having slipped away in the heat of the chase. Three or four other flocks were sighted and chased with various success; some, taking alarm in time, contrived to dive and swim ahead of the boats, so as to elude them altogether; some, startled by too rapid approach, dived before they had time to draw together, and, breaking their order, appeared so many black spots in different directions, most of which were lost while pursuing others." Still, the spoils of the party were considerable; when suddenly a light cat's-paw ruffled the surface, the black dots were no longer visible as before on the water, and there was an end to duck-hunting for that day.



CHASE OF THE EIDER DUCK.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"Up sticks for the cod-ground," now exclaimed one of the boatmen; and, hoisting sail, they bore away for the fishing-ground, a sunken island, though with twenty fathoms water, a couple of miles from the lighthouse.

Meanwhile all hands had got a desperate appetite for breakfast; so, running their boats in shore, to one of those numerous islets with which these waters are studded, they made a fire of the drift-wood which abundantly fringes the Norwegian coast, and regaled themselves, as men, after some hours' pulling about and shouting, had a right to do. This little island presented a rather remarkable sight. It was high and rocky; and, clambering to the top of the cliff under which they had breakfasted, they saw half-a-dozen peasants, who had been making hay of a miserable coarse grass that grew there, carrying it down to their great clumsy boats that were anchored at its foot. Upon these they built up the hay in stacks; and, towing them along by their whaling-boats, sailed home to the mainland, some dozen miles off. It was wretched stuff, such as a sleek English cow would have turned up her nose at, but the best they could get for their poor cattle.

The fishing-ground lay just off this island; and after spending the afternoon, hauling in little fish the

size of a whiting, the rock-cod of Norway, as fast as they could drop their lines, they came ashore again. The haymakers, to whom they gave their fish, were speedily splitting and drying it in the sun for winter stock; for, among the hard-living Norse peasantry, these miserable little dried fishes are at that season almost the only "relish" that they have to their coarse rye-bread.

Wearied with their day's work, the shooting party lounged luxuriously in a niche of the rock, till the broad moon threw a wake of light on the now motionless waters; then, betaking themselves to their boats, they rowed stoutly along the fiord to the steamer which was to take them on a visit to the Swedes.

Threading their way in and out among the innumerable little islands that crowd the shores of Norway, they were struck with the beauty of the scenery—the sternness and desolation which we of more southerly Europe are apt to attribute to these northern regions, having no place on these sheltered islets of the southern coast, which glow with a luxuriance and brilliancy of vegetation unknown even in our green island. The brief and sudden summer—for there is no spring in Norway—brings out all nature fresh and beautiful at once; free from those frost-scathes that



too often dwarf and blacken the verdure of our own country.

The outer range of these islands, barren and rocky enough, and with an advanced guard of sunken rocks, are in truth the coast defences of Norway. Her navy, adapted to the peculiarities of the country, consists chiefly of small vessels called gun-boats: and these can dodge in and out among the rocky islets like rabbits in a warren, effectually baffling the great lumbering men-of-war, with which other European powers, when in a fighting mood, are pleased to cruise the seas, and which usually find it impossible to pick their way in among these natural barricades.

The thing, however, has been done; and it was we persevering English, who, at the time when Norway and England were at fisticuffs, contrived to perform the feat, to the unmeasured astonishment, as well as discomfiture, of the Norse folk. The story is worth telling.

Captain Stuart of the *Dictator* was at that time cruising on the coast of Norway, with the amiable intention of doing as much mischief as possible; and the coast-guard in these gun-boats were not a little amused to think that a huge line-of-battle ship should dream of catching their light boats, flying hither and thither among the sheltering islands, in a water studded

with sharp jagged rocks, lurking treacherously a fathom or so beneath the surface. Spite of their laughing, however, the *Dictator* cruised on: taking soundings, and correcting his charts, if the truth must be told; and that in charge of a quarter-master, who having been mate of a coasting vessel, knew all the ins and outs of that navigation just as well as the gun-boats did. Each squadron of these gun-boats is generally in charge of a frigate; and one morning the old commander of this latter, looking up as they were sailing about among the islands as usual, saw, as he had done twenty times before, the *Dictator's* mast-heads peering over the trees of the island of Saxö.

"What is the fellow after now?" exclaimed he, as the ship, squaring her yards, dashed into the channel after him; "if that's his game, he shall soon see what Norway rocks are made of; he's a fine fellow, it's a pity to sink him, but we must; so here goes." But, when free of the winding channel, there was the man-of-war after them, safe and sound, and near enough to treat them to three or four shots, that came hopping rather close after them. The long eighteen, on the quarter-deck of the frigate, was hauled forward to answer this salute; and, by the time she was dragged up, and laid, the ship had cleared the channel, and put up her helm to follow the Norwegian. The

old commander was long in taking aim ; but it proved a pretty good one : for, getting the ship's three masts in a line before he pulled the lanyard, the shot rattled among them in such style, cutting ropes and so on, that, with sails flying loose, the ship was thrown out of her course—generously (as she did so) giving the frigate a broadside for her one shot. The smart man-of-war's-men soon put her to rights again, bending fresh sails, and making splices in a twinkling. But by that time the frigate, beyond range, was dancing in and out among rocks, as thick together as a shoal of porpoises ; so that for the next quarter of an hour or more it was nothing but “breakers a-head,” “rock on the port bow,” “a reef to star-board,” and other exclamations to match. The last of the rocks cleared, they were in hopes that they had fairly shaken off their pursuers ; nay, they took for granted she must certainly be wrecked on one or other of these rocks. Not a bit of it ; she wound her way through them quite as well as the frigate, and rather faster too ; for now her shot flew about their ears, and hopped along deck like so many billiard balls. Both blazed away at each other, and mischief was done on both sides.

The old commander of the frigate was as much astonished at thus being followed in his zig-zag course, as ever was rat with a ferret in his hole ; and in des-

peration he bade the steersman take his vessel through the Lyngör channel. Now, there was a rock in the middle of this channel, which it was almost more than the bargain, that they should pass safely themselves ; but the certainty of wrecking the man-of-war upon it, made him willing to take his chance. But just as they were shaking out the main-sail, it split from top to bottom, owing to having had a shot through it while clewed up ; and the mizen top-mast coming clattering about their ears, there was not much chance of escape in that way. Still there was hope from the jagged rocks, which were fearfully close upon themselves ; and the big liner being deeper in the water than they, had of course a better chance of sticking fast upon them. The hull of the English vessel was at this time hidden by a point of land, but those in the frigate anxiously watched her sails, expecting every moment to see she had struck.

Nothing of the kind ; on she came steadily as before, as though she were the Flying Dutchman himself. At the village of Lyngör, the channel turns at right angles, and the heights on either hand, taking the wind out of the frigate's sails, she was fairly brought to a stand. As flight was impossible, the order was passed to anchor, get out the boats, and fight the Englishman where they were. But the

Englishman was beforehand with them. Coming into sight round the point, not a cable's length from them, there was a cluster of men on the bowsprit, who, leaping on shore, made her bows fast with a hawser; while, her anchor, steadying her stern, she opened fire upon them, as if from a battery. The first broadside of grape came rattling among the frigate's boats and knocked them to sticks; and, the warp lying slack, the frigate herself drifted end on to the next broadside, which tore up her decks, crashing and splintering them in all directions. It did not need many of these storms of grape to make an end of the poor little Norwegian; she was fairly crushed, and very soon, as the smoke, which lay on the water, and hung upon the trees, cleared a little, all that was to be seen of the frigate were her top-masts, with sails set, and the blue and yellow pennant flickering over all. It had gone down, colours flying; and Captain Stuart, respecting a gallant enemy, would not allow the pennant to be struck.

It must not be supposed that eider-ducks, and northern divers, are the only attractions that these northern regions hold out to sportsmen. A bear is occasionally to be met with; and then there is a grand hunting match. The hunters go out in great numbers, and, spreading themselves over a considerable

tract of country, gradually draw nearer and nearer to each other, so as to drive any animals inclosed in the circle, within range of their guns. And then, they blaze away at Bruin; whose taking to the water by no means furthers his views as to escape, seeing that marksmen, stationed in boats here and there, are ready for him, to what point soever he may turn. It is much to be feared that, altogether, they are "too many" for him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### UP-HILL WORK.

ON the north coast of Africa lie a group of islands, called the Canaries, belonging to Spain. Teneriffe is the largest of them, and is noted for its Peak, a mountain nearly twelve hundred feet high. It was formerly a volcano pouring out streams of burning lava, but has, for the present, retired from business, there having been no eruption for the last sixty years. Yet, if there be any truth in the proverb, that "Where there is smoke, there must be fire," it is to be feared that the sulphurous fumes sniffed by adventurous travellers who scale its height, show too clearly that the mountain has by no means finally abandoned its bad practices.

In May, 1856, it was proposed to make astronomical observations on the summit of some high mountain. Teneriffe was the one decided upon, and Professor C. P. Smythe, of Edinburgh, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, was chosen to carry out the experiment.

His account of his adventures will furnish some amusing sketches of how people, with particularly heavy packages, climb mountains, and what life above the clouds is like.\*

In the beginning of July that same year, Mr. Smythe arrived at Santa Cruz, the chief town of the island, in Mr. Stephenson's yacht *Titania*, which had been lent for the expedition, and having with him scientific instruments of various kinds, including two large and costly telescopes. Here arrangements were made with the Spanish authorities for the disembarkation at Orotava, a port at the other side of the island, nearer to the Peak than was Santa Cruz, and indeed the only point from which its ascent can be made. The vessel was accordingly taken round; and, on coming to anchor there, a consultation was held as to where the astronomer should begin operations. It was finally determined that Guajara, a height on the slope of the great mountain, and four miles from the Peak itself, which was inaccessible, should be the scene of his first experiment.

All very well; but how to get there? with seventy-nine packages of heavy astronomical instruments, tents, furniture, building materials for huts, tools, and all the numberless essentials for such exceedingly out-

\* Tenerife: An Astronomer's Experiment.



of-the-way mountain life. Unlooked for difficulties sprang up on all hands. The station was too far off for men to carry them, and the boxes too big to be undertaken by any one mule; while, if slung between two, they would soon stick fast, the roads being so narrow and crooked that such a group would be unable to turn the corners. What was the Englishman thinking about? Send them up, then, by relays of men? Yes, sixty or a hundred strong ones might certainly do it, if you made a proper road for them; but as it is, they could no more get up than the mules, however you placed your boxes: crossways, there was not room for them, lengthways, how will you turn corners? And with that the muleteers were called in, to see what they thought about it. A single attempt to lift one of the boxes convinced half a dozen of them that the thing was impossible, and that the gentleman could know nothing about the mountain!

Like the closing of Miss Ophelia's box, however, the thing "had to be done"—and done it was, ultimately. For the present, Mr. Smythe, like some greater men, was content to submit to circumstances: and, pushing aside the chests that contained the huge astronomical instruments, the smaller packages were arranged on the floor, so that the men might ascertain, each one, what his mule could carry, and please him-

self how he got up the mountain—so that he landed it there safely.

Next morning, by daybreak, there was a pretty clattering of men, mules, and horses on the pavement before the inn. By the help of plenty of rope, the various packages were firmly lashed on the animals' backs; more regard being had to the safety of the load, than as to whether the mule did, or did not, like a tight waistband. The water-barrels were well looked to, and stringent orders issued that the mule who carried them should by no means be allowed to straggle from his appointed place—close to the heads of the expedition—for fear of the muleteers drinking the water all up on the journey. Everything being at length arranged, the astronomer and his party, including his wife, mounted their horses; and the long procession began at once to mount the ascent, before the wondering eyes of no inconsiderable proportion of the inhabitants of Santa Cruz. Up and up, it wound along the rough, narrow footpath, with stone walls on either hand; the gay coloured garments of the Spaniards contrasting strikingly with the brown soil. Up, up, through the open country, as it is called, though cut up in every direction by stone walls, without which, owing to the steepness of the incline, so sweeping are the winter mountain torrents, that all the soil

of the gardens would be "carried away by the flood." At a height of near three thousand feet, the travellers and the clouds were abreast. Pull on, up, and through them, and then halt to breakfast; the soft masses of cloud lying far beneath their feet, and cutting off the country through which they had just travelled.

A weary journey was this going up into the air, now under a blazing sun that almost burnt their eyes out. The men began to straggle and lag behind, under pretence of regirthing their mules, who were almost cut in two before leaving Santa Cruz. But, as the forbidden water-barrel is always found with the ladders, there are grave suspicions as to the truth of their statements about slackened ropes; and henceforth the barrel is compelled to travel between two of the horses, under English, rather than Spanish, guardianship. The road, too, gets worse, the footpath being changed for a loose pumice soil—the product of the volcano,—brown, burnt stones, and cinders, amid which the travellers kick up the most choking dust; while the mules, tired with the journey, and disgusted with their burdens, are inclined to lie down and treat themselves to a good roll: an operation by which the condition of delicate scientific instruments is not likely to be permanently improved. On, on, no stopping under any pretence, save for one short half hour at a

spring; for the appointed station must be reached before nightfall. Another struggle—hard, hot, and dusty—among loose lava-stones, and sunset finds the group on the summit of Guajara, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The muleteers discharged their cargoes as rapidly as possible, and hastened down again to the spring; leaving Mr. Smythe, his wife, two sailors from the yacht, two Spanish guides, and the vice-consul's nephew, who had accompanied them, to make themselves "comfortable" in any way that best suited their taste. With the skill of an old campaigner, the chief set all hands to work; and in less than a couple of hours, two tents were rigged out, and the weary travellers sat down to serious tea-drinking, before going to rest after the toils of the day.

Next morning, a more secure settlement was to be made, than could be effected in the dusk of the preceding evening. The wind was calm at the time, but those upper regions are liable to terrible blasts from the south-west; and unless they meant tents and all to be blown overboard, some better protection must be devised than pegging down tent-ropes, or even anchoring themselves to the rocks around. Nothing but stone walls would be a sufficient defence from the "great guns" that were to be expected; so within an

inclosure, formed by setting their packages along-side each other, this important work was speedily begun : urged on by a communication from an experienced friend below, who wrote them to "build their walls high and strong, or the tents would be torn to ribbons." The Spaniard who brought the letter, looked with wonder and contempt at their flapping canvas and straining tent-ropes, which were even then feeling the influence of the dreaded south-wester. So, after making things as tight as possible, a messenger was sent down hill, to bring as many of the peasants as he could, to hurry on the building of the stone inclosure, within which their huts were to stand.

Meanwhile water fell short ; and as the mule despatched to fetch it from the plain was long in returning, Mr. Smythe, taking a couple of water cans, set off to the spring where they had rested during their ascent, to obtain some. While filling his tins, he heard from below the tinkling of the goat-bells ; and presently the flock came in sight, scrambling up the rocks. Here was a chance of something better than water ; so, emptying one of his cans, he contrived to make the herd boy understand that he wanted milk ; for in Teneriffe they milk their goats, not their cows. One after another was caught and milked ; till at length they evidently thought the stranger had got

more than enough, for the whole flock took to their heels. Enough, however, was had to put fresh spirit into the thirsty party on the hill-top; and the walls rose so rapidly, that at last the astronomer ventured to set up one of his large telescopes—the largest was still lying at Santa Cruz;—and their household arrangements began also to look a little more what the sailors call “shipshape.” A slab of lava was set up for a table; for a larger party, a plank on two boxes was pronounced admirable; and a fire-place built, indeed several, that the fire might be lighted in one or other, according as the wind blew. The upper parts of the tent were made to let down at pleasure, that the air might temper the intense vertical heat. Firewood was abundant; occasional supplies of fruit came from below,—figs, plums, and desperately hard pears, and still more occasional ones of animal food—for that is one of the last things that a Spanish peasant thinks of eating.

Contemplating from that high point, far above the clouds, the exquisite hues of the setting sun, a sudden alarm was raised that the carpenter was missing. He had gone off for a walk in the middle of the day, and as he had not been seen since, it was feared that he had lost himself on the mountain. It was then rapidly becoming dark; so a large wood fire was lighted to

guide him, should he be within sight of the blaze. But no carpenter made his appearance; nor next morning either, when the party dispersed in various directions to seek him. All were in great perturbation, fearing he might have been killed by falling down a precipice. Towards night, however, he made his appearance, pale, and half delirious with the fright he had had; for the poor fellow was indeed lost, till an old goat-herd found him quite worn out with hunger and anxiety; and after giving him some milk, and a rest in his hut, brought him up to the tent. This gray-haired old peasant was a gentleman, for he absolutely declined taking any money for the service he had rendered; and only accepted a few biscuits on condition of their having some of his goat's milk.

August brought with it a specimen of the storms by which these upper regions are visited; and some droll pranks it played. One day a large piece of canvas, that was lying on the rock, was lifted up by the wind, whirled about for a while, and then dropped down flat as before, and almost in the very place. Another time, when Mr. Smythe was quietly at work within his four stone walls, a shower of pebbles and dust was suddenly discharged at him; and above the noise of the wind rose a strange flapping and rustling, which he presently found was caused by its having

caught the corner of a large roll of blue cloth, (one end of which was hanging out of the box where it was kept,) and having, with a good twitch, unrolled every inch of it, carried it bodily away. As soon as he could get the dust out of his eyes so as to look about, lo, there was their forty yards of blue cloth, calmly sailing about in the sky, at such a height as to look like a mere ribbon. It gyrated there for a while, with its satellites of hats, caps, and some other trifles that had gone up with it; and then, when tired of the heavens, it came calmly down again to earth, a few hundred yards off.

Visitors from below!—a crowd of men, women, and children; the latter dressed in white shirts and drawers, picturesquely fastened round the waist with a scarlet sash, and wearing broad hats; all hale, hearty, good-natured peasants. Wonderful rumours had been afloat among these simple country folks, concerning the strange gentleman on the hill-top; who, as had been reported, had set up a telescope large enough to show the goats in the moon! And they had come to see whether it was really true. Much delighted were they with all the wonderful things to be seen in the tent, though disappointed as regards the telescope; which was not equal to showing them even the Man in the Moon, a much larger body than



the goats. And after they had admired everything to their heart's content, they set to work to prepare their "gofio," the staple dish of the country. This "gofio" is made by putting toasted Indian cornmeal, and water, into a kid-skin bag; the mouth is then fastened up, and the bag well kneaded, and rolled about upon a stone. When thought to be kneaded enough, the paste, into which this process converts the mixture, is taken out and eaten; generally just as it is; sometimes milk, or a morsel of cheese, is used with it: a simple dish enough, and one not likely to tempt people to over-eat themselves. But our peasants thought it vastly good, and, after having supped, hastened away before sun-down.

Some of the scientific experiments carried on in this mountain home, required a dark room for their successful performance. But with such a sun shining, as if for a wager, and directly over head, the difficulty was in making any room perfectly dark. Beneath its beams, not only canvas, but even wood, became actually transparent; while the porous stone let in sunbeams, as if through a colander. The requisite effect was only obtained by piling up on the roof large quantities of the mountain broom, and lining the inside of the room with the blue cloth, which fortu-

nately had come down again after its journey into the clouds.

Our astronomer was not even yet near enough to the skies. Higher, higher was his cry; and nothing would suit him but Alta Vista, another height of the mountain, much nearer to the Peak itself, and beyond which no horses could climb. All hands were at once busy packing up and preparing for the removal; not the least interesting part of the work being the boiling down, for its preservation during the heat of travelling, of some gallons of goat's milk, which a friendly Don had brought them the day before the journey—a bit of cooking that took a long time; as, in their desire not to encumber themselves with much baggage, they had only two small saucepans and one coffee-pot in which to do all the boiling. As the tents were struck and tied up tightly, there was no danger of fire: fire, in that excessively dry and windy atmosphere, having all along been one of their standing terrors. So they indulged themselves, that last night on Guajara, with a jovial blaze, which crackled and flickered, lighting up the swarthy faces of the muleteers who were collected for the morning's work; and who, smelling of bad tobacco, and worse garlic, stalked about, scolding and grumbling, and, as before, vowing that no possible mule could carry such burdens upon

his back. They managed it, however, at last, for the word impossible was not in Mr. Smythe's dictionary; and by nine o'clock next morning, all had bidden adieu to Guajara, and were scrambling along over stones and pumice, and around rough rocks, to Alta Vista. It was only four miles from their former station; but what sort of rough round-about road they had to travel may be imagined, from the circumstance of their not reaching it till about six o'clock in the afternoon. Doubtless those big boxes, that frightened all the muleteers in Teneriffe, had not a little to do with their being so long on the way.

On this point, nearly eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, they speedily established themselves. During the preceding week they had had workmen there building their protecting walls, four feet thick, it might have been to resist a cannon ball rather than a puff of wind, and six feet high. These formed a space in the centre for the great telescope, with rooms all round, both for habitation and scientific purposes. A fine extended view was had from this point—principally, however, owing to its extreme height—of cloud-land pierced by mountain peaks. But perhaps the most interesting sight that it afforded them, was that of the sugar-loaf cone once forming the extreme summit of the great Peak itself; it was start-

lingly near, and indicated its turbulent volcanic nature by darting out jets of vapour, like an impatient steam engine.

Black lava on every side of them, the rocks near at hand were shaped into the most life-like and grotesque images of animals and human beings. There was Don Quixote, here an old woman or rotund alderman, beasts, fishes, and last, not least, Lord Brougham himself, gradually sliding on his back down the slope of these extraordinary lava rocks.

Lofty as this pinnacle was, it was yet better defended from the winds than the lower station; and hither it was therefore determined to bring the great telescope of all, which had during this time been lying helplessly in its cases at Santa Cruz. It was packed in three huge boxes, which even Mr. Smythe found impossible to transport on muleback. So, in the presence of an admiring crowd of Spaniards, these were opened, and their contents being distributed into thirteen boxes, were, with some accidents by the way, brought to the new observatory. There the instrument was set up, and, being pointed at the moon, showed all sorts of wonderful things; we know not what, only certainly, *not* what the Spanish peasants down below had expected to see.

In ascending a lofty mountain, the character of

the vegetation changes, from perhaps tropical luxuriance at its foot, to Alpine sterility at its summit. Alta Vista was above the range of vegetation of even the most meagre kind; so that, instead of having abundance of fuel, as at Guajara, where even the green brushwood burnt brilliantly, the party had to depend chiefly on a spirit-lamp; or, when down-right hard work had to be done, such, for instance, as cooking the tough Orótava beef, which the excessive dryness of the mountain air had converted into something like a piece of oak-plank, on Price's candle-lamp, which accomplished its purpose to perfection. This extreme dryness of atmosphere at such an elevation proved a great annoyance. It caused the finger nails to break and split to a painful extent; while wooden boxes cracked and came unglued in the most distracting manner.

The time for work, however, was soon passed; and a great deal of work had been done that we have not thought it needful to mention. Autumn came, and with it not only squalls of wind, which were to be expected, but torrents of rain, which nearly washed them out of their beds. There was no help for it. Into its thirteen boxes again went the great telescope; and on the 17th September a file of men and horses carried the treasure down the mountain side to Orotava,

previous to its re-embarkation on board the *Titania*; leaving Mr. and Mrs. Smythe and one attendant to spend their last solitary night on Alta Vista. It was time to be gone, for their walls were dropping to pieces, and next evening found them cosily lodged at Orotava. The yacht was soon seen in the offing; and, ere long, philosopher and philosophical instruments were safe on board again, in full sail for England. And there was an end to life above the 'clouds under the smoking Peak of Teneriffe.

## CHAPTER XX.

### "THINGS OF SPAIN"—THE BULL-FIGHT.

A BULL-FIGHT does not strike us English people as being one of the pleasantest sights in the world; but tastes differ exceedingly as to what are agreeable spectacles. The Spaniard thinks that tormenting a bull by the hour together, and then killing him at the end of it, is one of the finest entertainments in the world. Nor is his pleasure at all diminished, nay, it is rather heightened, by the circumstance of the bull's tormentors being frequently wounded, sometimes losing their lives in the combat.

These bull-fights are rather costly affairs, and are therefore rarely exhibited, except in Madrid, Seville, and some other of the great cities of Spain. At Madrid (celebrated for its royal palace, called the Escorial, one of the most magnificent in Europe), they are on great occasions held in the Plaza Mayor, or great square of the city. This amphitheatre holds many thousand spectators, but is very inferior in

appearance to that of Seville and other cities, where these entertainments are given.

The centre of the arena, where the fight is to take place, is strewn with sand, and it is surrounded by seats rising one above the other, for spectators. The fiercest bulls are chosen for the encounter, and, being driven by horsemen, carrying spears, to the amphitheatre, all is ready for the show.

Now comes a procession of those who are to take part in the fight, preceded by *alguaciles*—what we call policemen—who are to keep order during the spectacle. First march the *picadors*, who are to attack the bull on horseback. They carry spears, and wear silk jackets, and the old-fashioned broad-leaved Spanish hats, as gaily trimmed as possible; their legs being defended by a sort of barricade of iron and leather, capable of resisting the push of a horn, when the bull makes his charge. The horses bestriden by these parti-coloured heroes are often of the most wretched description, mere broken-down hacks, utterly unable to stand against the heavy charge of a great, big, lumbering bull. After the *picadors* come the *chulos*, those who fight on foot, dressed in a fantastic manner. Next march the *matadors*, whose duty is to kill the bull with one thrust of their sharp, straight swords, after he has been sufficiently "baited" by the other



combatants; and the procession is wound up by a team of mules, decked with ribbons, who are to drag the poor dead bull out of the arena.

At the sound of a trumpet, the door of the inclosure where the bulls are kept is thrown open, and in stalks, or bursts, according to his mood, the first victim. He is often at first stupified and dazzled by the noisy crowd around him, glittering in all sorts of bright colours. But a few seconds changes this; and shutting his eyes, and lowering his horns, he charges the nearest of the picadors, who are stationed close to the opening by which he has entered. He is received on the picador's lance; and, turning aside for a moment, makes another charge at the second horseman, possibly with such fierceness as to bear both horse and rider to the ground, horribly wounded. When this is the case, cries of delight ring through the arena. The poor picador tries to wriggle himself out of the way of the bull, leaving his horse to bear the brunt of his rage. And then the chulos, or footmen, come to his assistance, shaking their gay cloaks before the bull, and doing all they can to draw his attention from the prostrate man to themselves; trusting to their own activity to spring over the barrier, if too closely pressed by the enraged beast. If the horse be killed, the picador mounts another, and returns to the charge. If the

picador be killed, or too much hurt to enter the arena again, another takes his place.

But the most barbarous part of the performance is to come. If the bull be not yet slain, but has done his work bravely, in upsetting men and horses, till the spectators are tired of that particular kind of entertainment, the footmen alone now take him in hand. They advance carrying *banderillas*; that is, barbed darts, decorated with streamers of ribbon, and papers of all the colours of the rainbow, snipped and cut in various patterns. As the bull lowers his head to toss the chulos, these darts are, with a vigorous arm, planted in his neck, one on each side. And if, in addition to the keen barbs at the point, these abominable darts are furnished with crackers, which explode as soon as the weapon sticks fast in the quivering muscles of the wretched beast, so as to add the pain of fire to that of steel, the delight of the multitude, old and young, rich and poor, knows no bounds.

But the trumpet-note is again heard. The chulos, having stuck the miserable beast sufficiently full of their torturing missiles, retire, and the principal personage in the fight advances to do his part in it. This is the matador; who, lightly and gaily dressed, armed only with his sharp, straight sword, presents himself to the president, or master of the ceremonies,

and, receiving his permission to kill the bull, at once addresses himself to the task. In his left hand he holds a small red flag, which he waves before the bull, still further to irritate him : red being a colour that no bull, be he Spanish or English, loves. The bleeding, maddened animal makes a fierce rush at this new enemy ; who holding his sword straight before him, receives the bull on its point. His own vehement charge buries it deep in his body, behind the shoulder ; and if the matador be skilful, death is instantaneous. Down drops the slaughtered beast on the blood-stained sand ; a gay burst of military music celebrates the important victory, and the gaily caparisoned mules speedily drag him out, to be succeeded by another, with whom the same round of torment is pursued, if he be of strength and courage enough for it. If he be a cowardly bull, who will not show fight, he is hooted and belaboured by the heavy sticks of the mob, and then handed over to be baited by dogs, previous to being slaughtered in the way usually practised by the butcher. Occasionally the matador is but a bungler at his trade ; and then his aimless thrusts, one after the other, are received with a yell of disapprobation, growing louder and louder with each successive failure.

Seven or eight bulls are killed in this way before

the Spanish gentlemen and ladies, as well as lower classes, who equally enjoy the spectacle, have had enough of it. On very grand occasions, occasionally a ninth is added, and then all are in their glory.

Bull-fights are of very ancient origin. More than two thousand years ago, they were practised by the Greeks. The very vulgar mode (according to Spanish notions) in which it alone existed as an amusement in England, the fighting a bull with dogs, is fortunately no longer known among us. The sooner our Spanish friends follow our example, and get rid of their bull-fights, (however much more gentlemanly they may think them,) the better!

## CHAPTER XXI.

### HOW THE BRAZILIANS AMUSE THEMSELVES.\*

RIO DE JANEIRO, the capital of Brazil, is a tolerably large city, of chiefly two-storied stone houses, and very narrow straight streets. The houses have no pretension to architectural beauty, the want of which is supplied (according to Brazilian taste) by the stucco coating being occasionally coloured of various tints. Blue, pink, with perhaps a touch of gilding, make up a lively looking front. The roofs are tiled, with large projecting cornices, and scarcely any visible chimneys. The spouts for carrying off the rain discharge it, fountain-wise, from the top of the house, as well as from the numerous projecting balconies; so that any one desiring what is called a *douche* bath, may have one, in Rio, on the cheapest terms possible. All that he has to do, is to walk abroad in wet weather, and take his station under the first of these spouts that strikes his fancy. If he should wish afterwards to step into

\* Ewbank's "Life in Brazil."

the house to dry himself, he might, if a stranger, be a little puzzled how to effect his object, for neither knocker nor bell is to be seen, and to hammer away at the door with his stick might seem an impertinence. It would nevertheless be quite correct to announce himself in this way. Should the people whom he wishes to see, live in the upper part of the house, he must, in oriental fashion, clap his hands, after he has made good his entrance below; and that will soon bring some one to his help.

The streets are lighted by oil lamps; and when they are trimmed, instead of skipping up a ladder, as is done with us, the lamp-lighter lowers them below with a cord, snuffs, sets them all to rights, and then hoists them up again. Water is well supplied to the city by means of fountains; and these are fed by an aqueduct, which conveys it from the Corcovado mountains, a distance of about four miles from the city.

One of the largest of these fountains is in the Campo, a square said to be the dirtiest in the city, where the senate-house and other public buildings stand. And here there is a perpetual washing-day going forward. More than two hundred washerwomen are busily at work, splash, dash, soaping, wringing out clothes, and then spreading them to dry on the stunted grass: the oldest part of the city having all

its washing done in this primitive way, and, accompanied, as may be believed, by an unlimited clatter of tongues.

Rio is a city where a good deal of work goes on : sugar refining, tanning hides, distilling rum, spinning cotton, and cutting diamonds. About half the population consists of black slaves, and these it is who do most of the work ; the native Brazilians not having much appetite for it. Perhaps that is the reason why they lay it so heavily on their slaves. The poor creatures are to be seen dragging and carrying enormous loads. The trucks that are in use for conveying merchandise about the streets are excessively heavy, and yet on these half a ton weight, or a whole one, will be placed ; two blacks are stationed in the shafts, with one or two to push behind, or to pull the wheels round by main force, and so they get along. The gangs who bring bales of coffee to be put on shipboard, carry them, though weighing a hundred and sixty pounds, at a half run, singing meanwhile to the accompaniment of a rattle, carried by their foreman. Many of them are killed by hard work in the course of ten years.

But it is about play in Rio, not work, that we are going to see what Mr. Ewbank has to tell us.

During several days he had noticed balls of all

colours, and about the size of an apple, exposed for sale in the shops. What they were he did not know; while he was equally puzzled with little rolls of paper, containing exceedingly fine powdered starch. What in the world could they be for? The explanation came before long.

Sitting quietly at breakfast, one of his friends was half suffocated and blinded by the contents of two of these papers being emptied upon him, followed by a dash of some sort of liquid to make them stick. Raising his hand to his head, he ascertained that his own locks had received a similar decoration, and, jumping up to make his escape, he found the door locked; while from all sides starch and water were shot at him by laughing foes, who informed him that the *Intrudo* began the next day, and they were getting their hands in for it.

This *Intrudo* is something like the merry-making that takes place during the Italian carnival, when people pelt each other with comfits, and drenches of water. It takes place in February, and lasts for three days: during which the great aim of the whole population, rich and poor, high and low, is to dust and sprinkle, and play all sorts of tricks on each other. The coloured balls which Mr. Ewbank had seen, in imitation of various fruits—pears, melons, apples,



oranges, were made of wax, filled with eau-de-cologne, or simple water. When thrown at any one, of course the wax was broken, and he got a drenching with its contents.

The first morning of the real Intrudo, one of his friends, on rising, found his clothes sewed up, so that he could not get into them; and it was a mark of special forbearance that a dozen or so of these balls had not been first placed inside, in order that, when he did succeed in forcing his way in, he might have received an unexpected bath. At breakfast, one had salt in his coffee instead of sugar; another found his mouth full of tangles of thread, which had been drawn backwards and forwards and all ways, through every piece of two plates of toast. Shaking hands only procured a squash and a splash; two balls being slily crushed in the operation. The clergyman, out of respect to his clerical functions, was deluged with eau-de-cologne only, without the previous starch; and, being a wise man, he speedily took himself off to his own rooms, otherwise (for that is one of the tricks of this tricky festival) most of his valuables would have disappeared, being sent for, in his name, by one or other of his mischief-loving friends. One of the guests got up to go, after a brisk fire had been carried on for awhile. But he was kindly urged to resume his seat,

crushing, as he did so, a number of the water balls, which, with plenty of starch, had been placed there ready to receive him! He had the grace to take it good-humouredly; but when he was at last obliged to leave, popping his hat upon his head, he hastily took it off again, finding that it, as well as his chair, had been made a receptacle for the everlasting flour and water of the Intrudo.

When Mr. Ewbank went to his own room, he was somewhat startled at seeing a lady, whom he did not know, sitting quietly writing at his table. He stopped short, and, finding no notice taken of him, spoke to the person who had with such coolness taken possession of his apartment and writing materials. She neither answered nor stirred. Then, stepping up to her, the puzzle was explained. It was an Intrudo trick; the figure being made up of a bolster, dressed out in gown, bonnet, mantle, sleeves, and everything proper to a lady. The bolster-panic got over, he went to his drawers for something; and there found that some one had been at the pains of sewing up the sleeves and neck of every one of his shirts. Not an article was there that had not been similarly treated!

Ladies and gentlemen are each as mischievous as the other during these frolicsome three days, and are

exceedingly adroit in throwing their victims off their guard. They will show you that they really have nothing in their hands, pretend to be tired, say that a little fun is all very well, but that it is now being carried rather too far; and by the time that you begin to think they mean what they say, and have done with their mischief, *whish* come a couple of balls against your very face, accompanied by a plentiful shower of starch. You fly at your persecutor, who evades you, shrieking with laughter, drawing out, in his or her retreat, so many missiles in the shape of balls and cartridges, that you begin to think they must possess some conjuror's trick for producing the inexhaustible supply.

Out-doors the same game was carried on, though not quite so actively. One gentleman was rather in a pet with the dusting and wetting his new clothes had received; but, as is usual in these carnival pleasantries, the best way is to take them good-humouredly. Those who do not, only get an additional pelting for their pains. Huge syringes, holding one or two quarts, are used by the lower orders, with which to compliment each other. The nearest gutter serves to fill them; and then, woe be to him who comes within range of the tremendous tube.

On going to bed, Mr. Ewbank found that his

friends had been there before him: there was no finding a way in. The sheets and coverlet had been sewed together, so as to form one large bag with a smallish mouth; and this was tucked under the pillows. There was nothing but patience for it; so, lighting his candle again, he sat down to rip the elaborate needle-work, only too fortunate in not having "half a bushel of balls" placed in the bottom of the sack, ready for him by the time he had worked his way into it.

Some of the tricks played off, are of a similar character to those with which we used to celebrate the 1st of April; and which were called making "April fools" of people. A person is sent on some important errand, as he thinks. But alas! when he reaches his journey's end, the despatch of which he is the bearer, is only to the effect that the individual to whom it is addressed will be good enough to send the simpleton further; to some other friend, who, keeping up the joke, will gravely hand him on to somebody else. Or, one is invited to dinner during these fatal three days; and has served up to him, something or other that has dexterously been carried off from his own house, and on which he unsuspectingly dines, little thinking that the viands are his own. One gentleman, upon whom this trick had been played, thought he would take a

humorous revenge, by eating all before him, when afterwards visiting this same neighbour. He went on merrily enough, particularly when a large rich cake was brought in; it was his turn to laugh now. But by the time it was nearly eaten, a roguish twinkle of his neighbour's eye, or some such evidence of mischief a-brewing, arrested his attention; and then the murder was out. It was his own cake, purloined from his own larder, that he had been so mercilessly munching; and again the laugh was against him.

In the olden time still worse table-tricks were practised. Wooden joints of meat, pies, puddings, custards, and such things, made of sand and all sorts of uneatable stuff, were served up, together with dishes out of which frogs jumped. But things are not quite so bad now.

—This riotous sort of holiday is said to be of very ancient origin. But that is all that is known about it.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A WHALE! A WHALE!\*

Our whaleman was a new hand on board; and, being very sea-sick, as well as very ignorant, was not a little puzzled, when all hands were roused, in the dead of night, to take in sail on account of the storm. The clouds seemed to be flying all ways at once; great waves dashed against the bows of the staggering, creaking vessel, and swept roaring along the decks as he stumbled up from below, and, blinded with the spray, gripped the first rope that he came near. He did not know exactly what to do with it; but, poking about in the dark, with a friendly hint from one, and a push from another, he managed at last to scramble up to the yard-arm, and fumbled with the reef-point to get it tied. Having got up, however, the next thing was how to get down again. The vessel was pitching about at an awful slant over the water—such a slant that, had he dropped straight down from

\* "A Whaling Cruise."—R. BROWN.

his post, he would have plunged into it, instead of finding himself on deck. Something dark was visible in the direction in which he supposed the deck to be, and to that he must try to make his way. How he managed it nobody knows; but down at last he was, none the worse for his first visit aloft, save for sundry bruises received from the rest of the crew, who, not liking his slow way of getting to the ground, had taken the liberty of using him as a stepping stone in their own more rapid descent.

Everything, however, has its beginning; and, before long, the "green hand," as he was politely called, began to understand something of his business. The tackle for their fishery had to be got into trim as they approached the whaling ground; and busy enough the crew were—sharpening lances and harpoons, with which the creature (we must not call a whale a fish) was to be killed, and the various tools for cutting him up; while, when the weather was fair, the boats were lowered, and all the process of catching an imaginary whale was gone through, to make them smart and handy when they actually set to work.

The harpoon is the principal instrument for killing the whale. It is a barbed iron, to which a long line is attached. The line is coiled up in a case called the tub, as neatly as possible, in order that, when the

whale dashes off on first feeling the smart of the harpoon piercing through his blubber, it may run out smoothly. This is of great importance; as, from the rapidity with which the whale darts along, the slightest catch of the line would upset the boat. Captain Scoresby, who was engaged in the Greenland Whale Fishery, gives an account of a melancholy accident of this kind. All the ship's boats had been out in pursuit of whales; and on their return he found that two of them were missing. After some hours' anxiety, and fruitless search for them, they were at length seen pulling towards the vessel, when it was evident, from the men's looks, that something was amiss. In answer to inquiries, there was a sad story to be told. They had rowed among an unusually numerous "school" of whales; and one, rising near the boat, Carr, the harpooner, struck it. Unfortunately, however, it was swimming towards them at the time; and, bounding off, as usual, with immense velocity, after having received the harpoon, the fish and boat in opposite directions, caused the line attached to the harpoon to be thrown out of its place. Its sudden pressure on the boat's side, instead of stern, pulled it under water; and the harpooner, seeing they were filling, laid hold of the line, and tried to put it in its proper place. But, alas! in the attempt, a turn of the line got round



the poor fellow's arm, instantly jerked him overboard, and dragged him down to be seen no more. So suddenly did he disappear, that, when the boat righted again, there was an exclamation of "Where's Carr?" None knew what had become of him, except the one man who had actually seen his awful disappearance, and who described it as being so instantaneous, that, though he was looking at him at the time, he could scarcely distinguish what it was that went overboard.

There are usually several boats despatched after a whale; and the first harpoon that strikes him, the line remaining unbroken, entitles the boat's crew whence it was launched, to the prize. The lance is not barbed, and it is considerably longer in the shaft than the harpoon. Like it, it has a line attached to it. The use of this weapon is to kill the whale after he has been harpooned. Two or three skilful thrusts, one only sometimes, will accomplish this part of the work; and then the whale is towed alongside to be cut up, and made into oil.

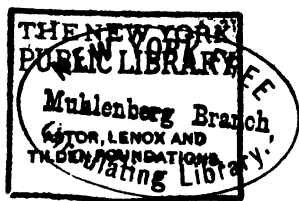
The instrument called a spade is used to cut holes in the blubber, (that is, the fat outer part of the whale, from which the oil is extracted,) in which the tow-rope may be fastened; or a staff, bearing a small flag, may be set up, to mark out where the whale is to be found, while the boats are in pursuit of another. It is also

used to cut off this same blubber and divide it into pieces, small enough to be hacked up by the mincing-knife for the melting-pot: these large slices of blubber, first cut off the whale, are called "blanket pieces."

*Why*, it is impossible to say; perhaps it may be because they wrapped round the poor old whale's bones, and kept him warm!

Then there is a variety of knives for cutting up the oil-producing part. Boarding-knives, blubber-knives, and, lastly, mincing-knives, whose names sufficiently indicate their use. When the slices are cut up by these latter tools, as thin as possible—the thinner the better—they are picked up by something very like a hay-fork, and poked into the boiler. When the oil is sufficiently boiled out of these, the refuse part is used as fuel.

A shoal of whales is called a school, a name used for any assemblage of some other kinds of fish; as, for instance, the little shell-fish called a cockle. After chasing one of these schools all day, their spouts (that is, the sort of fountain they send up into the air from the blow-hole or nostril) were seen within a short distance—a welcome sight to the whalers. "There she blows!" sang out the watch from the masthead. "Where away?" "There away!" "Boats!" "Lower away!" and into the water three of them splash; the





STRIKING THE WHALE.

men stretching to their oars with all their might, till soon the "spout" was seen right a-head. The whale, however, thought proper to dive, and scull along some distance below the surface; so that, when he made his appearance again nearly a mile off, it was a hard pull after him. The wind had got up too; and it was altogether what sailors call "dirty weather." However, the men bent to their oars with a will, and were soon near enough for the harpooner to launch his tool into the whale. A tremendous flourish of his flukes, or tail, as he darted down, making the line sing as it was whirled out after him, was the result. Presently he came to the surface again to breathe; and then the lanceman was ready to despatch him. But the harpoon had already done the work; and, rolling over in the water upside down, he was dead by the time that the boats could pull up to him.

The squall that had been threatening now came on, and made it no easy matter to get back to the ship with their prize. It was nearly dark when they reached her; so that, after the whale had been made fast alongside, the operation of cutting up had to be deferred till daylight next morning.

Then it was, "All hands to the great cable!" What are called the "blanket pieces," which weigh a ton or more, are first cut off, beginning at the head

and cutting on to the tail in a corkscrew fashion, the whale being turned as required, by means of a windlass. These blanket pieces, when they are hauled on deck, are cut up with the spades into smaller ones, called "blocks," to be ready for the chopping knife; an instrument like the cook's chopper on a large scale, and having two handles, one at each end. Sometimes the whalers have to stand on the whale's body while they are cutting away at him; and then they have a sort of claw fastened to the soles of their shoes to prevent their slipping. The huge head is next separated from the body. A whale's head is very large; and in that of the sperm whale the upper jaw, being flat at the end instead of tapering, like that of most fishes, and beasts too, makes it look very like part of the trunk of a tree cut straight through. The head contains a large quantity, from ten to fifteen barrels, of oil or spermaceti; which is ladled out as it hangs by the ship's side, unless it is small enough to be taken on board, which is much the more economical way of getting at its valuable contents. When the whale's bones are thus picked clean, the carcass is cast adrift, and soon sinks, owing to the want of its fatty covering, which has considerable buoyancy in the water.

The blubber being all on board, the blocks are put under the mincing knives, and when cut up in thin

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slices are thrown into the boilers. These boilers already contain some of the oil taken out of the whale's head, and soon there is a pretty bubbling and hissing going on, as the thick smoke, wrapping red flames, ascends, and almost hides topmasts and rigging from the busy, broiling crew below. All is grease and dirt, and smoke and hard work. Presently some one gets up the bread, and, after soaking their biscuits in salt water, they make them into fritters by throwing them into the boiling oil; or, more luxuriously still, mix the whale's brains with flour, and broil them in the caldron. When the oil is all extracted, it is drawn off into a cooler; where, having stood for a time to let any dregs fall to the bottom, its next remove is into barrels, which are lowered into the hold, and stowed safe for the voyage back again.

All whales, however, are not so easily captured as was this one. Sometimes they will baffle a boat's crew for half a day, and finally make their escape with several harpoons in them. Or, perhaps, a tremendous blow with the tail will toss the boat into the air, and pitch out all the men into the water, to do the best they can for themselves there. And it is even on record that an ill-disposed whale has actually made deliberate and repeated attempts to sink a ship, by going full bang, head first, at it; its

enormous bulk and vast strength rendering it no inefficient sort of battering-ram.

Another whale, of a different and much larger species, encountered by our boat's crew, played them the first trick we have mentioned in the list of disagreeable things that a whale will sometimes do. After having kept them hard at work for half a day, he made off and left them in the lurch.

It was just twelve at noon when the watch at the masthead raised the usual cry of "There she blows!" The boats were at once lowered, and almost immediately the whale was seen rising to the surface of the perfectly calm sea, to blow. The noise of the oars, and the captain's shouts from the shrouds, where he had stationed himself, seemed to startle him; and, turning about, he sank slowly down, a harpoon that was thrown, failing to reach him, as by that time he was too far off to be struck. The disappointed harpooner drew in his tool, the whale meanwhile swimming calmly about at a great distance below the surface; where, however, he was distinctly visible, owing to the clearness of the water. He soon rose, spouting; and the second harpoon, flung too far, only grazed him, and sent him down again out of the way of such unpleasant company. Unluckily, he could not stay below for ever, and the third time he came up,



the roar, and spouting blood, showed that the weapon had reached its mark; and down again he immediately plunged, dashing blood and spray all over the boat. Then he darted off with such velocity, as narrowly to miss smashing the boat against the ship's side, as it was dragged after him by the line attached to the harpoon; and which was, as is usual, made fast to the boat. When he rose, he again gave a tremendous roar; and, receiving the lance on his nose, drove right on for the ship, still dragging the boat after him, which must have been stove, had he not, when within a very short distance, altered his course. Another boat was now launched, and presently there were three in pursuit of him; the one that had thrown the harpoon being carried along by his convulsive movements at the rate of ten miles an hour. Before, however, they could get near enough to use their lances, he gave a roll over that snapped the harpoon; and there was an end of him. He was seen in the dusk spouting blood, at some little distance off, but it was too late to follow him. So there was nothing for it but rowing back again. No fritters, either of biscuit or whale's brains, for them that night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### HOW IT FARED WITH THE DOCTOR.\*

IN 1851 the English were at war with the Burmese, who, in defiance of an arrangement for their safety, unjustly and cruelly treated some of our fellow subjects who were settled as merchants in Burmah. The result of this war was, that the province of Pegu was annexed to our Indian empire; to the no small satisfaction of its native inhabitants, who looked for more merciful treatment from their Christian conquerors than they were in the habit of receiving from their Burmese masters.

During the course of this war, a message was one day sent from the chief man of the city of Pegu to the English General, to say that their enemies, the Burmese, had attacked them and driven them all into the jungle (or wild country), where they were in great distress and suffering; adding, that if he would only send a small party of English troops to aid them, they would be able to retake the town.

\* Palmer's "Up and Down the Irrawaddi."

A war steamer, the *Phlegethon*, was accordingly sent to them, having on board a hundred and fifty of our native Indian troops—who were at that time “worth their salt,”—a company of English marines from Commodore Lambert’s frigate, and some of that fine corps, the sappers and miners, to throw up field-works in case the town should not surrender to the first assault.

Within twenty miles of the city, the steamer, first thing one morning, ran aground; and as there was no getting her off, the river being very low, the troops had to be sent forwards in boats; three from the frigate being already full of them, and towed behind the steamer, which was not large enough to carry them all. The *Phlegethon’s* three cutters were sufficient to embark those on board of her; and so the six boats rowed away, the men fully armed, and having three surgeons with them.

It was rather an exciting “pull” up the river, as every moment an attack was expected from the Burmese, whose gongs and war cries were heard on every side. Occasionally friendly villages were passed, whence all the fighting men had turned out to meet the enemy, leaving only women and children, and those who were too old to brandish a weapon. At these villages they were greeted with shouts, and

waving of white cloths; everybody crowding to the river banks to speed them to the city, which they hoped would soon yield to their grand English friends.

This boat journey up the river was a most trying one, in the fierce tropical heat, alike burning and stewing, of the climate in the plains bordering what is called the *delta* of the Irrawaddi. The boats were open, affording no protection from the heat over head; while the regulation cloth uniform did not add to the comfort of the parboiled limbs of the poor fellows embarked on this expedition. In such circumstances, it was no wonder that the surgeon in one of the boats tumbled over in the bottom of it with a sun-stroke.

He lay there for a while insensible. Presently he became aware of some one pouring water over him; a sailor being engaged in baling it up with his hat, and dashing it over the prostrate surgeon. Of course he was of no more use in the affair, and had to be handed over at once to the hospital—a large Burmese riceboat covered over with mats, and capable of accommodating a hundred and fifty persons. This hospital-boat was moored under a high bank crowned by jungle, and the ruins of one of the villages destroyed in the contest. It lay facing the besieged town, but was considered quite safe, as there were none of the Burmese on that side of the stream.

The battle between the English and the Burmese was raging by this time ; the din of goings, the sharp rattle of musketry, with the deep bass note of an occasional twelve-pounder, falling with painful distinctness on the ear of the invalided man. At length, all was still ; and the Indian attendants, or Coolies, in the hospital-boat, squatted on their heels, lighted their pipes, and prepared to make themselves comfortable. Just then a cabin boy from the English frigate, who had been permitted to accompany the expedition for the purpose of gratifying his curiosity as to what a battle was really like, went to look out. He speedily returned, and said something which the sun-struck surgeon could not comprehend, but which evidently alarmed the Coolies ; for they laid aside their pipes, went to the window next to the bank under which the boat lay, and instantly bounded back, raising a wild cry that the enemy were there, and close at hand.

It was too true ; for the next minute came a volley that riddled the roof of the boat ; sending the bullets flying in all directions about the poor sick man, whose bed even was struck by them. Overboard sprang the Coolies at once, the Burmese popping at them as they bobbed up and down in the water. The surgeon and cabin-boy were left alone under a sharp fire. The latter managed to pull a little clothing on his half

delirious companion, dragged him to that side of the boat furthest from the Burmese, and pointing up stream to where their own boats, in charge of a midshipman with seven or eight men, were aground, asked him if he could swim so far. The surgeon answered that he could ; and, imagining that the boy was following, jumped at once into the water, bidding the boy keep close to him. As he struck out for the boat, a blaze of musketry opened upon him, as soon as he was seen in the water ; but by keeping low down in it, so as to present the least mark possible, he fortunately escaped unhurt by the shower of balls that fell thickly before, behind, and on every side of him. Had they been better marksmen, and had superior muskets and powder, he might not have got off so well. But their fire-arms were miserable tools ; their mode of taking aim, not with the stock of the piece at the shoulder, as with us, but under the arm ; and every one manufactured his own powder. Knowing all these circumstances, the swimmer felt less alarm than he would have done had he been the target for more civilized sharp-shooters.

He was, however, near fainting when he reached the smallest of the boats, having only one man in her, who dragged him on board, with the cheering intimation that he believed it was all over with them !

"However," continued he, "you stand by me, and I'll stand by you." He then sculled on, with his single oar, to the other boats, where the surgeon was lifted into one of the largest, laid in the bottom, with an ammunition box for his pillow, and enjoyed the luxury of a screen over head, with which the boats were now provided. Had there been one a little earlier, he might have escaped being thus disabled with that terrible sun-stroke.

The officer in command assured him that he was quite safe where he now was. It was not long after his saying this, that whizz came another shower of bullets, making a regular colander of their precious awning, and striking everywhere, though happily wounding no one. The Burmese who had attacked the hospital-boat, seeing the surgeon's escape, had run along the high bank, under which these boats were moored, and were now firing right down upon them. They were fair game, for they were stuck quite fast aground, and the men too few in number for one part of them to keep up a fire on their assailants, while the rest tugged, and toiled, and wrenched to get the boats afloat. So all they could do, was to load, step into the bows, and, raising his musket almost perpendicularly, each one bring down his man from the high bank over head. With skill, and good implements,

scarcely a shot was thrown away on the part of the English; while their enemies, creeping cautiously to the edge of the precipitous bank, and then hurriedly letting off their pieces without staying to take aim, before they ran away, did little mischief at first. Making up, however, in number, what they wanted in everything else requisite to make good shots, their fire at length began to tell on the little group below. First one received a flesh wound, just enough to put him out of the list of combatants; then another, taking deliberate aim from his station in the bows, at a Burmese who was performing a war-dance at the edge of the bank, evidently making it as insulting as he could to the English, received a shower of balls in reply to his one fatal shot. He turned round, walked deliberately to where the surgeon was lying, laid his musket down quietly, and, placing his hand on that of the surgeon, said something to him. "Why, nonsense, man," said the latter, "you're not hurt." He looked up as he spoke. The pallid face and closing eyes told too surely what was at work; and, still holding the surgeon's hand, the poor fellow instantly fell back and died. A ball had struck him just above the collar bone, and, dividing an artery, the man had thus speedily bled to death.

Presently the firing ceased, and the Burmese



seemed to be in consultation as to what should be done next. Possibly a charge down hill was contemplated; and with this possibility, the diminished little party in the boats had a sort of idea that it was now or never with them. There was the twelve-pounder in the bow: should they load and fire that right off among the savages? No, it was impossible to elevate its muzzle sufficiently to reach them; the charge would only plump into the bank, where it would do no good; and seeing it fired off harmlessly, would remove the terror in which the enemy held great guns in general, and which, in all probability, was the only thing that kept them in check so far. The surgeon, however, urged that a heavy fire of grape-shot, even into the bank, would frighten them, by knocking it to pieces under their feet. Besides, the report would be the means of informing the rest of the troops, whose firing had been heard at intervals all this time, though in what direction was not known, of the danger in which the boats and their guard were placed.

So the twelve-pounder was crammed with grape, pointed as high as possible, and shot off at the bank; but after two or three discharges, the Burmese got over their fright, and would advance and fire upon those who were loading the gun. Another man was rendered useless by this means; and then, partly through

panic, partly through knowing that was their last resource, the crew, to a man, jumped overboard into the river, and made for the jungle, among which they might shelter themselves. The Burmese, when they saw this, kept up a regular peppering of balls after them. All, fortunately, went wide of the mark. The surgeon being weak from his illness, was longer in the water than the rest of the party; so that by the time he dragged himself out of it, covered with mud and ooze, till he scarcely looked human, they were out of sight.

He found himself in a tangled cane-brake, the only passage through which, bore unmistakeable signs of having been made by the heavy tramp of a tiger, and that rather recently. However, it was a case of "needs must;" and, gathering up his feeble limbs, he began *plowtering* through the jungle as well as he could, fortunately falling in with one of the crew, who had concealed himself in the same place. The man dragged him on for awhile, till they met a party of their own force; but they had scarcely met, when a sudden attack from the enemy dispersed them all; the unlucky surgeon, in his alarm, (he was little better than insane with the sun-stroke!) taking to the water again, and climbing up the very shore that he had just left.

• He had not wandered far along the bank when he encountered two Burmese fishermen, who were evidently much more afraid of him than he was of them ; for with a cry of alarm, as soon as they saw him, they ran down the bank towards their little boat, which was lying there. He, however, made demonstrations of friendliness to them, which they understood so far as to help him into their boat, in which he had intimated his wish to be taken to Rangoon : promising the men all sorts of fine things if they would only row him thither. Whether it was fright, or ill-will, did not appear ; but the very first moment that he took his eyes off them as they paddled along, they ran the boat into the mud on shore, sprang out, and, running off as hard as they could, left him to do the best he could for himself.

He was almost, if not quite, at his wit's end now. However, a poor native woman, who with her child was in the boat, and frightened to death at the sight of him, at length plucked up courage enough to give him a cup of water ; for which, in his distress, he had begged as though he were begging for his life. This put new strength into his frame, and made him feel better prepared for whatever might happen next.

From the blackened remains of buildings here and there on the bank, he was evidently in an unquiet

neighbourhood; and presently, about eighty of the enemy's men, distinguished from the friendly natives by wearing little red flags stuck through the ear, burst through the brake, and stopped, staring and wondering, close to the boat. One of them in a red-laced jacket, that looked as if it had once belonged to a marine, a Burmese officer's gilt helmet, and armed with musket and native sword, stepped forward; and in the extremity of his fear and danger, the poor half-mad surgeon had just sense enough to remember, that among these savages his best chance of safety lay in pretending to be wholly mad. He acted his part to admiration; and, completely taken in by it, these fierce Burmese humoured him, and even suffered him to take their arms from them. How long this might have lasted, there is no knowing; for, just at that moment the current of the fight brought a party of the 80th Foot that way, whose wild Irish shout was the sweetest music the surgeon had heard for many a day. He was not a little perplexed, though, as to how he should make himself known. On board an enemy's boat, so be-coated with mud as to be perfectly unrecognizable, he had only to raise his head to be a mark for fifty bullets, before his friends had a chance of finding out their mistake. At length he ventured to call out; and, hearing an English tongue, some of

them turned back, and, with a bayonet at his head, asked him who he was. This did not look very promising; but it was said there were Englishmen fighting against them in the very town they were then attempting to take. His uniform trowsers, however, stood his friend in this dilemma; and directly afterwards one of the men recognized him as "the doctor;" wondering how in the world he had managed to get there. Finding that he was really one of themselves, they put him in a litter and carried him off. By dusk the city was taken, the Burmese sent flying in all directions, and the doctor going down stream again with the boats, to rejoin the *Phlegethon*. They had one alarm on their little voyage back; the tide was against them, and, finding they could make no way against it, the boats were compelled, in the middle of the night, to anchor in the stream. There were two of them with nine men in each. Presently, the watch heard what sounded like the distant rowing-chant of the Burmese war-canoes—a sort of yelp, in which all join at once, to enable them to keep time with their paddles. These canoes are sometimes rowed by a hundred men, so that the chant is audible at a considerable distance.

Noiselessly drawing cutlasses, and seeing that their firearms were all right, the crew waited in sus-

pense, to know whether the enemy would come down upon them or not. It was too dark to see anything; so that they might be run down by the sharp-nosed craft, or they might easily be passed, without being seen. The canoe did pass: so close that the English could have given them a dig with their oars, had they been inclined to play jokes. They were, however, too glad to remain invisible, and finally, all reached the frigate in safety.

The little cabin-boy had had his share of adventures. Seeing how the "doctor" was fired at when in the water, he was afraid to follow, and so hid himself in the hold of the boat. When the Burmese took it, of course the poor lad was soon brought to light; and, terrified by their ill treatment of him, he sprang boldly into the stream, swam down it with the tide, and was at last picked up, and safely lodged aboard his own ship again.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### AVA—ITS KING AND PEOPLE.\*

AFTER the conclusion of the late Burmese war, in 1853, the King of Ava sent an embassy to Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General of India, with the view of promoting friendly feelings between the two countries. In return for this expression of good will on the king's part, the Governor, a few months afterwards, sent an envoy to him, as the bearer of a letter, and sundry presents—as is the custom in the East. This envoy, Major Phayre, was accompanied by several officers, including Captain Yule, the Secretary, (to whom we are indebted for our account of the mission), and other gentlemen; and, by way of body-guard, had a military escort of horse and foot, together with the band of one of her Majesty's regiments. The party embarked at Rangoon, on the 1st of August, 1855, and were towed up the Irrawaddy, on their way to the capital of Ava.

\* Yule's "Mission to the Court of Ava."

In order to do them the greater honour, the King of Ava sent some of his great men to escort them on their journey. These came on board at a village named Menh'lá, placed on a rising ground amid a beautiful country, and noted as being one of the scenes of the late war. There were three of them; and as they had all been in the embassy to Calcutta, they had the advantage of not being entire strangers to their English visitors. They made their appearance in considerable state; having several richly gilded war canoes in their train, each one rowed by twenty or thirty big fellows, dressed in black jackets, and wearing sugar-loaf hats of bamboo. These boats had very high sterns, from which floated the royal standard, of white and silver, embroidered with a peacock, making as much of his tail as possible. They were further ornamented with drapery, the flimsiness of which was enough to make one laugh, seeing it consisted of muslin and spangled-net: fitter for a lady's drawing room than for the decoration of what may be called a "man-of-war." The flag-staff is usually tipped with a ball of coloured glass; or, better still, with an English wine decanter! Such is the love of the Burmese for this particular kind of ornament, that even a soda-water bottle has been seen perched on the extreme point of a pagoda roof. In this country, the place of honour is not, as



with us, in the boat's stern, but in the bows; where the great man takes his seat, a little raised, under a canopy. With such reverence is this part of the vessel regarded, that, on some of the English stepping across the bows of a war canoe to reach another, a sailor laid himself flat down upon the deck to prevent it.

After an interchange of proper civilities, the procession again advanced up the stream; the Burmese dignitaries being in two barges, painted white, and bearing the golden umbrellas which indicated their rank. These barges, which afforded more comfortable accommodation than the war canoes, were towed along by them.

In this neighbourhood, the beautiful river on which the embassy were embarked, was covered with boats, of somewhat singular appearance. Looking at the hulls sideways, it might be thought that the prow was the stern; so much lower is the former than the latter, which rises high in the air, not only in its upper lines, but in its lower ones also; these being completely lifted up out of the water. But, strange as are the hulls, the sails are stranger still. Imagine an immense mainsail, (one of them contained nearly four thousand feet of the light cloth used for this purpose,) stretching right across the vessel, and so arranged on

the little bamboo yard, that it blows out precisely like a balloon. Nay, the best idea that could be formed of these Burmese vessels, looking at them stem on, would be gained by a peep at a balloon: the bulging mainsail and the hull, occupying the respective places of the inflated balloon and its car. "A fleet of them," says Captain Yule, "with their vast spreading wings, and almost invisible hulls, looks like a flight of colossal butterflies skimming the water." The scenery on the banks of the river seems generally to have been very pleasing; becoming, however, less rich as they advanced into the interior.

At a village named Mengoon, (the name signifies "the site of the rustic palace,") where the envoy halted awhile, that his steamer might tow the Burmese escort, and so afford a little rest to the weary arms aboard the war canoes, all the inhabitants came out to give him a greeting; with flags flying, and the various discordant noises that go to the making up of a Burmese band of music. Gilded boats, whose long and numerous oars looked like the legs of that particularly disagreeable insect the centipede, rowed round them; their crews filling the air with shouts and yells, aided by cymbals, and other instruments equally well adapted for making an outrageous din. To this agreeable accompaniment, two or three men in each boat per-

formed a sort of war-dance of the most violent character imaginable.

The length of each day's journey up the river was fixed by the Burmese themselves; and this was generally such as to afford the English time for examining any objects of interest as they passed; an arrangement that was particularly agreeable, in traversing a country so comparatively unknown as Burmah. At each halting place they found suitable provision made for their comfort. Magwé was one of these; a town of some size, consisting of one main street, and a number of smaller ones, and said to contain three thousand houses. The inhabitants here seemed to be in doubt whether their visitors came with peaceable intentions or not; for in the principal street many of them were armed. Swords and guns were also displayed on racks under the verandahs of the houses; and such cavalry as they possessed, in the shape of very small horses, were paraded about the town. The shops, too, were emptied of their goods, the women had hidden themselves; and altogether the people looked uncomfortable, and as though they did not know what to make of it. This was unpleasant; but it did not prevent the mission making good use of their eyes, and seeing all that was to be seen in and about the town of Magwé. At night they were entertained with a

puppet-show, and a play; each performance being accompanied by plenty of instrumental music, of a more pleasing character than might have been anticipated from a description of the instruments themselves—the principal ones being of the drum and gong family! There is one peculiarity about these. The performer sits in the middle of his instrument, distributing his cuffs and blows all round him, as occasion requires! Imagine a man sitting up to the neck in a tub, wildly flourishing his hands about him, and you have the first, or what Captain Yule calls the drum-harmonic; for the player is within a circle of little drums, suspended to the frame-work of the tub. The drums are tuned by dabs of clay (smaller or greater, according to the tone required) being stuck on with the thumb. For the second instrument, fancy the player up to the waist only in his tub, and surrounded by little metal plates or gongs of varying size, on which he makes a furious onslaught with drum-sticks. Among their instruments for what we may call chamber music, is one whose tones are elicited by striking a series of bamboo slips, strung harmonic fashion. One would think that nothing better than the sound of two sticks, struck together, would be brought out of this; instead of which we are told that it is one particularly mellow and pleasing.

The drum and gong instruments were placed on each side of the stage in the theatre. The stage-lights consisted of earthenware jars of petroleum; that is, a bituminous oil, which exudes from the earth into wells, in a certain district on the banks of the Irrawaddi; or of cotton seeds soaked in the oil, set alight, and refreshed from time to time by a ladleful of it, bestowed by one of the performers. The play bore, in some of its features, a ludicrous likeness to the Italian opera; much of it being sung after the manner of that entertainment. Fond as the Burmese are of plays, they are, however, still fonder of puppet shows; and these are much like puppet-shows all the world over. The little figures were briskly jerked about by means of strings; and when they got entangled, a great brown arm would be poked into the middle of a scene to free them; or, perhaps, two long legs, with no body to them, would make their appearance among the little groups, to set something right that had gone wrong on the stage.

The next day's journey brought the travellers into the petroleum neighbourhood: a fact testified to by both nose and eyes. Gas-tar was the prevailing odour; and the vicinity abounded in earthen jars used to hold the oil, and potteries in which they were made. A visit was planned to the wells, which are situated

about three miles from the town, in a charmingly picturesque neighbourhood. There are about one hundred of these wells, standing pretty close together, and varying from a hundred and eighty to two hundred and seventy feet in depth. The opening at top is about four feet square, and the whole length of the shaft is cased with wood. The oil is drawn up in earthen pots, which are let down by means of a windlass; when full, a workman or workwoman lays hold of the rope, walks away down the hill, and up comes the reeking vessel. This singular oil chiefly supplies the lamps of all Burmah; it is also used as a dressing for wood. Those of us in England who burn Price's Patent Candles also get the benefit of it, as it finds a place in their manufacture. It is described as looking like thin treacle, and not smelling unpleasantly in the open air. In the confined space of the wells, it is sometimes as overpowering as the gases in our coal-mines; and those engaged in sinking them are drawn up senseless. The produce and extent of these wells does not, according to Captain Yule's account, appear to be nearly so great as has been stated by previous writers. After visiting the wells, a walk was enjoyed on the high ground north of the town: the temperature hitherto being singularly agreeable for a tropical climate.

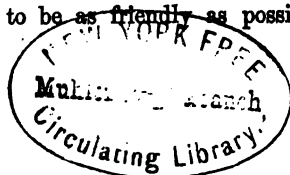
Continuing their route up the river to Pagán, the waters became more expanded; in some places four miles across, and studded with islands. The eastern bank was very beautiful, gently undulating; the valleys, abounding in stately trees, (among which the cotton and fig-trees were of unusual size and beauty,) and dotted with villages surmounted by the graceful palm. The western shore throughout showed only barren hills; but their bleakness was relieved by the green, woody isles that lay at their feet. As they drew near Pagán, pagodas, of all shapes and sizes, were visible among the foliage. One of them was shaped just like an old-fashioned wine decanter, broader at the top than at the bottom, and then tapering off suddenly into a sort of spire, that might stand for the neck of the bottle. Was there ever so queer a building? One would instinctively look round for a gigantic wine-glass to match it. It stands on an elevation by the riverside, from which it is separated by a number of ornamented walls, standing one within another.

This city was once a place of importance; the Burmese themselves say, that for twelve hundred years it was the seat of government; and its former greatness may be imagined from the circumstance of its wonderful ruins of temples, and other buildings, ex-

tending eight miles along the river, and occupying a space of from three to four miles in width. Here the travellers were received in a more imposing manner than they had been at previous halting-places. There were, as before, war-boats, golden umbrellas, stunning music, to which the sturdy oarsmen shouted in chorus, and dancing figures on the canoes, who flung their arms and legs about, as though their object were to shake them off. But the boats were more in number, and better fitted out. In that of one of the officials who came to receive the mission, were fifty men armed with swords, and twenty with various kinds of fire-arms; the latter being alike only in one particular, that of being double-barrelled. And, on approaching the shore, they found a troop of two hundred horsemen drawn up to do them honour. The horses of the country are merely small ponies; and, as many of these had their foals with them, it must be owned that the cavalry did not make a very distinguished figure on the occasion. In the theatre, where, as usual, they were obliged to go, a chorus of maidens from the adjacent villages treated them to a chant, in praise of the king. "Happy and glorious; long to reign over us," was, it may be presumed, the burden of their strain, which was a very agreeable one, till one by one the voices died away, into rather a tedious solo.



After leaving Pagán there was a slight detention, owing to the mission being requested to wait till a deputation from court should arrive to take them thither. Twenty-four hours passed, and the escort not arriving, the envoy determined to wait no longer, but go on alone. They had not proceeded many miles, however, before a large fleet of war-boats was seen advancing to meet them. In one of the most splendid of these, rowed by fifty-six oars, was the Governor of the queen's palace, the former Ambassador to Lord Dalhousie, and who was the most gentlemanly official they had yet seen. He wore an upper garment of book muslin—the usual court undress. As the mission party steamed slowly along, the fleet divided into two squadrons, one on the western, the other on the east bank of the river. Altogether it was supposed there were near nine thousand men aboard these boats; singing and yelling, according to their custom, to the braying and banging of almost all kinds of horrible instruments of music. The Governor himself—dressed in muslin—was most gracious; declaring that ever since he had left India, he had never ceased praying for all manner of good things on behalf of the Governor-General. The old gentleman meant well. He was not to be literally understood, of course; only that he intended to be as friendly as possible with



their new acquaintance. The coxswain of his boat was a very amusing personage—big, burly, self-important, hectoring about in all the pride of superior bulk and a new kilt. But alas! the great man speedily “came to grief.” When about to cast anchor, things somehow went wrong; and, as he was responsible, one of the grandees had only to lift his finger, when straightway two naked vagabonds, carrying stout canes, and wearing red sugar-loaf hats, the invariable attendants of great men in Burmah, laid hold of him, and with kicks and cuffs tumbled him over, among the brick-bats and other rubbish at the back of the building prepared for the reception of the mission.

The woody lanes around this Burmese city of Sagain looked very like English lanes—a pleasant resemblance, that was soon destroyed by a tropical hedge-row of cactus, in place of our own thorn. These lanes led to several villages, each occupied by those of its own trade: paper-makers, smiths, and workers in marble. The paper-making is a rude process, very similar to that in use among us before the introduction of machinery, which winds off, not only yards, but miles of paper, drying it (on a steam cylinder), in the process; and the paper, when made, is only fit to wrap up parcels.

Here a still greater man than any of those who had before met them, came, (under a red umbrella, gilded ones being, in the vicinity of the capital, the exclusive privilege of royalty,) to pay his respects to the strangers. Astronomy was one of the subjects discussed between them; and the Woongyi (such is his title) said that he had never before heard of any country where the sun never set during a part of the summer, and only remained invisible for a very short time during another season. He had been told by one of the officials present, that the envoy had said this was the case; and it was simply incredible to him. His notion was, that in the centre of the universe was a huge mountain, several millions of miles in height; around this, four large islands, one of them containing Europe and Asia, were immoveably fixed, and the sun circled outside them. And he slightly lost his temper when his European friends denied the correctness of his solar system; adding, with warmth, that the Burmese sacred books not only said that it was so, but stated the precise height of the mountain. In the main, however, he seemed pleased with his interview with the English strangers; the first who had ever been honoured with a visit from so *very* great a man at that distance from the capital.

That same day came a train of servants, bringing

about thirty dishes of sweetmeats and other dainties, from the palace. The dishes and covers were of massive silver, the viands prepared under the eye of the king's half sister, and they were seasoned with a most gracious message from the king and queen. One of these dishes, a mixture of chicken and pork, in a rice paste, was found, as might be supposed, exceedingly savoury; as also was one of the sweet dishes, made of some sort of bon-bon tied up in palm-leaves. This was a daily present during the stay of the mission at the building arranged for their reception at Amara-poorā; the king expressing much anxiety that the soldiers who formed the envoy's guard, should not be forgotten in the distribution of these good things. The house was framed of teak—a kind of timber that is abundant in Burmah—with floors and walls of bamboo. In front stood silver water jars, each large enough to hold two men! Silver ladles were laid across their mouths, for the benefit of all thirsty souls.

The ceremonial of their presentation to the king had now to be arranged; these barbarous potentates being much more difficult to please in such matters than civilized ones are. In their ignorance, they imagine themselves vastly superior to any other monarchs; and consequently, can scarcely treat ambassa-

dors with anything like common civility. This particular king of Ava, however, evidently wished to be accommodating; and so the arrangements were less embarrassing than they would otherwise have been. Some officials came to make a list of the Governor-General's presents, previously to their being offered to the king. These presents comprehended a handsome silver centre vase or wine cooler, (the Burmese wrote it down a *spittoon*!) suits of Indian armour, wrought in gold, (which excited a little surprise, as they said they knew the English did not wear such things,) and various articles of jewellery. The latter were much admired, especially an essence bottle, cut out of a single topaz; though, on the whole, the jewellery was pronounced fitter for women than for men.

After various tedious discussions as to what the envoy and his companions should or should not do when presented, some of the things required of them being considered degrading, the important day arrived, and some of the courtiers came to conduct them to the palace. These gentlemen were, of course, in court-dress, consisting of crimson velvet head-dresses, shaped like mitres, and heavy, wide-sleeved robes to match. It appeared to be considered correct to have this mitre of so excessively tight a fit on the head, as to oblige

the wearer to use a little slip of ivory (carried for the purpose) in putting it on—as one uses a shoe-horn for a tight shoe—and disposing his hair under it. In the ear were worn small tubes of gold, shaped like a trumpet.

After crossing the lake, which lay between the residency and the palace, in the various boats belonging to the mission—a gilded war-boat rowed by fifty Burmese, and conveying the envoy and Burmese officials, bringing up the rear—the party formed in procession to proceed to the palace.

The boxes containing the presents for the king were carried first, on frames of bamboo. Then came four Arab horses, and an English carriage, also intended for the king. The regimental band of the 29th followed; after them marched a small company of cavalry of the Indian army; a detachment of an infantry regiment with fixed bayonets; the secretary of the mission, Capt. Yule, on an elephant, carrying the Governor-General's letter to the king, over which the English flag floated; and the envoy in a native carriage, attended by two officials on elephants. The procession was wound up by the other English officers, on elephants, each one having a Burmese officer as his companion in the howda. The howda has been well described as being like a decanter-stand perched on

the elephant's back; and is said to be much more comfortable for those who, like Indians in general, are accustomed to tuck up their legs under them when they sit down, than it is for those who use chairs.

When the Union Jack was first displayed over the Governor-General's letter, great disapprobation was expressed about it, the chief official protesting he would not proceed while it was flying. The envoy, however, in his turn, assured them that he would not stir a step without it; so, as he had met with a more obstinate man than himself, the Burmese magnate was obliged to give way.

The procession advanced through lines of troops, horse and foot; some of the soldiers having flowers, or branches of trees, stuck in the barrels of their muskets. Mounted officers, on elephants, were studded among them here and there. The ground was exceedingly wet and dirty, owing to a deluge of rain the night before; so the Burmese foot soldiers stood on little stools to keep their feet out of the mud: their officers squatted on rather higher ones, each one having before him—not the Governor-General's wine cooler, but that for which it was taken, a *spittoon*!—and various other little articles supposed to add to his personal comfort.

Just as the clock struck noon, the palace was en-

tered, the Burmese taking off their shoes at the gate. They would fain have made the English do so also; but they stoutly declined, at this point. A little further on, and just before passing into the presence, they were obliged to do it; it would have been an outrageous violation of etiquette to march up the dirty staircase, otherwise than in their stocking feet.

When all had taken their places in the magnificent hall of audience—a place not unlike a cathedral with its columns and transepts—refreshments, consisting of tobacco, sweetmeats, and perfumed water, were served to the members of the embassy. Presently, distant music, gradually drawing nearer, announced the approach of the king. A company of foot soldiers made their appearance, and, ranging themselves in their appointed places, knelt down with clasped hands, placing their double-barrelled muskets between their knees. As the last of this company passed through the richly gilded doors, the throne, which was at one end of the hall, looking something like a heathen temple in miniature, was drawn a little back, and the king was seen slowly ascending a flight of steps which led to it, using his golden-scabbarded sword as a walking stick. As the royal upper garment, made of a light-coloured silk, but so encrusted with jewels as to leave little of the ground work visible, is said to weigh



nearly one hundred pounds, it may be supposed its wearer would require something to help him to climb the stairs. The weight seems incredible ; but a Portuguese gentleman attached to the court declared that the statement was correct. His Majesty, after toiling up to his elevated seat, squatted (in Burmese fashion) on the left side of it ; leaving the right-hand cushion for his queen, who followed, and amiably helped her lord to that abominable invariable appendage of a great man in Burmah, which the Governor's wine-cooler was supposed to represent ; and which, with some other little matters, was presented to her by her attendants. As soon as the queen had tucked herself up, with her feet under her, she fanned herself and the king for awhile ; her ladies then brought her a cheroot, which she immediately fell to smoking. Her dress, like that of the king, was covered with jewels.

When the royal pair entered, the English took off their hats, and the Burmese proceeded to offer homage after their fashion. All of them went down on their faces on the floor, looking as if they were "pointing" his Majesty ; while two lines of little royal princes, that were squatting, all silk and brocade, side by side, went over one upon another, as though they had just

declared that they "loved the Duke of Northumberland!"

Priests in white robes, and mitres, then began a Sanscrit chant (from behind a screen), invoking all sorts of blessings upon the king. When this was ended, some state business was transacted; and then the letter of the Governor-General, together with a list of his presents, was read aloud by an official, whose name signified "Receiver of the royal voice." His Majesty then, through one of his attendants, inquired after the health of the English ruler. The envoy answered that the English ruler was well; which reply was forthwith repeated to the king by the "Receiver of the royal voice:" not exactly as the envoy expressed it, but in a style more agreeable to Burman court-etiquette:—"By reason of your Majesty's great glory and excellence, the English ruler is well, and therefore, with obeisance, I represent the same to your Majesty." A few other questions were put; and, being answered in a similar manner, the interview terminated by the presentation to the officers of various valuable articles—gold cups, jewels, and so on. Presents thus received, cannot, according to the rules of the "service," be retained by those upon whom they are bestowed; but on this occasion the Governor-General permitted each of the officers to keep one

article, as a remembrance of his visit to the court of Ava.

The king then rose, the queen helping him, and using the sword to drag herself up. They disappeared through the gilded doors, music was again heard, and the weary, cramped Englishmen, unaccustomed to squatting as they had been obliged to do throughout the ceremonial, received a welcome permission to depart. Some of them had found it utterly impossible to sit with their feet tucked up under them the whole of the time; but, as often as they relaxed in its severe etiquette, one of the old courtiers looked daggers at them.

A few days afterwards, the envoy had a less ceremonious interview with the king, whom he found lounging on a sofa, in rather more comfortable attire than the hundred-weight jewelled coat. He now wore a kind of silk kilt, a short white cotton jacket, laced over crosswise with the embroidery of some order, and had a single fold of book muslin for a head dress. Guards in red coats, and helmets, made of red papier-maché, squatted outside the building. Music and dancing were going on in another apartment. On the king's left hand were half-a-dozen of the young princes, crouching on the ground like little frogs, with their noses almost touching it. At a little distance

were some artificial lotus flowers in vases. The king bade the envoy look at these; and as he did so, the flower-buds suddenly opened and a sparrow flew out of one of them. His Majesty looked pleased at the success of this little trick, and the polite envoy did the same; one of the attendants informing him that each bud had had a sparrow in it, but they had all managed to escape prematurely, save the one he had just seen. During this interview, which lasted an hour, one of the king's children, about eighteen months old, toddled in several times, entirely undressed, and clambered up on papa's sofa.

Among the other entertainments liberally provided for the gentlemen of the mission, was that of elephant-taming; a sport for which the Burmese have as great a passion as the Spaniards have for bull-fights.

A space about eighty or a hundred yards square was inclosed by a wall, twenty-five feet high, and as many thick. In the centre of this was a platform for spectators; stout barricades were erected here and there, as required for the sport. On reaching this inclosure, about two dozen elephants, some with, others without mahouts, or drivers, were seen standing some four hundred yards off, having two wild elephants, who had just been captured, in the centre of the group. The tamed ones seemed quite to understand their part

of the business; and "hustled" the captives, in the direction of the inclosure, with the most hearty good will. When they got to the gate, one of the tame ones, under the direction of its driver, passed through, followed by a great hulk of a wild fellow. The gate was instantly closed behind them; the decoy stalking demurely out at the opposite side. This piece of treachery seemed to open the eyes of the poor wild beast, and put him into a terrible passion. Bringing his whole weight to bear upon the timbers that closed the opening by which he had entered, he tried to beat them down; and then, finding this ineffectual, went down on his knees to *grub* them up. Shouts and blows from persons stationed on the palisade greeted him in these attempts; while others skipped nimbly through openings in the frameworks, just large enough to admit a man to poke and prick him with goads. Turning round on these with a roar of rage, they slipped as nimbly back again, leaving him to let drive against the timbers, which shook under his heavy charge. All this was vastly amusing to the spectators, while it exhausted and wore out the spirit of the badgered elephant—that being precisely the end sought to be obtained.

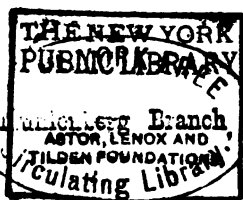
When he appeared to be nearly tired out, one of the mahouts managed to entice him into a cage, formed

of strong timbers, where he was shut up. Here they had him fast, for there was not room for him to turn; so that it was an easy matter to tie his legs together and put a collar on his neck: a rope being so arranged, that every time that he laid hold of the collar with his trunk, to tear it off, its only result was that of hurting himself. He was quite at their mercy, but took it anything rather than quietly; ripping up the timbers with his tusks, going full bang against them, stamping with rage, and trumpeting outrageously. Strangely enough, however, the poor beast, suddenly raising himself on his hind legs, fell down dead; and so there was an end of him.

The other elephant, which was a smaller one, was rather differently treated. At a certain signal, the tame elephants, who had kept him in their midst, at once left him, and he was chased by nine or ten large ones, whose drivers soon contrived to throw their lassoes of hide round one of his hind legs. The free ends of the cords were then fastened to a stake securely sunk in the ground, leaving the elephant a space of about forty yards in which to move, while these treacherous old tame elephants knocked him about, poked him with their tusks, and hurried him hither and thither till he was nearly distracted, and entirely beaten. Two of them then took him between them



**CAPTURE OF THE WILD ELEPHANT.**





while he was secured ; after which he was led off, and tied up, to be kept on short commons till he should prove tame enough for service.

The poor baited elephant does not always come off "second best" on these occasions. Sometimes he turns with fatal rage on his tormentors, who pay, with their lives, for the freedoms they have taken with him.

The gentlemen of the mission were also introduced to the white elephant, who is one of the most important personages in the kingdom ; having his own "palace," and white umbrella—the peculiar symbol of royalty—in addition to the ordinary gilded ones, used by grantees. His trappings are of gold and crimson, richly studded with bosses of pure gold, and the most costly jewels.

The object of this embassy to the court of Ava was to induce the king to enter into a treaty with the English. This he could not be persuaded to do ; though the manner of its reception was such as to show the most friendly feelings towards the English government. The letter from the Governor-General of India was, however, answered by one from his Majesty ; and this having been borne in procession under eight gold umbrellas, to the envoy, the party took their leave and sailed down the river again to Rangoon : leaving one of the old grantees who had

had charge of them, wiping his eyes on his kilt, and protesting that he prayed daily for them, that they might be preserved from "the ninety-six diseases and the five enemies, and all evil of what sort soever!"

## CHAPTER XXV.

### FROZEN UP.

THE North-West Passage was discovered in 1850, by Captain M'Clure.

For more than three centuries, seamen had been anxiously seeking this North-West Passage: that is, a passage by water from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, along the northern extremity of North America; and, owing to the intense cold of those frozen regions, great hardships and dangers were endured in the search. There the winter lasts for more than half the year. During this season ships are fast frozen in the ice, while the absence of the sun, for three months together, adds to the dreariness of the arctic navigator's situation. When summer comes, hot though the sunshine is for a brief period, it only partially breaks up the ice, and navigation is, even then, often both difficult and dangerous.

In 1845, Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, with two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, sailed from

England for the purpose of seeking this North-West passage; but they have never returned! Several expeditions have been sent in search of them, both from England and America. The one under Captain M'Clure, as has been said, discovered that, in attempting which, Sir John and his unfortunate companions apparently perished. A record of an American one, under Dr. Kane,\* will afford us some interesting pictures of life in the arctic regions.

Dr. Kane sailed from New York on the 30th May, 1853, in a little vessel of a hundred and forty-five tons burden, with a small crew of eighteen men, and with what seems rather a slender supply of stores for wintering in the dreary regions to which he was bound. His difficulties with the ice began rather early. By the end of August, it was needful that he should seek some safe spot for his ship to be frozen up in for the winter. A light whale-boat was accordingly rigged for the purpose, and a supply of pemmican put on board. Pemmican is meat dried in the sun or the smoke of a wood fire, then beaten small, and melted fat poured in and among it; after which, the whole is pressed down as hard as possible, so as to keep good for a long time. It is said not to be bad, eaten just as it is; but those who are dainty may mix a little

\* "Arctic Explorations," by Dr. KANE.

flour and water with it, and then boil the mess. Served up in this way, an English cook might very possibly call the dish one of minced beef. A buffalo robe was dealt out to each man to sleep in; one extra suit of day-furs was added, for the chance of anybody getting a wet jacket; woollen socks were stuck in the girdle; a tin cup and sheath-knife a-piece; one soup pot and lamp, to do duty for all; and the "Forlorn Hope" was ready for her surveying expedition.

Sailing among ice, when you have to break it up to get along at all, is not very easy work; so that our boat's crew thought they had done pretty well to accomplish about seven miles in the day. Wet, cold, and hungry, the accommodations for the night, though not very luxurious, were very welcome; the buffalo robes for bed, dry socks in place of wet ones, hot tea and pemmican; and then, for sleep! But even the "Forlorn Hope" was more forlorn than they had anticipated. Within twenty-four hours they had to leave her "high and dry" on the ice, sheltered by a large hummock, and take to their sledge. And a few days' journey, partly in it and partly on foot, convinced them there was no better wintering place for the brig than that in which they had left her. Back again accordingly they hurried, and soon had the

*Advance* (that was the name of their vessel) safely frozen in for the winter. She was fast enough, certainly, for they never got the ship away! And now began the work of making themselves "comfortable" for the long winter.

They were badly provided. They had no preserved meats; and the continued use of salt meat was, as they afterwards found to their cost, the most certain means of bringing on scurvy: a disease from which sailors suffered dreadfully before the art of preserving meats and vegetables fresh was discovered. The salt junk was therefore cut as if for jerking, and soaked, under the ice of a freshwater pond, that was fortunately at hand. The salt fish and pickled cabbage were treated in the same way. The vessel also had to have her winter covering, to keep out as much of the cold as possible; and by dint of this, and fire, they managed to get the very respectable heat of  $65^{\circ}$  in her down below, while outside it was  $25^{\circ}$  below freezing point. This is by no means the greatest degree of arctic cold: it is sometimes from  $60^{\circ}$  to  $70^{\circ}$  below freezing point—a cold of which we, in temperate climates, can form no idea. Then there was a dog-house to build for the dogs, Esquimaux and Newfoundland, that were to draw their sledges on the ice; for searching the coasts in this way, for poor Franklin, was the stout-hearted

Americans' object. Troublesome animals were those Esquimaux dogs, eating anything and everything that came to hand. The doctor's specimens, even to a bird's nest, all dirt, feathers, moss, and stones, were gulped down at a mouthful; and one of the creatures, more enterprising than the rest, tried his hand, or rather his jaw, at a feather-bed, which certainly was "too big to swallow," if not "too hard to bite."

In order to lessen the load of the sledges on this search, provisions were sent forward to various points on the coast, and deposited there for the use of the travellers. The sledge used for this purpose was a large one, drawn by the men themselves; looking (dressed in furs from head to foot) like so many dancing bears. The stores sent, consisted chiefly of pemmican; part of it in wooden boxes hooped with iron, and the remainder in conical iron cases. The cases are made in that form the better to resist the attacks of the bear, who has a particular fancy for the dépôts of provisions, which are often made in those wild regions for the relief of the starving traveller, but too often turn out solely for Bruin's benefit. The *cache*, as it is called, is constructed by placing the stores in a deep excavation; heavy pieces of rock are placed upon them, and smaller pieces, frozen into one solid mass by having a mixture of sand and water poured over

them, are put over all: a sufficient defence, as one would suppose, but a most inadequate one, as it proved; for these very *caches*, relied upon for food on the dreary sledge-journey, were found broken up. Not a morsel of pemmican was left, except in the iron cases, which, being round, with conical ends, had slipped through the bear's teeth, and from under his claws, as he tried to get at their contents; pitching them, eighty pounds weight though they were, in every direction. A strong iron case containing spirit was smashed to pieces, and a tin can full of liquid was kneaded almost into a ball, the bears' claws having pierced the metal, and torn it up as with a chisel. The beasts had their tastes too, it appeared. The salt meat was untouched; ground coffee was evidently a favourite, as well as old canvas—the flag that had been erected to take possession of the spot being eaten to the very staff, while india-rubber cloth, defying even their teeth, they had tied and twisted up into the oddest imaginable hard knots.

Before setting out on the journey, both dogs and master had to be trained to sledging; and, whatever the dogs might do, the driver found this not particularly easy. If we just look at the whip used for the team, we shall understand this all the better.

“The whip is six yards long, and the handle but



sixteen inches—a short lever to throw out such a length of seal hide. Learn to do it, however, with a masterly sweep, or else make up your mind to forego sledge-driving; for the dogs are guided solely by the lash, and you must be able not only to hit any particular dog out of a team of twelve, but to accompany the feat also with a resounding crack. After this, you find that to get your lash back involves another difficulty; for it is apt to entangle itself among the dogs and lines, or to fasten itself cunningly round bits of ice, so as to drag you head over heels into the snow.”

When it is used rightly, the lash, unwinding “its slow length, reaches the end of its tether, and cracks to tell you it is at its journey’s end. Such a crack on the ear, or forefoot, of an unfortunate dog, is signalized by a howl,” whose meaning cannot be mistaken.

When all are perfect at their work, away they dash over the ice; now bounding over chasms in it, cleared only by the pace at which they go, and which occasionally jerks out an occupant; now popping in, perhaps dogs only, who scramble out as well as they can. At times the whole concern goes in; and then there is a pretty entanglement of dogs, sledge, and driver, all *plowtering* together in the icy water, till cut-

ting traces liberates the former, driver drags himself out, possibly by help of the ice, and then manages to fish his sledge out also.

The lines by which the dogs are attached to the sledge are made of seal skin. The Esquimaux manage to skin the seal in such a manner, spirally, as to make only one long strip of it, from head to foot. This, after being well chewed by the women, and then rubbed with grease, is hung in their huts to season.

None but natives had before wintered in so high a latitude as that in which our ship's crew were now frozen up. One day a-board may serve as a specimen of the rest.

At six in the morning the decks are cleaned, the ice-hole, where the nets in which the salt meat is steeping, are hung, cleared out, and things generally set to rights. Then breakfast, on "hard tack," pork, tea and coffee, frozen stewed apples, and raw potato; this last taken as the best means of checking scurvy, which, owing to the insufficiency of their provisions for such a climate, had begun to show itself among them. After breakfast, a pipe! Who could grudge it them under such circumstances? Then to work by the light of a lamp fed with fat salt pork, round which, on three stools, sit as many pale-faced men, the

officers, with their feet tucked up under them; the deck, at freezing point, being rather too cold for a footstool. At noon, a tour among the men, to see that all is right, and find them work enough to keep them from getting either mutinous or low-spirited. Next, for the doctor himself, the drill of his dogs; which last performance brings them to dinner—a meal very like breakfast, save that pickled cabbage and dried peaches take the place of tea and coffee. Raw potatoes as before; these, like doctor's stuff generally, are described as being by no means so agreeable to the palate as they are useful to a disordered system. "Grating it down nicely, leaving out the ugly red spots liberally, and adding as much oil to it as I can afford," says the doctor, "it is as much as I can do to persuade the men to shut their eyes and bolt it, like Mrs. Squeers' brimstone and treacle at Dotheboys Hall. Two won't taste it." Dinner over, it is Liberty Hall—sleep, work or play, till six, when the last meal, something like the other two, only more scanty, is served; then cleaning up, and to bed again. For fuel, three buckets of coal a-day: with brown stout and sherry freezing in the cabin! It is to be hoped there was some warmth in bed to make amends! Over head hang tubs of ice, chopped up with considerable labour—for arctic ice is like granite—to melt

into water for drinking. Once a week it is turn and turn about at the observatory, (perched chilly on a neighbouring eminence,) to make observations. And then it is slipping and sliding, floundering and scrambling, and leaping with the ice pole, to get there and back again!

A good part of the work in-doors consisted in preparation for the sledging party, when the weather should be mild enough to let them set out; but with faint hope of success attending it, as even the dogs had been unable to bear up against that long, cold, dark winter's night. Out of a pack of forty-four only six were left.

June and July brought warmer weather; and dogs and men, in better condition, betook them to their sledges, or walking parties. One of these latter encountered a she-bear, with her cub, upon whom they at once set their dogs; for bear meat is not reckoned bad, even by people who are not on short commons, as our unfortunate sailors were. The mother bear took to her heels, but finding her young one could not keep up with her, turned back to help it, putting her head under its body, and so giving it a good hoist forward. Then, facing the dogs, she kept them at bay, to give the cub a chance of getting off, of which the poor little stupid thing had no notion. It just stopped

where it fell, till she came up, and again threw it to some distance; where, as before, it staid for her to come and give it another hoist. Sometimes she went ahead, and tried to coax it to follow her, driving away the dogs as they came up, and then pushing or flinging it onwards as before.

The poor beast kept up this game for a mile and a half; and then both she and her cub, tired with such hard work, came to a stand-still. The fight between her and the dogs now became something like a pitched battle. Sitting upright on her haunches, with her little one between her hind legs for safety, she fought the dogs with her paws, roaring tremendously all the time. Not daring to leave the cub, in order to pursue her assailants, she would snap at the nearest dog, "whirl her paws about like the arms of a windmill," and go on, snapping and pawing, at all in turns, and treating them to a sight of her formidable teeth; out of whose reach they were discreet enough to keep, while bounding about her and tormenting her like so many gad-flies. At length a good shot was got at her—it had been difficult for some time, for fear of hitting the dogs—and with a bullet in her head, from Hans the Exquimaux, down she dropped, stone dead. The dogs instantly sprang upon her; when up jumped the little bear, growling and fighting them so briskly,

as from time to time to drive them back. A second bullet brought it to the ground, but unfortunately did not kill it; so that there was the little wounded creature, still defending, as it appeared, its mother's body—a painful sight. It was, however, speedily despatched, and put aside for the men's own eating, the old one furnishing a hearty feed for the dogs.

Their second bear was a more difficult capture. With only one rabbit, and three ducks, in the way of fresh meat, the cry of "A bear! a bear!" was a very welcome one. While the men were hastily loading, Dr. Kane, snatching up his revolver, ran on deck, and found that the dogs had attacked a middle-sized bear, (with a four months' old cub,) who was treating them in rather rough fashion. The dogs, he says, were dancing around her, "and she, with wonderful alertness, was picking out one victim after another, snatching him by the nape of the neck, and flinging him many feet, or rather yards, by a barely perceptible movement of her head. Tudla, our master dog, was already *hors de combat*; he had been tossed twice. Jenny, just as I emerged from the hatchway, was making an extraordinary somerset, of some eight fathoms, and alighted senseless. Old Whitey, staunch, but not bear-wise, had been the first in the battle; he was yelping in helplessness on the snow." The bear

now appeared to think she had got the best of it, and so, coolly turned off to the beef barrels, which she began to turn over, sniffing at their contents. This piece of quiet assurance was not to be borne; and a pistol-shot took effect on the cub, which the mother immediately placed between her hind legs, and, shoving it along, made her way behind the beef-house. Here, spite of a rifle wound she had herself received, she clawed down (one cask at a stroke) the casks of frozen meat, which were placed, barricade-fashion, round the store, clambered up on them as they lay in confusion about, and seizing a half-barrel of herrings, brought it down in her mouth, with the evident intention of eating *that* at home; for off she set immediately. This was too bad; and Dr. Kane gave her six buck-shot from his pistol, by way of intimating his strong dissatisfaction with her proceedings. Down she fell; but, rising again, endeavoured once more to get her cub into its former place of safety, and carry it away.

“This time she would have escaped, but for the new Esquimaux dogs, who ran in circles round her, and when pursued, would just keep a-head, their comrades helping them occasionally by a nip at her hind quarters. The poor animal was still backing out, yet still fighting, carrying along her wounded cub, embarrassed by the dogs, yet gaining distance from the

brig, when Hans and the doctor threw in the odds, in the shape of a couple of rifle balls. She staggered in front of her young one, faced us in death-like defiance, and only sank when pierced with six more bullets."

"The little cub"—she was taller than a dog, and weighed a hundred and four pounds—sprang, as the other had done, growling on its mother's body. It was at last, however, noosed, muzzled, and chained, snarling and snapping alongside the brig.

The pilfering habits of their Esquimaux friends were a terrible annoyance to our frozen-up crew. Nothing was either too hot or too heavy for them to help themselves to; and when detected, they merely laughed heartily, in the most good-natured manner imaginable. At last, when lamp, boiler, cooking-pot, the best dog in the pack, buffalo robes, and a quantity of India-rubber cloth, in addition to the knives, tin cups, and other such trifles as had preceded them, were all walked off with, the thing became serious. A party was marched out after the thieves, brought them back in triumph, together with a load of their walrus beef, by way of set-off for the loss incurred, and after a five days' imprisonment, terms of peace were agreed on between Christian and Esquimaux. The latter promised that they would steal no more, but



would bring their friends fresh meat, (of which they were too sadly in want, to afford to quarrel with their thieving visitors,) lend them dogs for their sledging, and help them to find game. In return, the crew engaged not to visit them with death, or sorcery, or any other evil, but to give them pins, needles, knives, bits of wood, thread, and other valuables; especially in return for fresh meat.

These poor ignorant creatures kept their engagement faithfully; and friends indeed, (for they were friends in need,) did they afterwards show themselves to these brave, suffering men. It was not much that they could do; their own manner of life was a very uncertain one—starving one day, and cramming another; while their huts were wretched places, revolting to every one of the senses of a civilized being. Yet, in their way, they showed hospitality and kindness to their new friends, whom cold, hunger, and distress, had rendered less sensitive than they otherwise would have been, to the repulsiveness of Esquimaux home life.

One of the crew accompanied the Esquimaux on a walrus hunt. The walrus, or sea-horse, is a huge rowly-powly sort of beast, with a grim face, garnished with tusks sometimes a yard long, who has his dwelling in and upon those frozen waters. His curved

tusks enable him to climb rocky and icy steeps, in much the same way that a parrot's beak assists its clambering. Walrus beef was highly prized, both by sailors and Esquimaux; and this was how they procured it. After listening attentively till the animal was heard beneath the newly frozen water, the Esquimaux advanced in Indian file, towards the point whence the sound proceeded; and when within half a mile of it, each man crawled on his hands and knees, to what had recently been a waterhole, but was now covered with young ice. In a few minutes five walruses were seen, raising themselves from time to time through this ice; their vast bodies breaking it up with a noise that might have been heard miles off. If the walrus sees the hunter, the game is up; so this latter keeps alternately crawling, and lying flat down, as the animal rises or sinks in the water, till he gets close to him. Grasping his harpoon, to which a long coil of hide is attached, he waits till the walrus comes puffing to the surface. One glance at the hunter, and he plunges in again, but not before the weapon, launched with steady aim, is buried under his flipper; and then the harpooner, scampering away as fast as he can, runs out the coil in order to "play" his prize; the extreme end of the cord being firmly staked to the ice.

The wounded beast dashes about in all directions; breaking up the ice here and there, with his mad plunges, as with his fore-flippers he tries to raise himself on its surface, barking, bellowing, and foaming at the mouth with rage and pain. The hunter meanwhile follows his movements, staking down his line, again and again, with every change of the beast's position, till he can get a second harpoon into him. The fight is sometimes long and uncertain. On this occasion it lasted four hours; the walrus, after sixty lance wounds, making rushes at the Esquimaux whenever they came near him; tearing off great tables of ice with his tusks, and hooking himself fast to the ice with them, with an unmistakeable "no surrender" intention. He was, however, finally slain; and the Esquimaux, after their fashion, gorged themselves on his raw flesh.

The bones of the walrus serve them for a variety of purposes, in the place of wood.

The second winter in the ice was worse than the first. Short of food, short of fire, short of everything; except a brave spirit of endurance, and devout trust in God's mercy. Morning and evening, throughout their sojourn in these polar regions, did these good men pray together to Him; though, as troubles and difficulties increased around them, their petition was

changed from "Lord, accept our gratitude, and bless our undertaking," to "Lord, accept our gratitude, and bring us safe back to our homes." For the getting back again was at times doubtful, amid danger and their own failing strength.

To keep something like warmth in them, in preparing the brig for their second winter, they borrowed an idea from their Esquimaux friends ; and, cutting plenty of moss and turf, placed a thick coating of it, well squeezed together, over the quarter-deck, and all round their cabin below. Peep in, and you will see that it looks like a great long box, divided by shelves into compartments, within which, well wrapped up in furs, each man lies for the night. The finishing point of going to bed, in that part of the world, consists in creeping, feet first, into a huge blanket, or fur bag, which is afterwards drawn together at the mouth, so as to shelter the head. The passage from the hold to this cabin was also well lined with moss, to which were added as many obstructions (in the way of door and curtains) to the entrance of cold air, as they could contrive. The cutting out the frozen moss was terribly hard work ; but when it was accomplished, and crammed here, and jammed down there, it answered its purpose so well, that though their fuel (part of it stripped from the ship's sides) was so scanty that

they dared not burn a fire the whole of the twenty-four hours, they yet maintained a temperature of 45° in-doors.

Men in health might have managed very well with this. But, alas! they were all suffering from that most enfeebling disease, scurvy, which made them require a much greater degree of warmth, as well as better food, than they could obtain. Cold, distress, and disease made them take to eating raw meat; and frozen walrus liver was esteemed a delicacy!

Notwithstanding the extreme hardships they were suffering, Dr. Kane made several sledge journeys, to search the coast for some traces of Sir John Franklin; but as we know, found none.

At last, no more could be done. A third winter could not be lived through. The brig remained inextricably fast in the ice; and, to save their lives, it became needful to abandon her, and make their way, in sledges and their whale boats, to the nearest Danish settlement. This was Uppernavik, on the coast of Greenland; whence, it was hoped, the annual trading vessel might take them as far as the Shetland Isles, on their way home. Preparations for this journey had long been making. Clothing, sleeping-sacks, provision-bags, had to be constructed; their battered boats to be overhauled, patched, and mended, so as to

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be somewhat serviceable ; and, as the time drew near, provisions had to be prepared. The biscuit was beaten small, with a capstan bar, to make it take less room, and then was tightly pressed down in bags. Beans were boiled down into a mass for the same purpose. Melted fat, and tallow—for the poor creatures used tallow as seasoning to their wretched food—were poured into bags to freeze. These, with some flour, and a little meat biscuit, were their stores for travelling. Some food was left behind in the brig ; which, as long as distance rendered practicable, Dr. Kane proposed fetching occasionally, with his light dogsledge : for the rest, their guns must provide them.

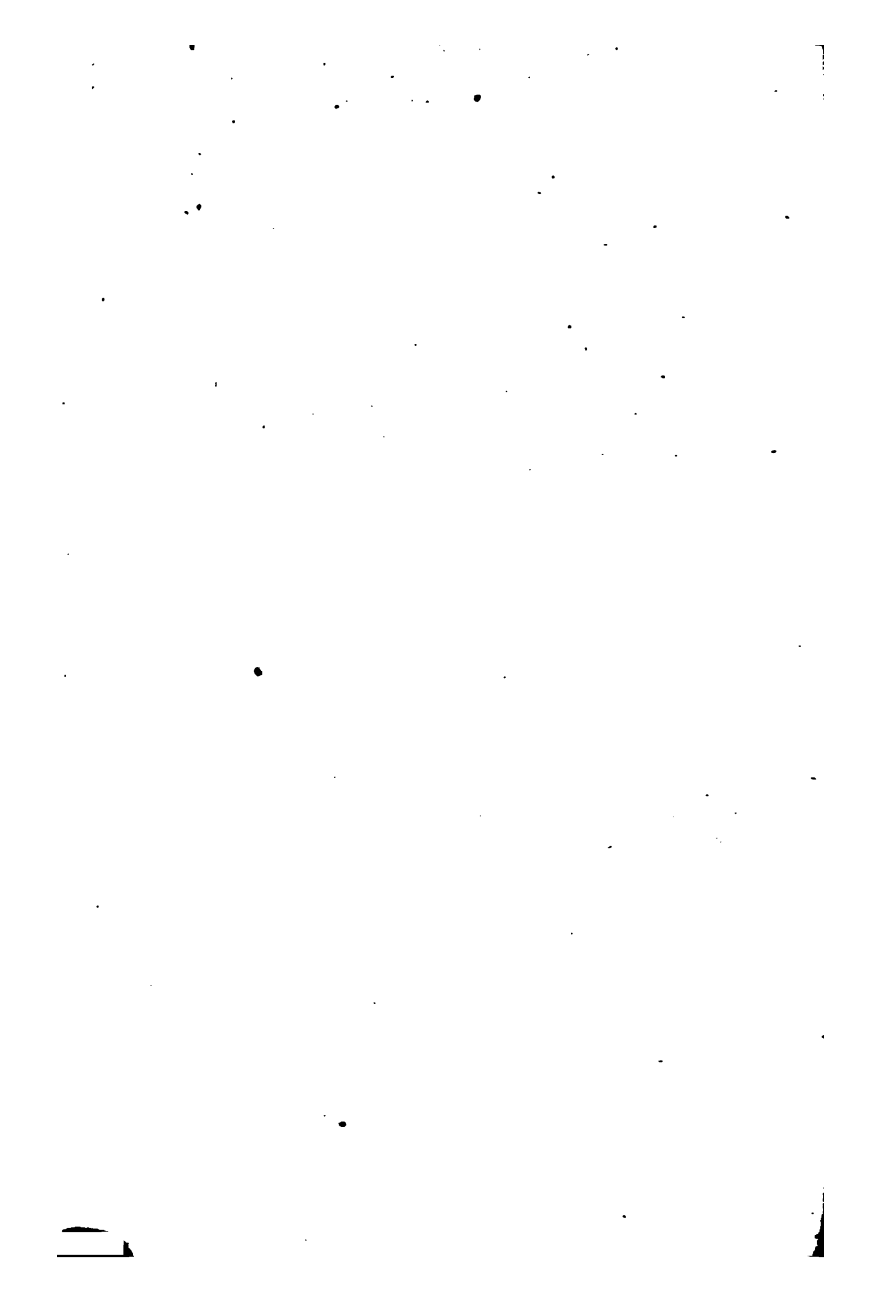
It was on a Sunday morning that they took their last farewell of the dismantled and desolate-looking brig. Prayers, and a chapter of the Bible were read ; the portrait of Sir John Franklin, which, till then, had hung on the cabin wall, was taken down ; and, after affixing to a conspicuous part of the vessel a written statement of the reasons that had compelled her abandonment, the little party withdrew, and scrambled over the ice to their boats.

Of the perils of that journey it needs not to speak : suffice it to say, that all were surmounted, and Uppernavik reached. There they were joyfully welcomed ; and before they finally left the shores of Greenland,

a United States' steamer, sent in search of them, hove in sight; and, once on board, their troubles were at an end.

Dr. Kane has since passed away from this world, leaving behind him a noble example of courage, devotedness, and piety.

THE END





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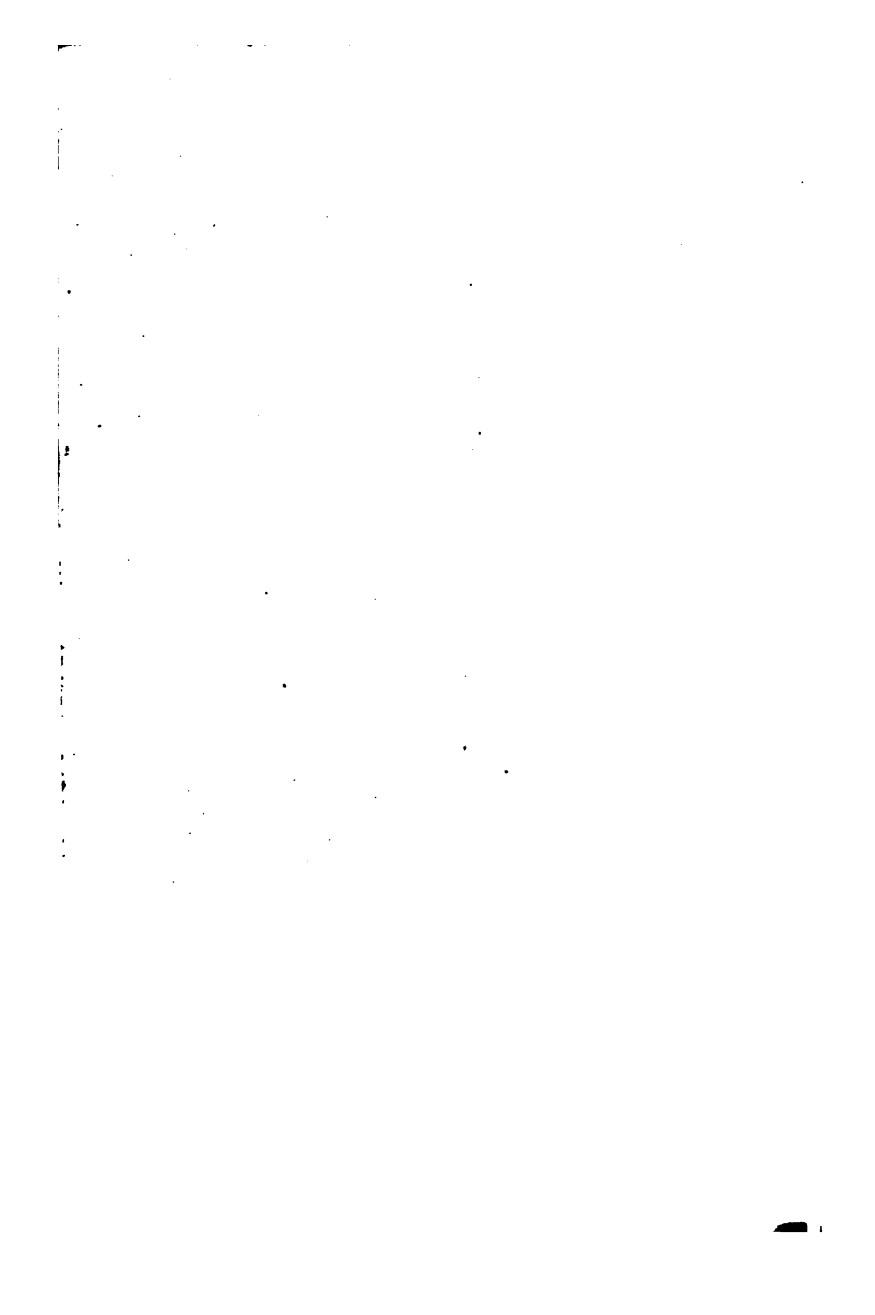
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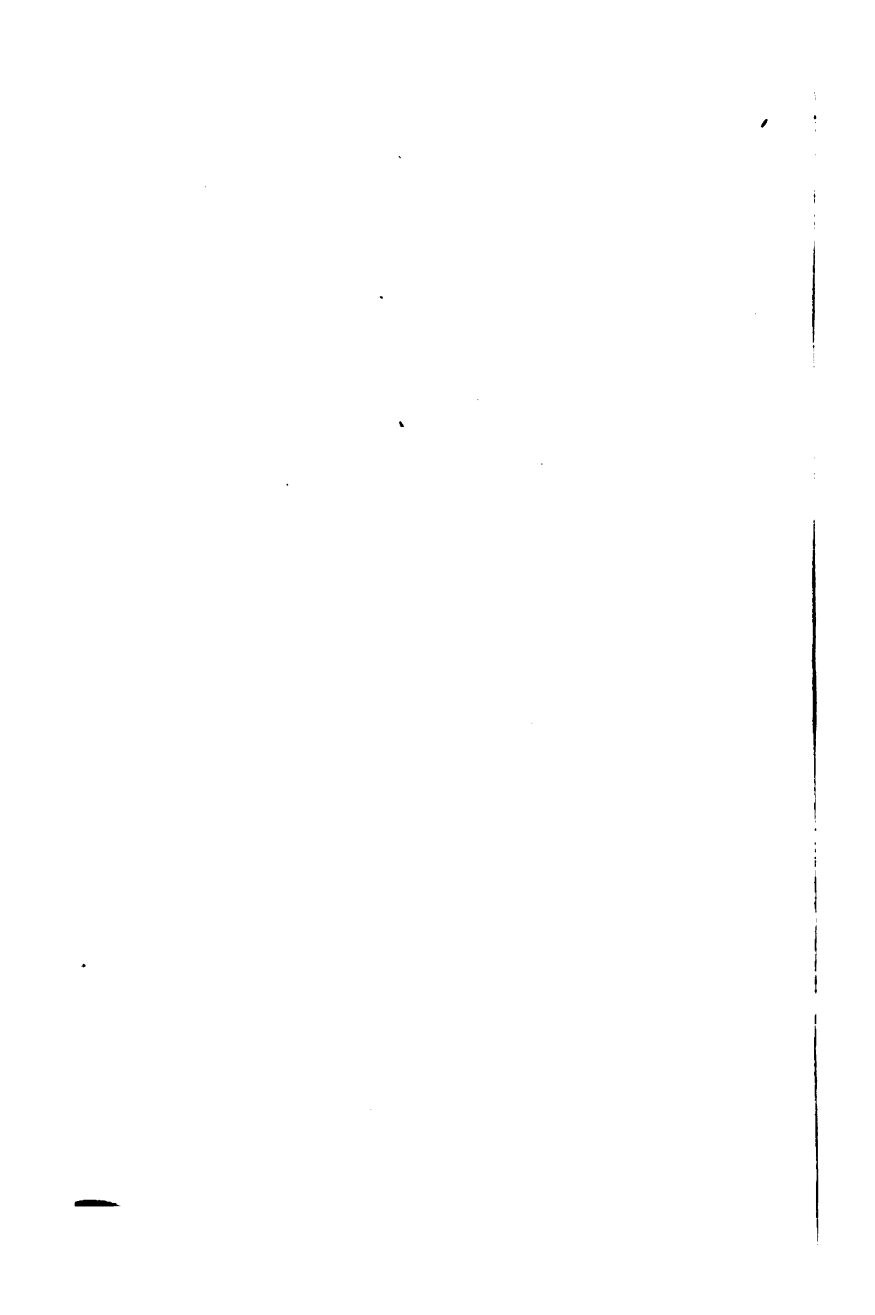
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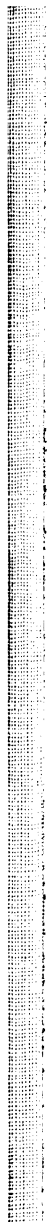
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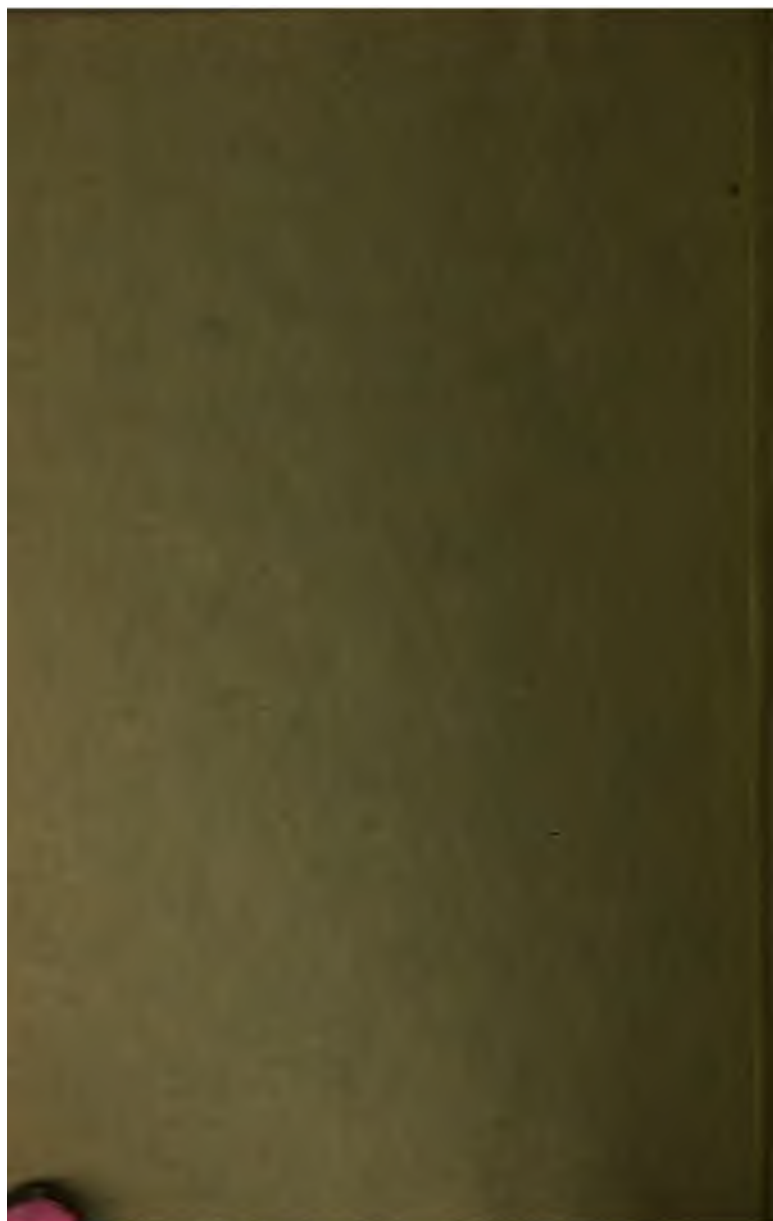
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